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THE
South Atlantic Quarterly

WILLIAM P. FEW,
WILLIAM H. GLASSON, } EDITORS

Volume XV
JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1916

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA
1916

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Volume XV

Number 1

The
**South Atlantic
Quarterly**

EDITED BY
W. H. GLASSON AND W. P. FEW

JANUARY, 1916

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This journal was founded in January, 1902, in order to afford better opportunity in the South for the discussion of literary, historical, economic, and social questions. It knows no sectional jealousy and aims to offer a publishing medium in which respectful consideration will be accorded to all who have some worthy contribution to make in its chosen field. The Quarterly was originally established by the "9019," a society of young men of Trinity College, but it later passed into the control of the South Atlantic Publishing Company, Incorporated. It is under the joint editorship of Dr. W. H. Glasson and Dr. W. P. Few.

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Volume XV JANUARY, 1916 Number 1

The South Atlantic Quarterly

Letters of a Virginia Cadet at West Point,
1859-1861

MAJOR THOMAS ROWLAND, C. S. A.
INTRODUCTION BY KATE MASON ROWLAND

[This is the third installment of the series of West Point letters which began in the *QUARTERLY* of last July. Attention is directed to Miss Rowland's introduction and explanatory footnotes in that number, and also to the footnotes in the October number. The intimate account, preserved in these letters by Major Rowland, of cadet life from 1859 to 1861 has been of unusual interest to many readers.—THE EDITORS.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., May 27th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I have a permit to visit Mrs. Chapman at the hotel this afternoon. Before doing so I will commence my letter to you for as the week before me is one of *business and excitement* I will not feel safe in deferring its completion until to-morrow. The business and excitement of which I speak is the reception and drilling of the Plebes, a part of which duty and responsibility falls upon my shoulders. Yesterday those occupants of the barracks in the portion of the building usually allotted to the newcomers vacated their quarters and distributed themselves among the others so that many of the rooms will have three occupants until we move into camp, 18th June. We have taken in with us Rabb,¹ a splendid fellow, Kentuckian, and one of our own classmates. The first relay of "new cadets" will appear on or before Friday, 1st of June. The officers and non-commissioned officers to take charge of them were detailed Friday evening at Parade, consisting of one officer of

¹ Cadet James D. Rabb of Kentucky.

the army, one cadet captain, one cadet sergeant, three cadet corporals and twenty members of our class selected to drill them. Out of this twenty, the sixteen who succeed best in the discharge of their new duties will be appointed as corporals in the batallion for the ensuing encampment. The first five on this list in the order in which they rank as temporarily appointed by Col. Hardee, are viz.: Wright, Rowland, Rabb, Fitzhugh, Washington. They are *supposed* to be the most *military men* in their class, but their final appointment will depend upon their conduct and the evidence which they give of an innate or cultivated military spirit, between now and the fifth of June, the time of probation.

MAY 29TH. I have not been able to proceed any further than this in my letter. I will end it off summarily rather than risk keeping it on hand a day longer. I saw Mrs. Chapman who sent her love to you and seemed very much pleased to see me.

I took my leave on Saturday, went over the river to Cold Spring, the nearest village, went rowing on the river and visited the Foundry with Wright and Michie² and had a very pleasant time though it rained nearly all day. I have many things to say to you but am so busy at present that I will have to defer them until the next letter.

Adieu, Love to all from your son

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., June 10th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I have just been discharging the agreeable duty of enlivening the dull hours of one of the Plebes, a statesman of mine, and a brother of one of my old schoolmates at Caleb Hallowell's. The person of whom I speak is Tom Turner,³ a near relative of the Turner who lost his life at Harper's Ferry. He has been at the Virginia Military Institute for a year and a half, where he knew Fred Griffith. I have just returned from

² Cadet Peter S. Michie of Ohio.

³ "Tom Turner," "Meade and Terrett." These names are not to be found in the Official Register U. S. M. A. They were Virginians and evidently resigned to enter the C. S. A. In a letter of Thomas Rowland, May 11, 1861, he writes from Ashland Camp, Va.: "Lieut. Turner who was in the fifth class at West Point, is the only young officer here." Cadet Rowland was in the fourth class when he left West Point in 1861.

taking a walk with him; I gave him some practical hints and advice with regard to the place and his preliminary examination, and offered my services to him generally. He knows a great many of my old friends and schoolmates in Virginia, among others the Fairfaxes, Herbert, Eugene and Randolph.

Meade and Terrett⁴ are both doing very well indeed, and have already found many friends in the corps, for you must know it is a point of etiquette here to be attentive to our statesmen, even as much so as if they were personal friends. If it were not for this well established custom, Plebes would have a harder time than they do. Emma and Sarah Willard and Miss Mordecai have been spending a few days at Mrs. French's. They went back to Troy last night. Emma and Sarah have not changed a bit. Miss Mordecai I saw only once, but my impressions of her were most favorable. Clara Paige is at Mrs. French's. She will stay until the examinations are over and perhaps longer. At the close of his sermon this morning, Prof. French addressed a few remarks to the graduating class, this being their last Sunday at West Point. I do not remember what his text was, but in it were the words "the blessedness of being forgiven." He wished them success in their profession, but better than the brightest of worldly honors, better than the greenest laurels of fame, better than the highest praises of a grateful country, he invoked upon them all "the blessedness of being forgiven." He was quite eloquent, and though there is but one professing Christian in the class (Mr. Ramseur⁵ of North Carolina), they could hardly have remained unmoved under an appeal so enforced by the peculiarities of the occasion.

The examination is progressing; our class will be called up in mathematics, probably by Thursday; we expect to finish entirely and go into camp by the 18th of this month. General Scott has arrived; we will review before him Monday or Tuesday. He makes West Point his headquarters during the summer. The officers in charge of the new cadets this year are making every exertion to protect them from rough treatment. Their quarters and the immediate vicinity are, by

⁴ See footnote 3.

⁵ Major General Stephen Dodson Ramseur, C. S. A., mortally wounded at Cedar Creek, October 9, 1864.

special order, rendered off cadet limits so that any cadet found there would be placed in arrest and treated with the same severity which he might expect were he discovered at Benny Havens.⁶ Three cadets have already been placed in close arrest for "Trifling with new cadets." One of them who threw a potato at said new cadets in the Mess Hall will *probably be court-martialed*. Notwithstanding all this vigilance, they still have their share of "hard times." The most amusing of the practical jokes was perpetrated upon them the other night by some cadets who went up to their rooms while they were dreaming of home and carried off all their clothes. The consequence was the Plebes were half of them absent from reveille; the rest presented a most ridiculous appearance. All of them without hats, some in their stocking feet, no man with his own coat on; while from the windows above the others looked down with long faces and wrapped about with blankets, terrified to death at being reported absent from reveille, but "not even an umbrella in case of a fire."

I must close in haste for the morning mail. When I write again my examination will probably be over for the present week. Goodbye, with much love to all from your

Affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND

Washington sends regards and we both send love to Miss Laura Lippett.

CAMP PIERCE, WEST PT., N. Y., July—1860.

I have received the family letter of the 15th, my dear mother, including one from Kittie, from Lizzie, and yourself. It came just as I had marched off from a fatiguing tour of guard duty, and having permission to walk on public lands beyond the camp (a privilege of the old guard), I laid down under the shade of a tree to enjoy it in solitude. It was refreshing, I assure you, and this evening when I see Dora I will hand it over for her edification. We have made a bargain to exchange letters while we are so near. I am to meet her at the hop this evening; I will introduce my most particular friends only, so that she may be very select and also that I

⁶ Well known to all West Pointers and the subject of a famous song, "Benny Havens O!"

may have her to myself as much as possible. It is the only favorable opportunity that we can have for a *tête-à-tête* for she cannot come up alone to see me and I can not go to see her at Cozzen's. How I wish that she were at Roe's instead. But I will spend one good day with her anyhow when my leave comes; and then when Mr. Wright comes up I expect to see her oftener.

A salute of thirty guns has just been fired in honor of the Congressional Committee assembled here, and this evening we review before them. I believe Aunt Emily knows Mrs. Jeff. Davis; I think I have been with her to their house, though I do not remember them and they, of course, would not remember me. But, as Llew has asked me to go with him, I think I will call on them while they are here, and I shall let it be known that I am *the nephew of Miss Emily Mason*. Llew says that they are very pleasant people and very kind and hospitable.

I meet at the hops Mrs. Van Buren, a friend of Aunt Emily's. She is a very handsome woman, and evidently fond of society. I danced with her last night. Aunt Julia does not come to the hops; rather surprising. With the same mail which brings this letter I send you a copy of the latest catalogue, which I have interlined with a few remarks and criticisms upon some of my friends and classmates.

I enclose in this letter something which I cut from a paper on the subject of apple trees. It is for Aunt Emily. Whenever I read anything pertaining to gardens, fruit trees, or domestic economy, I think of the Cottage and its appendages. I wish I could lend a hand at some of the garden work. I believe Aunt Emily would find me a more useful workman than I once was. I have learned to take an interest in those sorts of things from being so long shut out from them.

What has become of Jennie Cooper and Nannie and Emma Mason?¹ We have been anxiously expecting their arrival for some time, but they do not make their appearance. The last time I heard from them they were to be here certainly on the 21st. I hope they will not disappoint us again.

¹ Daughters of General Richard Barnes Mason and stepdaughters of General Carlos Buell, U. S. A. Emma Mason married General Frank Wheaton, U. S. A. His first wife was a daughter of General Samuel Cooper.

You will notice in the Catalogue which I send that I have marked the name of Bruton⁸ and that I have also remarked upon the little gentle nan. He is a very queer little fellow. The other day he told me that he had not written a letter to anyone for more than three months. He asked me to write for him, so I am just going to write to his guardian and tell him of his having passed his examination, etc., etc. Was it not a strange request? But I do not wonder; no one seems to take an interest in him and he seldom ever gets a letter. He is a bright agreeable little fellow and is very much esteemed, not only in our class but in the whole corps. It seems strange that he should be so entirely friendless. Among the others whose names I have marked, Fitzhugh is a capital fellow. We may probably room together when we go into Barracks again. He knows Nanny and Emma Mason very well, having met them and visited them in St. Louis very often. He sometimes speaks of Cousin Margaret with a genuine appreciation of her excellent heart as well as her peculiarities. Fitzhugh is just the person that you would like. I tell him that he must go with me to Virginia to see his numerous cousins. He is a jolly fellow of that happy temperament which is never depressed; he is fond of ladies' society, delights in Moore's melodies, sings in the choir, reads poetry tastefully with a fine, melodious voice, and with all is utterly free from anything like affectation or foppery. He needs only to be transplanted to the shores of the Potomac to become the type of a Virginia gentleman.—“Two days later, by the Persia!” Col. Cooper and young ladies have arrived much to the delight of Fitzhugh, Ramsay, Kinzie,⁹ Hoxton and myself. We have already spent one pleasant evening with them and look forward to many more before the 28th August. Jennie is looking very well, so like herself, so handsome and so full of life and spirits. She tells me all the Cottage news and brings the ambrotypes of Kittie and Lizzie. They are not very good, but I am glad that you sent them nevertheless. The gingercake which Mamy sent in the letter was delightful, tell her. I gave half of it to Fitzhugh, who praised her skill in the art of mak-

⁸ Thomas J. Bruton, Georgia, Fifth Class, 1860.

⁹ David H. Kinzie, Kansas, Fifth Class, 1860.

ing gingercakes. Dora has been apprised of the arrival of our cousins and says she will come often to see them at Roe's hotel, and I can meet them all there together. Lew leaves the first of August for Virginia; I will stay *with Virginia* for the present. Col. Cooper looks very quiet and not very cheerful. I am afraid he has not recovered from the loss of his daughter. I will have my leave in a few days and will spend it with Dora at Cozzen's. Perhaps the other girls will spend the day with her at the same time. I will suggest it to them.

Tell Mason I have just met a friend and schoolmate of his, a Mr. Fry, who was formerly at the High School. He is now a cadet at V. M. I., enjoying his furlough. He knew Steenie Mason and Mason Rowland and enquired for me of some friends of his in the corps.

The drum is just going to beat for artillery drill so good morning to you all with much love from my cousins and myself. Your very aff-ate Son

T. ROWLAND

West Pt., N. Y., Aug. 6th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I do not dare to count up how long it has been since I last wrote to you. I fear it must be at least two weeks. The Infantry and Light Artillery drills have commenced, the guard duty comes around every four days; and the hops and the hotel take up all my time. From 2 P. M. until 5 P. M. there is nothing that I am obliged to do except when I am on guard; but at that time of the day it is so hot that I cannot stay in camp to do anything, so I take refuge in the Library and at five I go up to the hotel to see Jennie and Emma and Nanny. Tomorrow, I will be off at reveille to take my day's leave for July which has been deferred by mistake until now, so that I will have another during this month. I am going to spend the day at Cozzen's with Dora and expect to have a delightful time. I will start at five, and at half past five instead of being at the usual morning drill I will be off cadets' limits.

I hope I will continue to get these leaves; you have no idea what a splendid thing it is. Without them I would have to stay here two years, you know, without leaving the plain of West Point. A very slight accident might give me demerit

and put a stop to them at once, especially in camp where there is so much military duty. The list of those who have leaves gets smaller and smaller as the encampment passes away. Rabb and I will be the only ones in our class who will have a leave for August.

I met with such a pleasant surprise the other day. A lady enquired to see me at the guard tents, and coming forward who should I see but Miss Julia Johns. She only staid for a few hours, and being on guard I could not leave the guard tents, but I was delighted to see even a glimpse of her pleasant face. She was with Mr. Phillips, Miss Stribling, and Miss Phillips. She knew my friend Mrs. Gibson, who by the bye, has gone I am sorry to say.

You must excuse this bad writing; I am sitting on the floor of my tent with my paper on my lap. This is merely an apology for a letter. I did not dare put it off longer. If I could write my letters at the Library I might write often, but it is not allowed. We have only one month more in camp, and then the next era to be looked forward to in West Point life will be furlough. I must close this scraggly epistle. I defy even Kittie to decipher it.

Goodbye to you all from your aff. son

T. ROWLAND

AUG. 6TH. I will send this antique fragment to fill up. Thank Aunt Emily for her very acceptable letter and for the note of introduction to Mrs. Davis. It is broiling hot, not a breath of air is stirring in Camp. I cannot guide my pen very smoothly. Adieu.

Furlough seems very near. In September I must make my application to the Secretary of War for two days leave to attend Dora's wedding. It will be difficult, but not impossible to obtain.

[The "Fragment" is as follows]:

CAMP F. PIERCE, WEST PT., N. Y., Aug. 1st, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Dora and I have both been intending to write to you for some time to tell you of the pleasant visit that we had from Uncle Robert.¹⁰ We each have a good ex-

¹⁰ Major Robert H. Chilton, afterwards General Chilton on the staff of General Lee. His wife was a sister of Mrs. C. A. Rowland.

cuse for the delay ; she may plead the presence of Mr. W., and I can offer as a palliation the multiplicity of engagements with my three fair cousins at the hotel. I have been having a very pleasant time for the last week, visiting every day, Jennie, Emma and Nanny, Mrs. Davis and other acquaintances. There is a very pleasant lady at the hotel, Mrs. Gibson of Richmond, the mother of one of my classmates.¹¹ She is very kind to all the cadets with true Virginia politeness. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Gibson exert themselves continually for our pleasure and amusement, and many a feast of pies and cakes and sandwiches do they get up for their cadet friends, who, like Theological students, have a weakness for goodies.

I hardly recognized Uncle Robert. He stayed only a day, but Dora and I enjoyed his visit very much.

[The first part of the following letter is lost] :

[AUGUST 13, 1860.] I saw Frank Willard¹² this evening at the drill. He looks just as he did three years ago. Mary W. is with her grandmother at the hotel. I am glad to hear that Llew is enjoying himself at the Cottage. He deserves a little petting and good treatment, and I know he will have it if he falls into your hands.

Our days in camp are numbered (13). Barrack life will bring several inducements, less physical exertion, more comfort, and nearer furlough. I am to have Fitzhugh for my roommate, and have already made many good resolutions with which to commence my second academic year ; I hope they will not go the way of all good resolutions. Jennie and Emma and Nanny are great belles here and seem to enjoy themselves very much ; Jennie in particular is much admired.

I hope to be able to show West Point and my friends to you in September ; and in October, if the Secretary of War can be prevailed upon, we will all join in the celebration of Dora's wedding. Do not forget to tell Aunt Emily what General Scott said about Dora ; one part of the compliment may appear a little extravagant, but the Commander-in-chief ought to know, certainly. If I could always find as quiet and comfort-

¹¹ William E. Gibson of Richmond, Virginia.

¹² Frank and Mary Willard, grandchildren of Mrs. Emma Willard, the "grandmother" here mentioned. Mrs. Willard founded the Troy Female Seminary, and, like her sister Mrs. Phelps, was distinguished as an educator and author.

able a corner as I have at present, I might write on, page after page, but the drum beats and I must close.

16TH AUGUST:—I was rather abruptly interrupted last night in the course of my letter; since then I have seen Mrs. Emma Willard and she has left for Troy. Mrs. Phelps, Miss Myra and her brother remain for a few days. Molly Meigs arrived this morning; her visit was intended as a surprise to her brother, but I let the cat out of the bag.

For the past two or three days it has been quite chilly here and the nights quite cold. We have also had a great deal of rain, making what might be considered very disagreeable weather, but I prefer it to the extreme heat which we have had hitherto in camp. Last night and the night before, large fires were kindled before the camp to give us an opportunity of drying our bedding and overcoats, which would otherwise stay damp and wet until fair weather. They proved very comfortable and the effect was picturesque, gypsy-like, as you may imagine.

I am sorry to hear that the peaches have failed this year at the Cottage; they used to be so fine. I hope the trees are not deteriorating.

Give my best love to Sallie¹⁸ if she is still with you, and also to Nanny. Give my love also to Mrs. Johnston and Miss Sallie Griffith, and my friends in the Cottage neighborhood. Much love to you all, from your most affectionate son

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., Aug. 20th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I am sitting in my tent writing this letter while parade is going on out on the plain. I have lately been entrusted with a new charge; I am placed upon "special duty" to instruct in the duties of a soldier and the studies necessary to his preliminary examination, a "Sep." who arrived a few days ago. In consequence I am relieved from all duty with my company, parades, drills, marching to meals, and all roll-calls, so that I can walk about feeling independent of all drums. I drill my "Sep" twice a day and instruct him for one hour in preparation

¹⁸ Miss Sally Hoxton. Married Bishop Randolph of Virginia.

for his examination, and make him report to me at all roll calls and parades when I inspect him to see that his shoes are blacked and *tout ensemble* what it should be for an incipient cadet.

In one week more our encampment will be at an end. On the 28th of August the furlough class return, and we move back into barracks. The corporals of our class will then be no longer corporals; we yield our chevrons to the class that returns from furlough who are our seniors, and in whose place we have been acting during their absence. Those who have acquitted themselves, during the summer, with credit will however be candidates for office, when we return from furlough. In the intervening year our class will all be privates in the ranks.

I will be satisfied with ten days of special duty. More of it might render me too much unaccustomed to my usual duties in my own Company. We will all be quite well contented with the removal into barracks. A change is never unwelcome to us in our state of life, as each one is felt to be an important epoch marking our progress to some much desired point. And then our life is such a peculiar one, and our restraints are so continued that it needs some change, excitement and expectation to relieve it from monotony.

I have lately arrived at one conclusion; *entre nous* I will tell you what it is. I have always had an ambition to distinguish myself as a cavalier as well as in the capacity of a soldier and a scholar. But the former requires a peculiar talent which I fear is yet undeveloped, if I possess it at all. I feel as if I could storm a fortress, charge a battery, or attack a volume of the abstruse sciences, but in that other field I do not feel competent to achieve a success, and anything short of a success is ignominious. However I do not despair, by any means; I have time enough before me. I will have an opportunity next summer much more favorable than I have had this. West Point is not a good place for a beginner. There are so many beaux to one belle, and they [the belles] of course prefer those who are most accomplished in the peculiar art of entertaining. Many who fail here or do not attempt anything, are not at all

unsuccessful elsewhere, when they go off on a furlough. All of this is only a little nonsense, *entre nous*, as I said before.

[AUGUST] 23: I have just written a permit for leave of absence tomorrow which I am going to take to the Commandant to be signed. I have been putting it off for some time, undecided where to go, but as this is my last leave in camp and my last opportunity for a year of going to New York, (for in Barracks leaves do not commence until 10 or 11 A. M.), I have come to the conclusion to go to New York tomorrow. I will probably meet some of the furlough class there and can have a very good time.

I have two more "Seps" recently arrived. I take great interest in preparing them for their preliminary examination. They seem so anxious about it and so afraid of being found deficient.

[This letter is unsigned.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., Aug., (1860).

MY DEAR MOTHER: I wrote you a letter a week ago intending to send it at once, but it was detained as my letters often are. The furlough class have arrived amid immense excitement; the Camp Franklin Pierce is no longer in existence, and today I am sitting down in my winter quarters with luggage scattered around in hopeless confusion, while I write to acknowledge the receipt by Llew of the peaches, the brown biscuits, and the note from yourself. Your letter tells me that you leave on Wednesday, today; so I imagine you journeying on towards New York and passing up the Hudson on Friday night within a stone's throw almost, of our Barracks. You must let me know sometime beforehand the day upon which you will arrive at West Point. It must be a Saturday, of course, or else a Friday night. I will study a little in advance a few days before your arrival, so as not to have a great deal to do during your visit. I look forward to it with great pleasure; we will have such nice talks, and I will bring some of my friends up to see you, not too many, for I must have you all to myself as much as possible.

Miss Clare Paige is staying for a few days at Col. Hardee's. She is delighted at the prospect of your visit to Schenectady.

We have just commenced recitations in Analytical Geometry, Blair's Rhetoric, French, &c. I intend to keep myself busy and not think too much of furlough; it will only make it seem the longer in coming. I have been retained on "Special Duty" with new cadets, although with the other officers of my class I am reduced from my corporality to make way for the third class, who according to Regulations are entitled to that office. I form them [the new cadets] at all roll calls and parades, march them to mess, and drill them twice a day. They have just finished their examination. Only one out of a squad of eight was found deficient. One of them came to me after his examination to thank me for the preparation which I had given him. He ascribed his success to my teachings and expressed great gratitude. I felt pleased with his estimate of my services, but did not feel that I had done as much for him as he seemed to think.

Col. Hardee¹⁴ is to be ordered away from West Point, and Maj. Reynolds of the Third Artillery is to take his place. I am sorry that he is going to leave; he is an excellent tactician and in most respects well fitted for the place. I do not know anything about Maj. Reynolds.

As to my contemplated leave of absence for Dora's wedding in October, I cannot apply for it myself, except through Col. Delafield, and to do that is generally equal to a failure. He does not favor leaves. Perhaps some of my friends in Washington might represent the case favorably to the Secretary of War. I would not wish to have more than two days. I would lose too much time from the studies of my class, which does not do for one who aims at a high stand or has one to keep.

Fitzhugh wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Rowland and says that he is trying to take good care of her son. He is a very agreeable roommate. I received a letter from Mrs. Deas¹⁵ a few days ago tendering a very kind invitation to visit her at Saugerties, but I am afraid it is too high up the river, sixty miles, I believe.

¹⁴ Commandant of Cadets. From Georgia. Author of *Hardee's Tactics*. Resigned in 1861 and was distinguished as Lieutenant General William J. Hardee, C. S. A.

¹⁵ Widow of an army officer. Cousin of the Masons of "Okeley."

Now my dear mother I must bid you goodbye. You will find this a very heterogeneous kind of a letter; I will put no dates for fear I will have to put too many. I will have a day's leave the middle or last of September, but owing to recitations, it will only be half a day. I will not be able to get off before 11 or 12 M., otherwise I might visit you at Schenectady, as Clara suggested to me. Love to the girls; I have neglected them shamefully. Give my best love to Mrs. Jackson and remember me most kindly to all the Paiges.

Your most devoted Son

T. ROWLAND

SEPTEMBER 1ST: I omitted to tell you of the way in which I spent my leave. I had a delightful trip to New York in the boat with Cadet Farley,¹⁶ after breakfasting with Mrs. Farley at Cozzens. After returning from New York, I spent the evening with Mrs. James in Cold Spring. She is the mother of Cadet James,¹⁷ and one of the most charming and hospitable ladies that I ever met. I enjoyed myself amazingly, having the whole day from reveille to tattoo.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Sep. 4th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I suppose you have barely received my last letter, for though I put it in the post on Saturday, it was too late for the mail and could not have left before Monday. This morning on coming in from recitation and fencing, I found laying upon the floor of my room, your welcome letter postmarked Schenectady and directed in Mrs. Jackson's "patent" handwriting. How it did call up old associations and bring back to my mind scenes at the Cottage when Mrs. Jackson used to help me with my day's work of writing, rounding her C's and shaping her capitals after the most approved Land Office style. Many a Land Patent has gone forth to the "People of these United States" in that identical handwriting, and when I picked up your letter this morning, it was so "eminently" suggestive that I actually laughed with delight at the remembrance of those

¹⁶ Probably Henry S. Farley of South Carolina, Fourth Class, 1860. There was also in the Third Class J. Pearson Farley, appointment at large.

¹⁷ Frederick J. James, New York, Fourth Class.

pleasant days. Give her my best love and tell her I shall never forget her.

I have just seen Frank Willard who brings the latest accounts of you all, not to mention a very nice peach which I enjoyed very much, but cannot pronounce it equal to the Cottage peaches you sent me by Llew. Jennie Cooper and the Masons have gone; they left yesterday evening, much regretted by their numerous friends here. They intend spending a few days at Newburgh with the Hasbrouck family, cousins of Col. Cooper's. Clara Paige is still at Col. Hardee's, I believe, though I have not had an opportunity of seeing her for three or four days. How pleasant your voyage must have been; I am glad you had such pleasant weather for it. Be sure to write and let me know before hand *the Saturday*, if it is not next Saturday. I shall expect you this week if I do not hear from you in the meanwhile. My kind regards to all the Paiges. Mr. Chambliss¹⁸ told me a great deal about them all when he returned from leave.

Love to the girls and God bless you all

Your affectionate son

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., Sep. 12th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

When you did not arrive last Saturday at the appointed hour I, of course, concluded that the weather in the morning had induced you to put off your visit until the following Saturday. So I transferred my expectations accordingly. Your letter which arrived yesterday explains all, with an amusing account of the accidents and obstacles which detained you. I shall expect you *all* next Saturday; but I wish to correct one mistake. You tell me to meet you on the wharf, you might as well tell me to meet you at the Albany depot. It would be almost as possible to do so. The wharf is about three hundred yards off cadet limits, and one who never should get a *leave* would wait until furlough before he set his foot upon it. Things here must be done *à la mode militaire*, so when you

¹⁸ Nathaniel R. Chambliss of Tennessee, Second Class, 1860. Resigned; on the staff of General Hardee whose daughter he married.

arrive go at once to the hotel and make yourself at home until I get there. I cannot leave until half past one for I have to march the Plebes to the Mess Hall and back again to Barracks.

Fitzhugh's brother has been here for a day or two on his way to Yale; he belongs to the senior class, though he is two years younger than Fitzhugh. We smuggled him into our room and he staid all night with us; he brought us "Tom Brown at Oxford" and a nice home-made cake which Fitzhugh's sister sent to him. He says that he saw Douglas Forrest¹⁹ at Yale last spring, he had come to attend a meeting of some college society. I saw Mrs. Munford and Mrs. Paige²⁰ at Prof. French's when they were here last week. Mrs. Munford is a charming old lady, so lively and entertaining. Mrs. Paige greeted me very warmly and gave me such a pressing invitation to visit her at Schenectady, but it is impossible; my day's leave is now but half a day.

I forgot to tell you that Fitzhugh's brother knew Willie Haskins also; he says that he is still at the R. P. I.²¹ and will graduate next July. This reminds me, as the children say, while engaged a few days ago in drilling the Plebes a small Spaniard [sic] passed by with a black mustache. We looked twice and recognized each other. It was my classmate at R. P. I., Dias of Brazil. He told me that the (our) class had graduated in July; they had thought of me and intended sending me class photographs, but did not know where to direct them. I am so sorry that I did not write to some one of them before they left Troy. He was on his way to Brazil to practice his profession in his native country. I could only shake hands and speak with him for a minute; he went on his way—to Brazil and I to my military occupation, and in all human probability we will never meet again in this world. It did my heart good to meet him and to hear of the success of those whom I once labored with and loved,—and *played euchre* with, and made great plans with for the future. *And now* that future is come for them, but I am still *cadet*. They have the start of me, in some respects.

¹⁹ Of "Clermont," Fairfax County, Virginia. Afterwards in the C. S. A.

²⁰ Grandmother and mother of Clara Paige.

²¹ Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

I will tell you of another, but a more painful occurrence that took place a day or two afterwards on a similar occasion. A messenger came to me in haste with a dispatch, asking if there was a new cadet in my squad by the name of Leiner. (A poor but very intelligent boy of German parentage, barely sixteen years of age, and evidently very little used to the rough ways of the world). I replied in the affirmative and handed the despatch to him, but anticipating that it might be bad news, I stood by and glanced over his shoulder as he read it. It was as follows: "Your father is dead; what shall I do with him?" You can imagine the effect.

My love to Mrs. Jackson and the girls, and kindest regards to all my friends from your affectionate son

T. ROWLAND

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Physical Franklin

JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS, M. D.

Benjamin Franklin was descended on his father's side from a line of blacksmiths. His father, who followed a lighter kind of labor, was nevertheless very strong and active. His mother also possessed sound health, and Benjamin could say of his parents, "I never knew either my father or mother to have any sickness but that of which they died, he at eighty-nine and she at eighty-five years of age." Truly he inherited an excellent physical foundation for the making of a great man.

Because of his multitude of children (there were seventeen in all) his father was unable to send Benjamin to college as he had planned, and, indeed, after only two years of schooling he took him, at ten years to help him in his business of making candles and soap. Benjamin cast candles and trimmed their wicks and ran errands until he was twelve, but had plenty of leisure to learn to swim strongly and to manage all sorts of boats. As a help in swimming he made two wooden paddles about ten inches long and six inches broad and shaped something like an artist's palette, with a hole for the thumb so that it would the better fit the hand. He found that he could swim faster with these paddles but that they soon tired his wrists. He was skilled in making and flying kites, and, on one occasion, he lay down in the water of a lake and holding to the string made his kite tow him "without effort" nearly a mile across a lake.

He was a leader among the boys and the following incident which he related gives us a good picture of his teeming energy of mind and body. "There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill pond on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently,

like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that that which was not honest could not be truly useful. . . ."

Finding that after two years of such work Benjamin did not show a liking for his own trade, his father very wisely took him to watch men of other occupations at their work, that he might discover one for which he felt special inclination. The boy had a strong desire to become a sailor but it was his passionate fondness for reading and buying books which at last determined the choice of his future work. He was apprenticed as a printer to his brother and worked steadily at this trade, meanwhile making up for the lack of schooling by reading all the books he could find. Among other books, one which he read at sixteen was by a Mr. Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet as both the healthiest and cheapest. Franklin determined to try it. His brother, who paid his board as a reward for his labor, allowed him to have the money and board himself, and by doing without meat he not only saved half the money, which he spent for books, but saved much time for reading and study, by eating his simple lunch in the printing house. But while Benjamin believed he felt better for his vegetarian diet, he had a hanker for flesh. The next year, while journeying to Philadelphia, the crew of the boat on which he crossed Long Island Sound caught a large number of cod fish. "Till then," he says, "I had stuck to my resolution to eat nothing that had life; and on this occasion I considered, according to my master Tryon, the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder. . . . But I had been formerly a great lover of fish, and when it came out of the frying pan it smelled admirably. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till, recollecting that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs, then, thought I, 'if you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you;' so I dined upon cod very heartily and have since continued to eat as other

people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet."

Franklin had discovered that the use of alcohol, so very common at the time, was not only not necessary but prevented the full use of his bodily powers, and in the printing shop in London, whither he went at eighteen to work and learn, he astonished his fellow workers by not only going without beer, but by carrying a large form of type in each hand where others carried but one in both hands. "They wondered to see by this and several instances, that the *Water American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves who drank *strong* beer!" and "from my example a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer and bread and cheese." In order to improve himself as much as possible in all ways Franklin made a list of moral virtues to be practiced, and examined himself carefully each evening as to how well he had observed them during the day. The first of these rules of conduct reads: "*Temperance*.—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation."

Franklin surprised his English friends by his accomplishments as a swimmer. He had practiced all manner of aquatic feats since he was a boy and had become very expert. On one occasion he swam in the river Thames from Chelsea to Blackfriars, a distance of four miles, "performing in the way many feats of activity, both upon and under the water." Hearing of his skill and that he had taught two of his printing-house friends to swim in a few hours, Franklin was asked by a great lord, Sir William Wyndham, to give lessons to his sons, and he thought very strongly of opening a swimming school in London instead of returning to his trade in America.

Until he was forty years of age he did the hard manual work required in the printer's trade of that day and he still practiced swimming, sometimes for as much as two hours at a time. So long as he used his muscles vigorously he was, save for two severe attacks of pleurisy, in the best of health. After forty-five he became much more sedentary in his habits, but he did not find it easy to suppress in corresponding measure his enjoyment of the pleasures of the table. Though temperate, for the time in which he lived, in the use of wines, he

needed no longer to be either a vegetarian or a teetotaler for the sake of thrift. He failed to practice the precepts he had put into the mouth of Poor Richard, that "a full belly is the mother of all evil," and that "three good meals a day is bad living." He was soon warned by that terrible torturer of high livers, the gout, that he was either too sedentary in his habits or too fond of the good things of the table. In his wise as well as humorous "Dialogue Between Franklin and the Gout" he, in the language usually made use of by those who transgress the laws of health, complains, "You reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other," and the Gout replies, "The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another who never takes any."

He tried to profit by what he knew was the lesson to be learned from his painful attacks of gout, and of the stone in the bladder, both of which came from spending his spare moments over the chess board or in a carriage rather than in vigorous muscular activity, and each year he made a long journey in the world, as he found this drew him out of his ways of muscular indolence, and for the time, drove away the gout.

His philosophic mind worked over the problem of exercise and he came to the conclusion that the quantity of each kind of exercise is to be judged not by the time spent or distance covered, "but by the degree of warmth it produces in the body. . . . there is more exercise in *one* mile's riding on horseback than five in a coach; and more in one mile's walking than in five on horseback; to which I may add that there is more in walking one mile up and down stairs than in five on a level floor. The two latter exercises may be had within doors, when the weather discourages going abroad; and the last may be had when one is pushed for time."

Franklin was a believer in pure air and taught that colds were not so much due to cold air as to "being shut up together in close rooms and coaches" and also "from full living with

too little exercise." He believed it was a great mistake to follow the custom of the times of "sleeping in rooms exactly closed and the beds surrounded by curtains." From the interest his ideas on the subject aroused he was appointed, while in London, to prepare a plan for ventilating the House of Parliament.

Franklin took what he called air baths. "You know," he wrote at the age of sixty-two to Dr. Dubourg in Paris, "the cold bath has long been in vogue here as a tonic; but the shock of the cold water has always appeared to me, generally speaking, as too violent, and I have found it much more agreeable to my constitution to bathe in another element. I mean in cold air. With this in view I rise almost every morning and sit without any clothes whatever, half an hour or an hour, according to the season, either reading or writing. . . I find no ill consequences whatever resulting from it, and that at least it does not injure my health, if it does not in fact contribute much to its preservation. I shall therefore call it for the future a *bracing* or *tonic* bath." That he could stand so long exposure to cold without chill and a severe attack of illness, shows, better than anything else, his wonderful robustness of body. Save when taking his air baths, Franklin believed in being comfortably warm and we should not forget that he invented the "Pennsylvania fireplace," better known as the "Franklin stove," which helped to make several generations more comfortable and to save the money they spent for fuel. He also remedied smoking chimneys and smoking street lamps, and his discoveries in electricity and along other lines have helped add to our health and comfort. On account of the usefulness of his discoveries he was, in 1771, elected to membership in the Royal Medical Society of Paris, and, ten years later, to the Medical Society of London.

Franklin's great physical powers were put to their severest test during the nine years (1776 to 1785) in which he served his country as its representative in Paris, where "he suffered enough anxiety and strain to have destroyed some men." Besides the stress of affairs of state there was great temptation to the use of his highly appreciated mental powers rather than of his muscles. His fellow commissioner, John Adams,

rebuked him for not taking more exercise, but he replied, "Yes, I walk a league (three miles) every day in my chamber. I walk quick and for an hour, so that I do a league; I make a point of religion of it." However, it was about this same time (1780) that he confessed, in his dialogue with the gout, his sedentariness.

His attacks of gout became so frequent that he was scarcely able to walk or to ride in a carriage. Yet, "when at his worst his mind was as vigorous as ever, and he looked well." He did, in fact, his hardest work between his seventieth and eighty-second years.

On his way to America in his seventy-ninth year he went to bathe for his health in the Martin salt water hot baths, and says, "I floated on my back, fell asleep and slept near an hour by my watch without sinking or turning! a thing I never did before and should hardly have thought possible."

Franklin's last two years were years of much bodily discomfort. He fell and sprained his wrist; his old enemies the gout and the stone had little mercy upon him, and the latter confined him to bed most of his last year. One possessed of such wide knowledge was wisely suspicious of the medical practice of his time, and, as he said, he was more afraid of the medicines for the stone than of the malady, for he was aware that they would injure his stomach "which is very material to the preservation of health." But during these last years, the rest of his bodily machine was in wonderful order. He was still very muscular, prided himself upon the fact, and liked to show his strength by lifting heavy books. His mental powers were unimpaired, and he was buoyant and serene of soul. Even in his final illness, a disease of the lungs, said by his physician to have been caused by sitting in a cold draught, his mind was still keen, and only nine days before his death he wrote an important letter to Jefferson on the question of the Northeast Boundary.

The placid countenance of Franklin, as it looks upon us from his portraits, reflects the geniality and contentment of mind which added greatly to his bodily health. The glasses that bestride his nose in some of his pictures, remind us that the bifocal lens was an important invention of his own by

which we still profit. He was about five feet high, large in all his proportions, and both muscular and corpulent.

He, like many others, knew the theory better than he observed the practice of keeping his body in perfect condition, but while he suffered much from the bad habits of the age, the enjoyment of good living and of mental rather than muscular exercise, he was, altogether, a remarkable specimen of bodily health, strength and endurance. Besides, he contributed greatly by the example of his earlier years, by his writings, and by his inventions, to the comfort and health of his fellow-men.

The epitaph which Franklin, long before his last illness, wrote for himself, is as full of faith and hope as it is whimsical.

"The body of Benjamin Franklin,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
(And stripped of its lettering and gilding),
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more,
In a new and more elegant edition,
Revised and corrected by *The Author*."

Reconstruction and Education in Virginia

EDGAR W. KNIGHT

The second quarter of the nineteenth century is the beginning in the United States of a period in educational development which is marked by a growing tendency to democratization. The so-called awakening or revival so frequently and conspicuously located in New England, where it was unquestionably most noticeable, was not confined to any one section of the country. Attempted reforms in educational theory and practice were but a part of the general reform program in the development of democratic ideals. Educationally the storm center of this reform may have been and perhaps was in Massachusetts and Connecticut where Mann and Barnard were conspicuous leaders and where educational progress was rather spectacular. But a gradual change from English ideals, transplanted here in colonial days, was taking place in other sections of the country as well as in New England during this period. Awakened sentiment for popular education appeared in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan and in some of the southern states. But slavery and its natural hindrances to a rapid development of public education, and the absence of a strong middle class in the South, delayed the revival of education in that region. And yet there the ground for a reorganization of educational effort was being properly prepared, public opinion was being educated, statesmen of vision and broad educational traditions were eager to enlarge and extend educational facilities, and a general movement for free school systems was rapidly gaining on the eve of the war. But for that strife and its disastrous results the educational historian would have a different story to tell of the South and her efforts during the nineteenth century.

The final effect of the war was stimulating to education in the South though the change was so sudden as to bring temporary evil and to produce certain retarding results. The complete overthrow of a social order, which was superficial and which rested on an industrial structure itself an economic

fallacy, stimulated the ideal of universal and free education,—an ideal which never grows in communities of caste and class. In the southern states the foundations of real systems of education were now more securely made. But it must also be kept in mind that this educational effect of the period was felt in other sections of the country and showed itself in changed educational legislation. Everywhere there appeared a marked expansion in educational statutes and in constitutional provisions for more adequate and safer educational opportunities.

The educational influence of the war and reconstruction is very clear in Virginia, though the educational efforts of that state had not been inconsiderable before 1860. The influence of Jefferson and his proposed law of 1779 as well as the law of 1796 are celebrated in the educational history of this country. Fair provisions for secondary and higher education in the state were early made, but the responsible classes had not actively and effectively interested themselves in a system of public elementary schools. The establishment in 1811 of the Literary Fund which grew so rapidly that by the outbreak of the war it had reached nearly two million dollars; the annual appropriation¹ after 1818 of \$45,000 from its income for the education of poor children; the district school law of 1829 and its revisions, and the renewed efforts in the last two decades before the outbreak of the war are among the *ante bellum* educational endeavors of Virginia which are not without significance. In 1860 nearly 55,000 children were being educated in 2,895 primary schools, continuing on an average of nearly four months, and supported at an annual cost of approximately \$190,000. But this system of education lacked strong central supervision and was rendered otherwise inefficient by certain features whose inherent weaknesses delayed the establishment of an adequate state system. Based on the conception of public education as a form of charity, viewed with hostility by the well-to-do, and with scorn by the poorer classes for whom it was created, the system was far from modern and efficient. A remarkable educational change and a correspond-

¹ This appropriation was increased until in 1851 the sum of \$75,000, and from 1855 to 1860, the sum of \$80,000, was annually appropriated for schools.

ing improvement in educational facilities appeared in the state after the war, and this change and improvement are usually described as a distinct contribution of the time to education. Just what the change was and who was responsible for it the present paper undertakes to show.

The election of delegates to a convention to frame a constitution for the state, called under the Reconstruction Act of March 2, 1867, was held October 18 to 21 of that year. The official registration showed 120,101 white and 105,832 colored voters; but about 44,000 whites who had registered failed to vote and the vote was otherwise so distributed as to give the negroes a decided advantage. The convention met in Richmond December 3. Its composition was altogether unlike anything ever before seen in a constitutional or legislative body of the state. Of the 105 members more than a score were negroes; the radicals numbered seventy-two and the conservatives thirty-three. Fourteen of the delegates came from New York, three each from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and England; one each from Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Washington City, South Carolina, Ireland, Scotland, and Canada; twenty-two were native Virginia negroes, and thirteen were native white radicals.² The day after the convention assembled the *Richmond Dispatch* said editorially: "The convention elected under the unconstitutional reconstruction laws of Congress met yesterday in the capitol. . . . Created by fraud and outrage—outrage of the constitution and every principle of humanity, every dictate of wisdom, its life must be brief and its deeds die with it."

The eleven members of the important finance committee consisted of two conservatives and nine radicals, three of whom were negroes. The same number composed the committee on education, and included three conservatives and eight radicals, three of whom were negroes. Attention was early directed to education. Three days after the convention met a radical member offered a resolution that the committee on education, when appointed, "inquire into and report upon the propriety of establishing such a system of public

² Eckenrode, *The Political History of Virginia during the Reconstruction*; *Richmond Dispatch*, April 10, 1868.

schools as shall secure to the youth of Virginia, of all classes, the advantages of a primary education." A few days later a negro member offered the following resolution: "That the constitution, now to be formed for the state of Virginia, should guarantee for the future, a system of common school education, to be supported by the state, which shall give to all classes free and equal participation in all its benefits." Dr. Thomas Bayne, a negro dentist from Norfolk City, who throughout the entire convention displayed extremely captious tendencies, wanted to amend the resolution by adding "without distinction of color." The same day a white radical from New York wished the committee to inquire into and report to the convention the condition of the Literary Fund, how much of it had been expended and for what purpose.³

On December 19 a white radical from England⁴ offered a resolution that the committee be instructed to "inquire into the propriety of providing the establishment of district primary schools whenever fifty scholars can be expected to attend such school, and a grammar school in connection with one or more primary schools whenever two hundred scholars or more can attend within such grammar school district." At the same time a white radical from New York offered a resolution that the committee report on the propriety of a constitutional provision making it obligatory upon the general assembly to impose a capitation tax of not more than two dollars on all males over sixteen years of age, to be devoted exclusively to educational purposes.

On January 4, when the convention resumed its labors after the Christmas recess, educational matters again claimed attention; and numerous resolutions bearing on this subject were offered. One of these was presented by a negro member who wished to see incorporated in the constitution provisions for a state superintendent, a state board of education, county superintendents, four normal schools, and for securing the public school funds. Another negro introduced a resolution to instruct the committee "to inquire into the propriety or impropriety of introducing a clause in the constitution, giving

³ *Conv. Proc.*, pp. 31, 96, 98, 150, 154.

⁴ George Swann. The *Dispatch* of April 10, 1868, described him as a "genuine cockney."

the right of every person to enter any college, seminary or other public institution of learning, as students, upon equal terms with each other, regardless of race, color, previous condition, or loyalty, or disloyalty, freedom or slavery." This was the beginning in the convention of the question of mixed schools, a question which arose in all the southern states during this time. The matter was before the convention from this time forward and also appeared, in one form or another, in the legislative debates when the school law of 1870 was being made. The negroes in the convention and in the legislature seemed eager for a provision for mixed schools; but a study of the discussions and the votes in both bodies shows that from the outset the people of Virginia were of one mind on the subject. Mixed school legislation probably had fainter hope of passage in this state than in any other of the southern states.

The work of framing a provision for education gradually proceeded. A white radical from New York wanted to have the property of the Virginia Military Institute "obliterated" and converted into funds for the public schools. A negro member wanted a capitation tax of one dollar imposed on every male twenty-one years of age, and sixty per cent. of this revenue applied to public education. A white radical believed that a certain sum of the tax on distilled liquors should be set apart for schools, and a negro member desired to obligate the legislature to pass laws which would secure "the general attendance of the children of each school district at least three months in the year." A conservative member offered a resolution "to consider the expediency, the propriety and the justice" of imposing no taxes for education except a capitation tax. This resolution is significant in that it reflects a fear which prevailed among many of the conservative people of the state that radicalism would unduly mortgage the future and jeopardize the credit of the state. It is this condition, more perhaps than any other, which explains the criticism so frequently heard that the conservative element was hostile to a system of public schools. It should be remembered, however, that the conservatives were conscientiously concerned

about the state credit and believed that the economic basis of schools should first of all be secured.

The proposed article on education was submitted to the convention January 28. It consisted of eleven sections and provided for the usual features of a modern school system. There was to be a complete state and local organization, and the legislature was "to provide by law, at its first session under the constitution, a uniform system of free public schools, and for its gradual introduction into all the counties of the state, by the year 1874, or as much earlier as may be practicable." That body was also to establish normal schools and agricultural schools "as soon as practicable." A perpetual and permanent school fund was to be set apart; uniform text books were to be provided; higher education was to be encouraged and fostered; authority was given to apply certain funds to educational purposes, to receive donations and grants for such purposes, and to "make such laws as shall not permit parents and guardians to allow their children to grow up in ignorance and poverty."

The first and second sections of the report were passed without amendment, but for the third section a conservative member offered the following amendment: "Provided, that in no case shall white and colored children be taught at the same time and in the same house." Discussion of the mixed school matter now became heated, but it was largely participated in by the negro members who seemed to fear that without mixed schools their educational privileges would be restricted. One of these members showed considerable agitation and spoke with much feeling:

"He didn't want to see no such claw [clause] in it; and de fust thing we knew, der would be a similar claws regards waship [worship]. Ez fer dis, this thing of mixin' children together, all he had to say was, dat dere was worsen company of white children dan he wished his children to be wid; and dese was secesh children. He wanted loil [loyal] school and loil children. But he didn't want dis claw to commodate de prejudices of rebels and seceshes. He considered himself as high over a rebel and traitor ez heaven was over hell. He was gwine off home this morning, but the boat left him by half an

hour, and he knew God had some reason for keeping him here, and now he had found out what that was."

Bayne, the negro member from Norfolk, "was red-hot on this subject, and opposed vehemently the old slavery notion of having two school-houses where one would do."⁵

It should be stated here that accounts of the debates were frequently somewhat colored in the press reports from which the excerpts above are taken. Official proceedings of the entire convention seem not to have been published, though an official reporter was for a time employed and during his service verbatim reports of the convention proceedings were published and are accessible. His stenographic ability, however, surpassed his political discretion; and his enormous account covering only a brief period so shocked the convention that, either because of its jealous watchfulness over the public purse or from sinister motives, he was discontinued from a share in the spoils of the season. Unfortunately for our purposes, however, the blow came before the debates on education had assumed exciting proportions, and the newspapers have to be depended on for information which the journals do not furnish. Naturally the newspapers revealed a tendency to reportorial hostility as the excerpts above and others to follow are evidence.

The conservatives showed no alarm but seemed certain that there was little or no danger of mixed school legislation. Certainly they knew that mixed schools could never thrive in Virginia, and they took only a minor and nominal part in discussing the question which so agitated the negroes. But a conservative member offered the following additional section: "There shall be separate schools for white children and for colored children, and the capitation tax derived from white polls shall be devoted exclusively to education in white schools, and that from colored polls to education in colored schools." This was tabled, and the work of adopting other sections proceeded. During the next few days several sections of the proposed article were passed with little or no contention. When section eight was reached, which provided that necessary textbooks be supplied to indigent children, one member facetiously

⁵ *The Dispatch*, March 28, 1868.

moved that the section be amended so as to provide for supplying "buckets and baskets for the children to carry their dinners to school in."⁶

Section three, perhaps the logical section for incorporating the provision for separating the races in school, was adopted March 30, when a conservative member offered the following proviso: "That in no case shall white and colored children be taught at the same school or in the same house," but it was lost by a vote of thirty-seven to twenty-one. Immediately, however, a conservative member had placed on the table by a vote of thirty-eight to nineteen the following additional section to the original article on education: "There shall be separate schools for white children and for colored children; and the capitation tax derived from white polls shall be devoted exclusively to education in the white schools, and that from colored polls to education in the colored schools."⁷

Nothing more was done on the educational article until April 7 when Dr. Bayne again appeared, this time with the following: "The free public schools of this state shall be open free to all classes, and no child, pubill [sic] or scholar, shall be ejected from said schools on account of race, color, or any other distinction; and the general assembly shall [not] have pour [sic] to make any law that will admit of any invidious distinction in any public free schools in this state."⁸ The motion to lay this on the table was lost by a vote of fifty-nine to sixteen. As a substitute to Bayne's proposition, a white radical by the name of Porter proposed that "the free public schools of the state shall be open and free to all persons and classes, and no one shall be excluded for any cause which does not apply equally to all persons and classes without distinction." Lewis Lindsey, another negro member, made a blood-and-thunder speech on the subject. He thought the "questarn [sic] was equal rights and justice to all men, erregardless of race and color. De real flatform, Mistar President and de true

⁶ The *Dispatch*, March 30, 1868.

⁷ The *Dispatch*, March 31, 1868.

⁸ The *Dispatch*, April 8, 1868. The convention journal gives substantially the same report of this except no misspelling appears. The *Enquirer* for April 8, reporting the same resolution, gives the correct spelling for "pupil" but says: "shall have pow, etc." It adds that this was a verbatim copy of the original.

intention of the doctrine, was declared at de African church.⁹ I will not detain the floor long, as you all knows I is not conversial with school matters, and am new to de issues of de day. . . ."

Another negro member, W. A. Hodges, declared it very important to settle "dis question in framing the organical law," adding a warning that but for "de bone, and de sinews, and de muscle, and de skin, which was de colored people, de Rippublican party would hardly be a skeleton." Practically all the colored members of the convention seemed distressed at the apparent opposition to the provision on which they were setting their hearts, and which they may have been promised at "de African church." Lindsey stated that if mixed schools were not guaranteed to the negroes, he warned all carpetbaggers to pack up and leave the state. The negroes, he declared, did not intend to be "hobby-horses for them to ride into office on." Moreover, if mixed schools were not provided fully nine-tenths of the negroes would vote against the constitution. Peter Jones, another negro member, felt that the carpetbaggers had gone back on their promises of April 17, 1867. Kelso, another negro, was alarmed because he felt that he had got into bad company: the radicals would offer no more than the conservatives, and he "thought it a very strange thing that no white Republican had spoken in favor of" the mixed school plan. This remark provoked from a conservative the statement that no white radical would patronize mixed schools, which a white radical replied to by saying that he would not object to patronizing them. Another white radical, from New York, stated that he had sent his children to mixed schools for four years, and a conservative immediately inquired whether or not the "gentleman's children were mixed children." Another white radical, Clements, who came from Washington City, opposed mixed schools, but not on principle, because he declared that he would receive "colored ladies and gentlemen" in his house as freely as if they were white. In fact he had done so.

Discussion of the mixed school matter continued until

⁹ This reference is to a convention held in a negro church in Richmond April 17, 1867, when very flattering promises were held out to the negroes. See the *Enquirer*, April 18, 19, 1867.

April 8 when Parr, a radical member, offered an additional section providing for separate schools for the children of the two races, and the "children of one shall not be admitted to the school of the other, except by the unanimous consent of all the parents of the children attending such school." This was tabled by a vote of fifty to thirty-one. The question then turned to the substitute offered by Porter to Bayne's original resolution, and the substitute was lost by a vote of twenty-seven to fifty-nine, and Bayne's resolution was then killed by a vote of twenty-one to sixty-seven. Here the mixed school project perished in the convention. It was to appear in the legislature, however, though there a similar fate awaited it. The negroes had doubtless been led to believe that mixed schools were a part of the general "reform" movement to be inaugurated in Virginia, and they were accordingly determined in their efforts to defeat any measure which did not make such provision. But the white leaders of the Republicans were not only not eager for such a measure but were confident that the people of the state would not tolerate it. And in spite of the negro protests and the repeated threat to divide the Republican party on this issue, provision for mixed schools failed to be inserted in the constitution.

The provisions for education were finally adopted by the convention and became article eight of the constitution. Most of the sections were adopted practically as they were originally presented, slight verbal changes only now and then being made. The legislature at its first session under the constitution was to provide for a system of schools and for its gradual introduction in the counties of the state by 1876. Most of the provisions were modern and adequate. Except on the matters of mixed schools and school support there had been little prolonged discussion on the educational article. There was in the state a violent objection to any plan which looked to educating the children of the two races together, and the fear that the credit of the state would be impaired caused many people to view with considerable concern any provision which called for additional expenditures.

The constitution was adopted by the convention April 17, 1868, by a vote of fifty-one to thirty-six, many of the radicals

voting with the conservatives against it. Considerable objection to the provisions directing legislative establishment of a school system was manifest, and conservative or anti-constitutional conventions were held throughout the state for the purpose of defeating the ratification of the constitution. The most powerful argument used against the proposed system of education was the poverty-stricken condition of the state. The conservatives were defeated, however, and the constitution ratified July 6, 1869. At the same time Gilbert C. Walker, a moderate, conservative Republican, was elected governor.

The first legislature under the new constitution met October 5, 1869, and showed a conservative majority of twenty in the senate and more than fifty in the house of delegates. There were twenty-seven negroes in the body, three of whom were conservatives. In his first message Governor Walker stated that the educational system of the state needed to be remodeled and "placed in harmony with the constitution," and attention was early turned to this subject. The committee on education in the house of delegates was composed of eight conservatives and four radicals, two of whom were negroes, and the senate committee on the same subject consisted of five conservatives and two radicals, one of whom was colored.¹⁰

The constitution required the legislature to elect a superintendent of public instruction who "shall report to the general assembly for its consideration within thirty days after his election a plan for a uniform system of free public schools." There were a dozen or more applicants for the position, but Rev. W. H. Ruffner, who was ably supported by General Robert E. Lee and other prominent Virginians, was unanimously elected March 2, 1870. Upon request Ruffner had already outlined a plan for a system of schools, and now he was requested by the chairman of the house committee on schools to prepare a bill based on that plan. This he did and presented the bill to the assembly March 28. It was revised by Professor John B. Minor, a prominent teacher of law in the University of Virginia, and on April 26 the bill was placed before a joint meeting of the house and senate committees and reported without alteration. Later it was taken up separately

¹⁰ *House Jour.*, p. 53; *Senate Jour.*, p. 72; the *Dispatch*, July 12, 1869.

by both houses and the process of enactment began. "Some changes were made for the better," said Ruffner in his first report, "others for the worse. Great interest was manifested in the discussions, which were animated and courteous." Under the leadership of Colonel Edmund Pendleton, in the senate, and of Major Henderson M. Bell, in the house, both conservatives, the bill became law July 11, 1870.¹¹

The excellencies of the law are no less remarkable than the rapidity with which the bill was drawn and presented. In twenty-three days after qualifying as superintendent Ruffner had prepared and presented to the assembly a bill, which with only a few slight alterations, was readily enacted and which combined many features of a modern school system. How he was able in such a short time to do such an excellent and superior piece of work, now celebrated in Virginia's educational history, is interesting in the light of his father's concern for popular education thirty years before.

Sectionalism in education as in other interests in Virginia had arisen early and had grown rapidly. In the western counties there were but few slaves and a strong middle class was rapidly developing, while in the eastern counties extremes between the aristocratic and the poorer classes were very pronounced. The contest between these two sections was ancient, antedating the American Revolution, and it was perhaps as keen in the matter of educational policies as in politics. It was the vote of the western counties which passed the famous school law of 1796 and the law creating the Literary Fund in 1811, and the vote from this section later urged the use of the income of this fund for free school support. It was the interest of the western counties which in 1829 showed itself in an effort at further educational improvement. In the forties interest of the west in popular education showed itself in a series of conventions, one in Clarksburg (now West Virginia), one in Lexington, and one in Richmond. The Clarksburg meeting was held in September, 1841, and was attended by 130 delegates from the western and valley sections of the state as well as by educational leaders from Ohio and Pennsylvania, and a memorial favoring free schools was sent to the legislature.

¹¹ *The Dispatch*, March 3, 1870; Ruffner's *First Report*.

The Richmond convention was intended to arouse an educational interest in the eastern section.

It was the convention at Lexington, however, which is significant for our purpose. This meeting was held in October, 1841, and was attended by delegates from Augusta, Bath, and Rockbridge counties, and was presided over by Dr. Henry Ruffner, president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University.¹² Ruffner was the real leader of the convention; and at the request of the Kanawha Lyceum and the convention he presented to the legislature a plan which pointed out the defects of the school system of Virginia and suggested a remedy. The remedy which he suggested was the same which was finally applied in 1870. "There is but one effective remedy," the plan declared, "a system of district schools, supported by a tax on property." The plan which Ruffner recommended called for a property tax for school support to be levied and collected as other state revenue; a reorganization and better management of the school fund by which the schools could be partially supported; the weaker districts were to be encouraged and strengthened by means of the Literary Fund, a principle now universally accepted as sound; a state board of education and a state superintendent were to have central supervision of the schools; and there were to be district superintendents, county superintendents, and local trustees. Normal schools were to be a part of the system. Attention was to be given to the education of girls and women; an educational journal was to be established and supported; there were to be school libraries and museums; careful attention was to be given to the examination and certification of teachers, to school architecture, and to other details of an adequate school system. "The public schools *must be good*. They must be emphatically *colleges for the people*. If they are not good enough for the *rich* they will not be *fit for the poor*."¹³

The plan which Rev. W. H. Ruffner presented to the Virginia legislature in 1870 was strikingly similar in outline and principal features to that presented by his father nearly thirty years before. It is not unlikely that the younger Ruffner had

¹² *House Jour.*, Doc. 7, 1841-42.

¹³ It is precisely this same doctrine which the younger Ruffner constantly preached in Virginia from 1870 to 1882 during his superintendency.

before him when he planned for the reorganization of the educational system of the state in 1870, the plan which his father worked out in 1841. Certainly it is evident that the earlier plan influenced the later.

No serious objections were shown to the main features of the plan which Superintendent Ruffner offered, and as early as June 6 nearly half of the bill was agreed upon in the senate. But the question of mixed schools, which had perished in the convention, now appeared in the legislature and delayed an earlier enactment of the entire educational bill. A negro by the name of Mosely first opened the matter in the senate by moving to strike out the provision in the original bill, "That white and colored persons shall not be taught in the same school, but in separate schools, under the same general regulations as to management, usefulness and efficiency. . . ." As in the convention the negroes largely participated in the discussions, although it hardly appears that they were now so eager for mixed schools. They either did not thoroughly understand the provision or feared its passage would prevent negroes from teaching in their own schools. Mosely's proposition was lost by a vote of six to twenty-three, only three white radicals and three negroes favoring it. The following day a white radical moved to substitute for the section providing for separate schools the provision, "That separate schools *may* be established for white and colored persons," but this was lost by a vote of three to twenty-seven.¹⁴

The bill passed the senate June 13 by a vote of three to twenty-three, two white radicals and one white conservative voting against it. Mosely was distressed and injured and sought to enter on the journal a solemn protest against the "manifest injustice of declaring in favor of the continuance of caste and prejudice, sought to be made perpetual and engrafted in the body of this important measure of legislation." He felt compelled, in justice to himself, his race and his country, to enter his protest against "an infringement upon the spirit, if not the letter of the constitution of our state, prejudicial to the true interests of both races, inimical to the

¹⁴ *Senate Jour.*, pp. 483-484, 485, 489. *The Dispatch* and the *Enquirer*, June 8 and 9, 1870.

theory of republican government, and subversive of good order, justice, harmony, and that kindly feeling which would rather be promoted and encouraged than destroyed by such class legislation." Later when the question arose as to whether or not the protest should be entered, Mosely declared: "I really do think you have gone back on me. I was promised that if I would support that measure, we should have our rights. You said you would be liberal in all matters of future legislation." A conservative member declared that if he had allowed himself to be so influenced by such promises or consideration he was unworthy of a seat on the floor. The senate, by an almost unanimous vote, refused to enter Mosely's protest on the journal.¹⁵

The same question of mixed schools appeared in the house of delegates and was disposed of in like manner. On June 29, when the bill was up for consideration, a negro member moved to strike out the provision for separate schools for the children of the two races, but the motion was lost by a vote of nineteen to eighty. Two white men voted for the motion, and seven radicals, among them two negroes, voted against it. The following day a motion was made to amend one section by adding: "But it is especially provided that no distinction shall be made in the appointment of the school trustees provided for in this section, on account of race or color." The motion failed by a vote of thirty-five to fifty-one. The bill then went to its third reading and engrossment and on July 1 passed the house by a vote of seventy-two to thirty-three. The senate concurred in a few slight changes suggested by the house and the bill was formally approved and became law July 11, 1870.¹⁶

For the first time in her history Virginia had a thorough-going and fairly adequate school law. The *ante bellum* system was universally regarded as inefficient and wasteful, though a great service was doubtless rendered to indigent boys and girls by the large Literary Fund and the liberal distribution of its income. But the legislation on the

¹⁵ *Senate Jour.*, pp. 493-495, 499, 505, 507. *The Dispatch* and the *Enquirer*, June 14, 1870.

¹⁶ *House Jour.*, pp. 471, 541, 568, 602, 606-7, 610, 615. *The Dispatch* and the *Enquirer*, June 30, 1870. *Senate Jour.*, pp. 582, 591.

subject of schools was permissive and the system had little direct central control and supervision; and barring the application of the capitation tax after 1851, the income from the Literary Fund was practically the only state support which the schools had. By the constitution of 1869 and the law of 1870 Virginia was ready to launch a system of schools which began early to grow and which developed with astonishing rapidity. The law provided for state, county, and local supervision; schools were to be open free to all children of the state between the ages of five and twenty-one and were to continue for five months; separate schools for the two races were to be provided; the Literary Fund was to be reorganized and thoroughly secured; and school support was to consist of the income from this fund and a capitation tax of one dollar, a property tax of ten cents on every hundred dollars' valuation, with provision for optional county and district property taxation.

The plan seemed excellent and adequate, but it was not without its obstacles. Strong sentiment favoring church schools, hostility among the well-to-do toward a public school system, and the element of charity which the poorer classes had seen in such a system, were some of the natural obstacles in the way of public education which persisted in Virginia after the war. Moreover, the state had not yet adjusted her forty-five million dollar six per cent. *ante bellum* debt, and the ravages of the war had prostrated her economic resources. Other difficulties which arose before the close of the reconstruction period will be noted in a discussion of the operation of the schools during that time.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

An Essay in Friendship: Madame de Staël's English Triumph

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"Of Madame in London there are some sketches in Byron's Letters, but more in the way of daubing than of painting, done too, not with philosophic permanent-colors, but with mere dandyic ochre and japan, which last were but indifferently applied here." So said Thomas Carlyle in 1832. Lord Byron's letters and various recorded remarks of his still remain the chief source of information concerning Madame de Staël's connection with English literary society. Next in importance, perhaps, is the volume of Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh. Thereafter, one must glean frugally a note here and there from the biographical remains of Campbell, Rogers, Moore, Henry Crabb Robinson, John Murray, and other people less notable. Much of this material has been gathered in artistic fashion by Miss Doris Gunnell in an essay on "Madame de Staël en Angleterre," which appeared in the "Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France" in 1913. But because Miss Gunnell's article treats only of Madame de Staël's year in England, June, 1813, to May, 1814, and leaves uncultivated patches even in that small field, there is still much room for profitable inquiry concerning Madame de Staël's relations with English literature of her own day. My purpose at this time is to mention a few of the important circumstances of Madame de Staël's literary reputation in the British isles before she left London in May, 1814.

In the nineteen years of her literary youth, from 1795, when the *Gentleman's Magazine* published a condescending notice concerning the "Réflexions sur la paix" by the "acute and eloquent daughter of M. Neckar," to the summer of 1814 when the *Gentleman's Magazine* warned its readers that there was then preparing for publication a critical analysis of Madame de Staël's work on Germany, at least a score of reviews of published books of Madame de Staël, in addition to other essays involving some mention of the lady, appeared in British

periodicals.¹ In the *Edinburgh Review* alone there were five critical essays upon works of Madame de Staël; of that number, two were by Sir James Mackintosh, one was by Jeffrey himself, one by the Reverend Mr. Playfair, and one by the Reverend Sydney Smith.

Even though Madame de Staël had known Edward Gibbon from her childhood and had spent five months in England in the spring and summer of 1793, gaining and losing again in the course of her visit the friendship of Fanny Burney, Sydney Smith's review of her first novel, *Delphine*, in 1803, the year of its publication, may well be looked upon as the real starting point of Madame de Staël's literary reputation in England. "This dismal trash," he declared, "which has so nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, has so alarmed Bonaparte that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Staël out of Paris, and, for aught we know, sleeps in a night-cap of steel and dagger-proof blankets." This opening sentence of the insular critic's vigorous attack augured ill for the lady's fame.

In the next two years, nevertheless, Madame de Staël laid the foundations of lasting and valuable friendships with two influential men of English letters, Sir James Mackintosh and Henry Crabb Robinson. She brought her name to the attention of Mackintosh by translating into French his speech in defense of an emigré, M. Peltier. Crabb Robinson she met in January, 1804, at Weimar. "She longs for a philosophical conversation with you," wrote Böttiger in his note of introduction. Henry Crabb Robinson records in his diary his service to the Frenchwoman in helping her to "a knowledge of the best German authors," and notes that even then, long before her acquaintance with A. W. Schlegel, she looked upon the English mind as a natural medium between the German and the French. With his characteristic acerbity, Crabb Robinson found fault with Madame de Staël's attitude toward German literature; especially he deprecated her failure to understand the author

¹ One earlier English notice of Madame de Staël seems to have had no bearing upon the growth of her reputation. In August, 1789, the *Critical Review* (Vol. LXVIII, pp. 129-132), presented in three pages a favorable account of a translation of Madame de Staël's *Letters on the Works and Character of J. J. Rousseau*. The lady's style is mentioned as making her work "very entertaining," but the greater part of the review is devoted to a discussion of the personal traits of Rousseau.

of "Werther," and her romantic miscomprehension of Emanuel Kant.

In 1805 and 1806, soon after her return from the first winter in Germany, Madame de Staël wrote her great novel, "Corinne." The book was published in 1807 and immediately translated into English. Two long British reviews of "Corinne" made their appearance in that year, one in the *Edinburgh*, of the French version, the other, in the *Monthly Review*, of the English "Corinna." Both reviewers were in general favorable in their criticisms, although both found faults in the constructive technique of the story. The Rev. Mr. Playfair, in the *Edinburgh*, declared: "The blemishes are inconsiderable compared with the general execution of the work, with the imagination, the feeling, the eloquence displayed in it."

"Corinne" was a victory. Widely read, the new book killed the evil influence of "Delphine" and gave Madame de Staël no small fame in England as a romantic novelist. Better still, it won for her the admiring friendship of Sir James Mackintosh. A judge in Bombay, he did not read "Corinne" till the summer of 1808. But when he did read it, he found it very good. On June 18th he made this entry in his journal: "Fourth and fifth volumes of 'Corinne.' Farewell 'Corinne!' powerful and extraordinary book; full of faults so obvious as not to be worth enumerating; but of which a single sentence has excited more feelings and exercised more reason than the most faultless models of elegance."

Two other short quotations will help to show what in 1808 was Sir James Mackintosh's opinion of Madame de Staël. In a letter to Mrs. John Taylor, a relative of William Taylor of Norwich, Mackintosh made this suggestive comment:

"You will see in the wonderful 'Corinne' how the reaction drives Frenchmen of letters to a poetical religion; and Mr. Taylor," he adds, "will tell you, that in Germany there are many symptoms of a mystical philosophy."

Another remark which Mackintosh made in the same year is slightly less profound. In writing of the depression of women enslaved in the seraglios of noble Persians, he declared:

"Among these millions of poor victims there must be some who might have risen to be a Miss Baillie or a Madame de Staël."

In 1810, when her reputation was pretty well established in England, began what Mr. Oliver Elton has called Jeffrey's "blind dealings" with Madame de Staël. In an essay concerning a volume of letters of Madame du Deffand and another of letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, he reckons among the female correspondents of one of these ladies "Madame de Staël, so well known to most of our readers by her charming Memoirs." Francis Jeffrey had fallen here into the common error of confusing Louise Germaine Necker, Baronne de Staël-Holstein with a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Maine, Madame de Staal, who lived a century earlier and wrote several volumes of memoirs. Jeffrey's next criticism of Madame de Staël's work, the review of her treatise "De la littérature," appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for February, 1813. In the first forty-eight pages of the magazine, the critic presents Madame de Staël to his readers as a woman well worth knowing. Her theory of Perfectibility, which she held in common with many social theorists of her time, Jeffrey does condemn, but her other theory, of the influence of climate upon the growth of national genius he does not disagree with so roundly. The closing pages of the essay are devoted to remarks concerning her opinion of English poets, novelists, and philosophers,—remarks suited, if not intended, to rouse the reader's curiosity.

That Madame de Staël was coming to England to publish a great book was well known in literary circles by the time of the appearance of Jeffrey's review of the essay "On Literature." In 1810, as the reader doubtless has in mind, her work on Germany had been carried to the very edge of publication and halted there. She got the manuscript past the censors and actually had ten thousand copies of the work printed at Lausanne. But the Emperor reversed the decision of his officers, and the Paris police destroyed the books. Now the rumor was that Madame de Staël was bringing to England the manuscript of her "De l'Allemagne." Campbell, the impecunious poet, wrote a letter to Madame de Staël, at Berna-

dotte's Swedish court, offering his services as translator of her book. In a letter in which she praised the poet's "Pleasures of Hope," and remarked that she intended to sail for England about the end of May, Madame de Staël courteously accepted his offer. And yet the English translation was finally made by Francis Hodgson. Nobody need wonder that, in spite of Madame de Staël's continued praises of his poetry, Campbell vigorously condemned the "Germany."

Although Madame de Staël reached England early in June, she had some difficulty in arranging for the publication of her work, and it did not appear until November. Of the contract which she made with her publisher, Henry Crabb Robinson left record in his journal under date of July 11:

"Called this morning on Madame de Staël at 3, George Street, Hanover Square. It is singular that, having in Germany assisted her as a student of philosophy, I should now render her service as a lawyer. Murray, the bookseller, was with her, and I assisted in drawing up the agreement for the forthcoming work on Germany, for which she is to receive 1500 guineas."

Madame de Staël's impending work was well advertised. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for July had in its Literary Intelligencer a paragraph concerning Madame la Baronne de Staël's interesting work, whose suppression has so long excited the curiosity of Europe. In the *Edinburgh Review* of the same month was a favorable criticism of Madame de Staël's "Réflexion sur la suicide." Her good friend, Sir James Mackintosh, wrote the essay after a scheme which he pretty clearly indicated in a letter to his children in India: "I have reviewed her essay on Suicide in the last *Edinburgh Review*; it is not one of her best, and I have accordingly said more of the author and the subject than of the work." He states in the review that the present publication is chiefly remarkable as an event in the life of the author. And he dilates upon the wanderings of Madame de Staël all over Europe because of the persecutions of Bonaparte.

During the summer of 1813, Madame de Staël became acquainted with several great men in English politics and a few great men of English letters. Of the latter, some of the more

interesting were: Byron, Rogers, Moore, William Lisle Bowles, Southey, Monk Lewis, William Godwin, and Coleridge. Byron she met almost immediately upon her arrival in England. At first, Madame de Staël and Lord Byron were continually at swords' points. She compared him with Rousseau and rebuked him for his immorality. He belittled her sufferings at the hands of Napoleon, and declared that her novels had a very immoral influence. To Thomas Moore, Byron wrote on July 8, 1813:

"Rogers is out of town with Madame de Staël, who hath published an Essay against Suicide which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself." He records with relish five days later a reprimand which he received at the hands of the brilliant Frenchwoman: "The Staël last night attacked me most furiously—said I had 'no right to make love'—that I had used X barbarously—that I had no feeling and was totally insensible to *la belle passion* and had been all my life."

Rogers, who was of the party at Lord Lansdowne's mansion at Bowood, was enjoying the new experience of having the friendship of the great lady. He made himself of use to Madame de Staël by making her acquainted with other English literary people. To Moore, for instance, Rogers wrote on July 28:

"Is Moore arrived?" said Madame de Staël to me at dinner last week. 'I have a passion for his poetry.' She complains that she cannot understand Lord Byron's; but I believe he has not been very attentive to her."

A month later, Moore received another important message from Madame de Staël, this time through a letter from Byron: "Stick to the East—the oracle, Staël, told me it was the only poetical policy."

Madame de Staël's dictum concerning Bowles, the man of sonnets, is amusing:

"I see he is only a plain country clergyman, without tact, although a great poet."

Southey met Madame de Staël at Holland House early in the autumn and found her the most remarkable and the most interesting of his new acquaintances. That the influence of Madame de Staël's sparkling wit upon Southey's dry wit was

not temporary only is shown by the fact that an anecdote concerning her dexterity at epigram is recorded at some length in "The Doctor." As for the lady, she liked Southey blindly, as she liked all English poets without reading them. "J'ai été charmée de Mr. Southey;" she wrote to Murray.

Southey, who seems to have been much impressed by Madame de Staël's conversational brilliance, took Coleridge on the fourth of October to Madame de Staël's drawing room "and left him there in the full springtide of his discourse." Soon after this visit, Henry Crabb Robinson, who had in Germany heard Madame de Staël express her admiration for the poetry of Coleridge, asked her what she thought of the man. Her answer was:

"He is great in monologue, but he has no idea of dialogue."

Crabb Robinson it was also who recorded an interesting meeting of Madame de Staël with her fellow-Perfectibilitarian, William Godwin. Oddly enough, the theoretical anarchist who created Caleb Williams did not make upon the sensible lady that favorable impression which most second-rate English authors make. The two quarreled about the English Civil War. She said to Lady Mackintosh, after Godwin was gone: "I am glad I have seen this man—it is curious to see how naturally Jacobins become the advocates of tyrants."

Madame de Staël, in spite of her avowed preference for the company of men, was much liked by Englishwomen. "She is now received by all mankind; but that, indeed, she always was—all womankind, I should say; with distinction and pleasure," writes Madame d'Arblay, the proper Fanny Burney, on August 20, 1813. Maria Edgeworth, who shared with Madame de Staël and Lord Byron the distinction of being lionized by society in the winter of 1813-1814, had been an ardent admirer of the French novelist since the publication of "Corinne." With Jane Austen, however, Madame de Staël could not sympathize. Sir James Mackintosh asked her opinion of one of Miss Austen's novels, and Madame de Staël branded the book as "vulgaire." Mrs. Inchbald, too, failed to suit her taste. The Blue-stockings, on the other hand, pleased Madame de Staël.

As soon as Sir James Mackintosh returned to London, in

the autumn of 1813, he became Madame de Staël's chief social satellite. In October, Rogers recorded the presence of Mackintosh at Bowood. This visit Mackintosh himself characterized as a "brilliant but rather fatiguing week with a very distinguished party." Byron commented upon the friendship of Madame de Staël and Mackintosh as follows: "Madame de Staël used to extol him to the skies and was perfectly sincere in her admiration of him, which was not the case with all whom she praised. Mackintosh also praised her; but his is a mind that, as Moore writes, 'rather loves to praise than blame.'" Mackintosh's son, a not impartial biographer, declares that she looked for his colloquial powers wherever she went, and had almost persuaded herself that his presence was indispensable to her complete enjoyment of society in England. Sir James himself left this record in his epistolary journal under date of September 4th:

"On my return I found the whole fashionable world occupied with Madame de Staël, whom [sic] you know was the authoress of 'Corinne,' and the most celebrated woman of this or, perhaps, of any age." After an account of Madame de Staël's misfortunes, her exile, and the destruction of the first edition of her book "De l'Allemagne," the judge remarks complacently *en famille*, "She treats me as the person whom she most delights to honour; I am ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon; I have, in consequence, dined with her at the houses of almost all of the Cabinet Ministers."

A lawyer of no small note and an intimate of several men of letters, Sir James was in a position to patronize efficiently a woman whom he admired as he admired Madame de Staël. He was, as he said, almost constantly in her company in England. He overlooked no opportunity to put in a good word for her. And then, when Madame de Staël's "Germany" did come out, Mackintosh, who had been praising the lady to all his friends, praised the book in the *Edinburgh Review*. His essay will be noticed below, but his own epistolary comment upon it may well be quoted in this context. He remarks that he had two reviews in the last number of the *Edinburgh*, Rogers and Madame de Staël. "They are both, especially the first, thought too panegyrical. I like the praise which I have bestowed on

Lord Byron and Thomas Moore. I am convinced of the justness of the praises given to Madame de Staël."

Madame de Staël's "Germany" was published about the middle of November, 1813. It is significant that with the last of her manuscript for the printer Madame de Staël sent a note which began "Behold the preface—with corrections by Sir James!" The book had been zealously prophesied, and 3500 copies were sold in the first six weeks. At least six reviews of the work appeared in the first three months, and all of the reviews were favorable. The *Gentleman's Magazine* began in November a review borrowed from the *Times*, and continued it in December. William Taylor's long digest of the "Germany" appeared in four parts in the December, January, April and June numbers of the *Monthly Review*. Hazlitt's essay entitled "Madame de Staël's Account of German Philosophy and Literature" appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* on February 3 and February 17, 1814. The *Scots Magazine* published a laudatory review of the great book. Most important, both the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* reviewed the "De l'Allemagne" carefully and at length in the spring of 1814. The critique in the *Edinburgh Review* was an extremely commendatory essay by Sir James Mackintosh.

Thus Madame de Staël reached the height of her literary fame in England. Several factors contributed to her triumph. Her compendious work of course really was valuable and wonderful, even though most readers agree with the *Quarterly Reviewer* that "after the Second Book the shades of dialectic vapor deepen round us with tenfold horror." It was widely read, although the sales fell off rapidly in the spring and Murray profited little by his bargain. Madame de Staël's political misfortunes and her charming personality helped the sale of the book. One other influence which ought not to be forgotten by the inquirer who would discover the cause of Madame de Staël's great if somewhat brief vogue in England is the friendship of Sir James Mackintosh.

Sydney Smith condemned Delphine utterly in 1803. Of course the "Germany" was a far greater literary monument than "Delphine." Nevertheless it is interesting to note the process by which Sydney Smith modified his opinion of

Madame de Staël. He wrote to Mr. John Allen on January 18, 1814:

"I hear great complaints of Mackintosh's review of Madame de Staël as too laudatory. Of this I cannot judge, as I have not read the original; but the review itself is very splendid."

Now the Reverend Sydney Smith was an intimate friend of Sir James Mackintosh, so intimate that Mackintosh habitually called him the Cid.

The longest and most thorough of the reviews of the "Germany" was that which William Taylor of Norwich, wrote for the *Monthly Review*. Although he found defects in the work, Taylor was careful to praise it and make it seem a good book to buy. It is a suggestive fact that Sir James Mackintosh was on friendly terms with the Taylors of Norwich, and more than once praised highly, in private correspondence, William's critical work.

The *Edinburgh Review* was, of course, the most influential British critical periodical of the day. After Jeffrey had written his gentle judgment of the essay "On Literature," Mackintosh was the *Edinburgh* critic of Madame de Staël, and he did all that praise could do to induce the reading public to buy and read the "Germany." Like the tired journalist of Mr. Simeon Strumbsly, we can do no better than quote: "an ardent susceptibility of every disinterested sentiment,—more especially of every social affection,—blended by the power of imagination with a passionate love of the beautiful, the grand and the good, is, under the name of enthusiasm the subject of the conclusion, the most eloquent part (if we perhaps except the incomparable chapter on 'Conjugal Love') of a work which, for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view, and comprehension of mind is unequaled among the works of women; and which, in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy, is not surpassed by many among those of men."

In spite of her book, her fame, and her friends, Madame de Staël's triumph was neither lasting nor absolute. A few British writers and thinkers refused to bend the knee. Bentham called the great lady of letters a "trumpery magpie" and

would not talk to her. Lord Holland made fun of her Germany. Sheridan and the Dandies made fun of the woman herself. Sir Walter Scott left record of his judgment in a letter written in December, 1813:

"All Edinburgh has been on tiptoe to see Madame de Staël, but she is not likely to honour us with a visit, at which I cannot prevail on myself to be sorry; for as I tired of some of her works, I am afraid I should disgrace my taste by tiring of the authoress too."

In 1874, somebody dug up for *Notes and Queries*,² a letter written, he asserted, by an M. P. in 1813. Probably, since Madame de Staël spent the winter of 1812-1813 in Russia and Sweden, it was written in 1814. The letter is interesting here for the account which it gives of Madame de Staël at the height of her London glory:

"Last winter there were two lions, or rather lionesses, pre-eminent,—Miss Edgeworth first, and then Mad. De Staël. The latter for a short time set the world in a blaze. All the Blues were frantic, the Berrys overwhelmed, and everybody attempting to talk sentimental French. The rage has now a little abated.

"This extraordinary woman—and who that has felt 'Corinne' and 'Delphine' can help thinking her extraordinary?—is not so ugly as I expected from the accounts we have heard. Her eyes are extremely good, her mouth bad, but she is one of the people who improve with age. She appears good-natured, careless of the society of ladies and openly showing her dislike of it, but fond of that of clever men, and thinking Sir J. Mackintosh the most agreeable man in England."

² Ser. 5, 1, 326.

The North Carolina Fund for Internal Improvements

WILLIAM K. BOYD

In North Carolina for a generation prior to 1835 there was constant complaint of economic depression. The cause most frequently assigned for this situation was the condition of trade and commerce, which prevented a free interchange of domestic products and so made the North Carolina farmer and merchant dependent on distant markets. An analysis of this situation reveals several contributing factors.

Geographic influences were important. By topography the state is divided into three distinct sections. Extending from the coast inland about one hundred miles is an undulating, nearly level, plain, which embraces two-fifths of the state's total area. Along the western border of this plain runs a granite ledge which marks the fall line of the eastern rivers; extending beyond for two hundred miles is a wide table land, rising from a low altitude in the east to 1,500 feet at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Further westward, between the Blue Ridge and Great Smokies, lies a mountain plateau.

This sectionalism of nature was reinforced by racial and economic influences. The eastern belt was settled mainly by Englishmen from the other colonies, who sought better lands in the alluvial valleys of tide-water Carolina. Gradually an extensive agricultural life based on slave labor developed. The middle and western belts were colonized mainly by Scotch-Irish and Germans who migrated from Pennsylvania or from South Carolina. The slave system developed much more slowly than in the eastern belt. The manufacturing impulse was strongly in evidence. Hats were made of various materials. Hides were tanned, the state ranking fourth in the number of tanneries in 1810. Among other products were wagons and farm implements, for which iron was secured through bloomeries. The surplus grain was distilled, and North Carolina liquors were known far and wide in the South. Each family also had its own loom, wheel, and cards. In 1810

the value of textile products of North Carolina was greater than that of Massachusetts.¹ Nor was the central belt unresponsive to the industrial revolution. One of the first cotton mills south of the Potomac was erected in 1813 near Lincolnton. In 1820 another was built in the neighborhood and also one at Rocky Mount, on the eastern fall line. The extension of cotton culture checked the growth of manufactures, but about 1830 the cotton movement had reached its maximum, and agitation of manufactures was begun. By 1840 there were twenty-five cotton factories in the state and the total capital invested in manufactures was \$3,838,900. Commenting on this development *Niles Register* said, "The South is rapidly becoming independent in almost every branch of manufacture. There are in North Carolina alone, at this day, a greater number of different kinds than ten years ago there were in the whole of the Southern States."²

The mountain region, between the Blue Ridge and the Great Smokies, was in a more primitive condition than the other sections. Its development was interwoven with the removal of the Cherokee Indians, consummated by a series of treaties from 1777 to 1835. In 1791 the first county west of the Blue Ridge was organized; by 1840 the number of counties was seven with a population of 40,913. The development was especially notable after 1826, the number of counties increasing from two to seven.

The economic development of these distinct sections was checked by the conditions of transportation and trade. There was a dearth of markets within the state at which staples could be exchanged or the products of other states procured. This condition is explained by the river systems. Of the larger rivers which reach the ocean, only the Cape Fear empties directly into the Atlantic; but sand bars obstruct its mouth, and beyond these lies the southernmost part of Smith's Island, known as Cape Fear, and Frying Pan Shoals. "Together they stand for warning and for woe; and together they catch the long majestic roll of the Atlantic as it sweeps through a thousand miles of grandeur and power from the Arctic towards the

¹ Cox, *Statement of Arts and Manufactures in the United States*.

² *Niles Register*, May 2, 1840.

Gulf. It is the play ground of billows and tempests, the kingdom of silence and awe, disturbed by no sound save the seagull's shriek and the breaker's roar. Imagination cannot adorn it. Romance cannot hallow it. Local pride cannot soften it. There it stands today, bleak and threatening and pitiless."⁸ Hence Wilmington never developed a trade commensurate with the resources of the southeastern part of the state. The other navigable rivers of the east, the Roanoke, the Tar, and the Neuse reach the ocean through Ocracoke Inlet, which was too shallow to float any except small crafts, and the danger of wreckage was so great as to make the cost of lighterage and insurance very high. Consequently the important trading centres of eastern Carolina were Petersburg and Norfolk, Virginia. Long distances and poor roads to these places helped to make prices high. Illustrative of the hardships imposed on commerce is a report to the legislature in 1827 by citizens of northeastern Carolina: "Your memorialists believe that the annual exports of the products of our country through Ocracoke were not over rated when estimated at five millions of dollars, requiring for their transportation and actually employing two hundred thousand tons of shipping. They find, from calculations carefully made and compared, that the charge on these vessels for lighterage and detention at the Swash, averages one dollar per ton, and amounts annually to two hundred thousand dollars; that the additional rate of insurance because of the risk of detention at the Swash averages three-quarters of one per cent. and amounts, on the exports and imports, to seventy-five thousand dollars, and on the vessels, to sixty thousand dollars per annum. This annual tax of three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars upon the navigation of our section of the country, independently of the minor evils, the vexations and difficulties of which will readily be perceived, cannot but enhance the rate of freight or the cost of conveyance to market. The price of freight from Norfolk and Wilmington to the West Indies, is from twenty to twenty-five per cent. less than from the ports dependent on Ocracoke Inlet; which difference on bulky articles, such as lumber, staves and shingles, amounts to thirty and forty per cent. of

⁸ Davis, *Early Settlement of the Cape Fear* (pamphlet).

their original value. The freight and charges on articles shipped coast wise for reshipment to their places of consumption, amount, on naval stores, to twenty-five per cent, on cotton, to between ten and fifteen per cent., and on staves, to fifty per cent. of their original value."⁴

However, the section which suffered most on account of its trade routes was the west, the region extending from the eastern fall line to the Tennessee boundary. The general course of its larger rivers is southeast, the Yadkin and Catawba flowing into South Carolina, while the swift mountain streams empty into the Tennessee or the Ohio. Trade routes therefore led to Charleston or Greenville, South Carolina, Knoxville, Tennessee, or even Philadelphia. The long journeys to these distant markets were made in schooner wagons. Whiskey, distilled from the surplus corn crop, was peddled on the way or exchanged for manufactured articles. The high cost of some of the necessities of life is illustrated by the price of salt, which was \$1.50 per bushel in Iredell, a western county, about one dollar above the market price at tidewater. Worst of all, in case of shortage of crops in one section there was no good route by which staples could be imported from another part of the State or abroad, and actual suffering often ensued. Thus in 1826 a crop failure in eastern Carolina drove the price of corn to seven dollars, and that of flour to eight dollars, a barrel, and subscriptions for relief of the suffering people were opened.⁵ Twenty years later a similar crop failure occurred in the western counties; there was a plentiful harvest in the east, but no means of cheap and easy transportation.

The conditions here outlined had an important bearing upon the conduct of business. Writing in 1819 Murphey said: "Having no commercial city in which the staples of our soil can be exchanged for foreign merchandise, our merchants purchase their goods and contract their debts in Charleston, Petersburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Part of these debts are discharged by shipments of produce; the

⁴ Quoted from *Rept. Bd. Int. Impr.*, 1833.

⁵ *Niles Register*, Aug. 26, 1826. In 1825 Niles mentions that the grade of corn which sold for 44 or 46 cents per bushel in Baltimore brought \$1.23 in Wilmington, and flour which brought \$4.75 in Baltimore brought \$8.00 in Raleigh. *Niles*, July 23, 1825.

balance in cash. Once in every year the State is literally drained of its money to pay debts abroad. Our Banks not being able to do as extensive business by bank credits as is done in large commercial cities, are compelled to issue and throw into circulation their notes to meet the demands of commerce. These notes collected in immense numbers in other States are returned upon our banks for specie; and the banks are compelled not only to curtail their discounts and press their dealers, that they may call in their notes, but upon emergencies to suspend specie payment. The consequence is that their notes depreciate, and merchants having to take remittances to other States, sustain the most serious losses.”⁶

Equally serious was the effect of trade conditions on the development of a public spirit. Separated from one another, the people of each section viewed all state problems from the angle of self-interest. Said the Board of Internal Improvements in 1833: “The citizens of the West are familiar with the laws, the institutions, the politics and the towns of Tennessee, of South Carolina and Georgia. A few of them have visited New York and other eastern cities; but the individual is rare who possesses any accurate information with respect to Wilmington or Newbern. On our northeastern border, Virginia is much more extensively known to our citizens than the state which should be the object of their affection; and on the south, an extensive intercourse with Augusta, Savannah, and Charleston transfers to these towns the attachments which should centre at home. He who was wiser than man said, ‘where our treasure is there will our heart be also.’ No one who reflects for a moment on these facts can be at a loss to discover the source of the sectional feelings and jealousies which have so long distracted our public councils, and retarded our prosperity.”

The remedy for the condition of trade and commerce above outlined seemed to be the development of home markets through such an improvement of all forms of transportation as would make possible the exchange of products between the various sections of the state. To accomplish this end there was need for better harbors, for the improvement of navigation

⁶ Murphey, *Memoir on Internal Improvements* (1819), p. 6.

on the rivers, and for the construction of canals and roads to connect the various sections with each other. Two methods were available to bring to pass such a reform in commercial relations. One was that of private enterprise, the other the co-operation of state and private resources. Prior to 1815 the former method alone was used, the extent of the state's interest being to confer special privileges and property rights on corporations and companies.⁷ However, the burden of improving general conditions to any extent was too great for private enterprise, and in 1815 the policy of state aid was adopted. This policy had often been recommended; its adoption was due to a number of influences. Throughout the United States the close of the Second War with England was followed by an outburst of public spirit. Its best representative in North Carolina was Archibald D. Murphey, whose reports on trade, education, and constitutional reform mark him as distinctively the genius of his age.⁸ Another favorable influence was the decline of party strife with the collapse of the Federalist party. The condition of the finances was also important. The inflation of the currency through the issue of state bank notes produced a spirit of speculation favorable to large enterprises, while the state's revenue was increased by dividends and taxes from bank stock.⁹

The steps in the evolution of the new policy were halting. There were no guides to be found in experience at home or precedent abroad. Yet the appropriations were, for that day, exceedingly liberal. The legislative committee on inland navigation recommended a comprehensive survey and the subscription to one-third of the stock of the Tar, the Neuse, and the Yadkin navigation companies, and also a similar subscription to a canal that would connect the Yadkin and the Cape Fear rivers. The proposal for a survey was readily adopted. Discretion should have prevented appropriation for any other purpose until a report on the surveys had been made; but the demand for better trade conditions was so great that a subscrip-

⁷ Prior to 1815 there were chartered by the legislature ten toll roads, twelve canal companies, and fifteen navigation companies. See Morgan, *State Aid to Transportation in N. C.* (N. C. Booklet, Jan., '11, p. 7).

⁸ See Hoyt (Ed.), *Papers of Archibald D. Murphey*, 2 vols. (State Historical Commission, Raleigh).

⁹ See Boyd, *Currency and Banking in N. C., 1790-1836*. (Hist. Papers of the Trinity College Historical Society, Series X.)

tion of \$25,000 was authorized to the capital stock of the Roanoke Navigation Company, capitalized at \$300,000, and \$15,000 to that of the Cape Fear Navigation Company, capitalized at \$100,000.¹⁰ The next year \$65,000 were subscribed to the stock of other companies as follows: \$6,000 to the Neuse River Navigation Company, chartered in 1812 with a capital of \$50,000; \$8,000 to the Tar River Navigation Company, a new corporation with authorized capital of \$75,000; \$25,000 to the Yadkin Navigation Company, newly chartered with an authorized capital of \$250,000, and \$20,000 to the Lumber River Canal Company, also a new corporation with a capital of \$200,000, to connect the Yadkin and Cape Fear Rivers.¹¹ Later, in 1818, \$5,000 was subscribed to the stock of the Roanoke and Pamptico Canal Company, organized with a capital of \$150,000, to connect the Roanoke and Pamptico rivers, and \$2,500 to the Club Foot and Harlowe's Creek Canal, chartered in 1813, to connect Neuse River with Newport River, so affording an outlet to the sea.¹² Thus a comprehensive policy for the improvement of river navigation was adopted. The appropriations for the improvement of the Roanoke, the Tar, the Neuse, the Cape Fear, the connection of the Roanoke and the Pamptico, and the construction of the Club Foot and Harlowe's Creek Canal were designed to benefit eastern North Carolina, while the appropriations for the Catawba, the Yadkin, and the connection of the Yadkin and the upper Cape Fear were planned to develop the west and to encourage intersectional relations. Of the total subscribed, 61,500 went to eastern, and \$51,000 to western projects. Considering the condition of the public finances the appropriations were liberal, the state's income approximated \$135,000, and the expenditures \$130,000 per annum. It was expected that the subscriptions would be paid with loans secured from the banks, but the meagre reports of the Treasurer and the Comptroller do not make clear the method by which they were paid.

During the next few years additional appropriations were made for the above and also for other public works. The largest amount again went to the east, as follows: for the im-

¹⁰ *Laws*, 1815, ch. 13, 14.

¹¹ *Laws*, 1816, ch. 16, 23, 25, 36.

¹² *Laws*, 1818, ch. 41, 50.

provement of the Cape Fear River below Wilmington, \$39,730.16 were spent; for the Plymouth Turnpike, connecting Plymouth and Hyde County, \$2,500 were appropriated; also \$300 was authorized for a road from Columbia to Gumneck, \$25,000 for additional stock in the Cape Fear Navigation Company, and \$12,500 to stock in the Club Foot and Harlowe's Creek Canal. Loans to the latter amounting to \$18,000 were also made.¹³ For the development of the west \$2,548 were spent on the improvement of Broad River, since South Carolina undertook to improve the portion of the stream in that state. Most significant were appropriations for roads in the mountain region, which developed rapidly after 1819, the sum of \$10,752 being authorized. The mountain roads so favored were as follows: Wilkes County to the Tennessee line (two roads) \$5,000; Old Fort to Asheville, \$1,500; Wilkesboro to Iredell, \$500; Rutherfordton to Asheville, \$2,452; Jefferson to the Tennessee line, \$300; Saluda Gap to Tennessee, \$500; Huntsville, Surry County, to the Virginia line, \$500.¹⁴

For the success of the new policy two things were evidently necessary,—the establishment of a permanent source of revenue for state aid from which subscriptions could be made, and a supervisory board or commission to direct and guide the state's policy. In 1817 and again in 1818 the creation of such a revenue and of a board to administer it was recommended, but not until 1819, after a favorable report by Hamilton Fulton, the surveyor appointed under the act of 1815, was the recommendation carried out. Then were provided the Fund for Internal Improvements and the Board of Internal Improvements.¹⁵

Two sources of revenue were set aside for the Fund for Internal Improvements. First was the Cherokee lands, consisting of approximately one million acres in the mountain region, to which the Indian titles had been extinguished by the federal treaties of 1819. These lands were now opened to settlers. Commissioners were appointed to survey and di-

¹³ *Laws*, 1823, ch. 16, 17; 1821, ch. 37; 1824, ch. 25, 34; *Rept. Board of Int. Imp.*, 1833.

¹⁴ *Laws*, 1820, ch. 34, 37, 60; 1821, ch. 24; 1822, ch. 35; 1823, ch. 23, 26; 1824, ch. 25, 27, 38, 39; 1825, ch. 34; 1826, ch. 25.

¹⁵ *Laws*, 1819, ch. 2.

vide them into four classes, which should sell respectively for four, three, two dollars, and fifty cents to two dollars per acre. One eighth was required of purchasers as first payment, notes being taken for the balance, redeemable in four annual installments.

The second source of revenue for internal improvement was stock held by the state in the banks of Newbern and the Cape Fear, 1304 shares in the former and 1250 in the latter; each bank was paying in 1819 dividends of seven per cent. The state was also to receive stock in each company aided equivalent to the amount of money subscribed, and dividends were to be deposited with the State Treasurer.

For the administration of the Fund the Board of Internal Improvements was created. It consisted of six commissioners, one for each of the judicial districts, elected by the legislature, with the governor as member *ex officio*. It had authority to appoint engineers, to make subscriptions to public works authorized by the legislature, to report to the legislature "the exact state of the Fund for Internal Improvement; the progress, condition, and net income of all public works under their charge; the surveys, plans, estimated expense of such new works as they may recommend to the patronage of the General Assembly together with such other important information as they may have it in their power to collect or in relation to the objects committed to their trust." In 1824 membership of the Board was reduced to the Governor and three directors elected by the legislature, and in 1831 to three members the Governor, the State Treasurer, and one elected member.¹⁶

The growth of the Fund for Internal Improvements had peculiar difficulties. First of all the accounts rendered by the Board of Internal Improvements and by the State Treasurer when the income of the Fund was investigated by the legislature in 1823, differed. With the report of the Board as the basis, the income of the Fund from 1819 to 1823 was as follows: from Cherokee Lands, \$110,217.70 $\frac{1}{4}$, of which \$39,560 was cash, the remainder notes due from purchasers; from the bank stock, \$27,870, and appropriation before the board was organized, \$6,284.06; total, \$144,351.76 $\frac{1}{4}$. Expenditures had

¹⁶ *Laws*, 1824, ch. 5; 1831, ch. 21.

been \$60,879.11, leaving a balance of \$70,657.06¼ in notes and \$12,815.59 in cash. However, Treasurer Haywood reported that the income from land sales was \$108,970.19½, or \$1,247 less than the estimate of the Board, and that the balance due the Fund was \$17,361.38½, while that claimed by the Board was \$12,815.59. In the adjustment of accounts the lower cash balance of the Board was accepted, while the amount due from Cherokee notes was entered as \$87,111.58¼. For the following three years the Fund prospered; the cash income from 1824 to 1827 amounted to \$118,269.70½, expenditures were \$109,265.52½, and the cash balance was \$21,675.16½. But in November, 1827, a defalcation by the recently deceased Treasurer, John Haywood, was disclosed. Of the total deficiency of \$69,377.34 in his accounts, \$22,195.15⅞ were charged to the Fund for Internal Improvements.¹⁷

The most serious check to the growth of the Fund, however, was the decline of the dividends from bank stock. In June, 1827, the dividends of the Bank of New Bern dropped from 4 per cent semi-annually to 3½, in December to 3, in December, 1828, to 2; in 1830 no dividends were declared. One of 3 per cent. was yielded in 1831, but thereafter none until the stock dividends on liquidation. In 1828 the Bank of Cape Fear reduced its dividend from 3½ per cent. semi-annually to 2 per cent., passed one dividend in 1830, and all after January, 1831, until reorganization in 1835. This policy of the banks meant a decline of approximately \$8,000 per annum during the years of reduced dividends and a total loss of \$18,000 per annum when dividends were suspended. Thus, while the annual income from 1824 to 1827 averaged \$27,019.93, during the succeeding four years the average income was \$11,114.42 and in 1832-33, when no dividends were paid, the average income was only \$2,029.98.¹⁸

Another cause of the decline of the Fund was the difficulty in collecting the notes due on Cherokee land sales. The total amount of notes taken at the sales of 1819, 1821, and 1822 was \$110,117.70¼, and the amount uncollected in 1823 was \$87,111.56¼. Prior to 1829 the collections varied from

¹⁷ *Reports of the Treasurer and Board of Internal Improvements, passim; Report of the Committee on the Treasury, 1827.*

¹⁸ *Boyd, Currency and Banking in N. C., passim.*

\$6,000 to \$15,000 per annum; thereafter they declined, dropping to \$1,835.17 in 1835, the amount of bonds still uncollected in 1833 being \$49,332.67. One cause of this delinquency was the financial depression which pervaded the state after 1828. In 1834 the Treasurer was authorized to bring suit for the collection of the notes due and unpaid, and similar action was taken in later years, notably, in 1842, but all delinquencies were never settled. No comprehensive report on Cherokee lands was ever made.

The expenditures for Internal Improvement from the initiation of the policy to 1836 inclusive were \$291,865.62. However, of this amount only \$205,388.88½ was from the Fund, the balance being derived from the general revenue of the state. The projects and the amounts appropriated to each were as follows:

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| ENGINEERING | \$67,808.26 |
| STOCK SUBSCRIPTIONS | |
| Roanoke Navigation Co. | \$50,000 |
| Cape Fear Navigation Co. | 40,000 |
| Yadkin Navigation Co. | 25,000 |
| Tar River Navigation Co. | 1,200 |
| Neuse River Navigation Co. | 1,800 |
| North Carolina Catawba Co. | 2,400 |
| Club Foot and Harlowe's Creek Canal..... | 15,000 |
| Buncombe Turnpike | 5,000 |
| Plymouth Turnpike | 2,500 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$142,900 |
| DIRECT APPROPRIATIONS | |
| Broad River | \$ 2,548 |
| Cape Fear | 39,730.16 |
| Lumber River | 427.20 |
| Highways | 16,452.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$59,157.36 |
| LOANS | |
| Club Foot and Harlowe's Creek Canal..... | 18,000 |
| Old Fort and Asheville Road..... | 2,000 |
| Tennessee River Turnpike | 2,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$22,000.00 |
| Total..... | <hr/> \$291,865.62 |

¹⁰ Rept. Bd. Int. Imp., *passim*, especially that of 1833.

As paying investments or as successful improvements, these appropriations were a failure. Only three of them yielded any dividends; these were the Roanoke Navigation Company which declared a dividend of $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in 1831 and 1833, the Cape Fear Navigation Company ten dividends averaging $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the Buncombe Turnpike averaging 3.9 per cent. to 1836. To all practical purposes the Yadkin Navigation Co., the Neuse Navigation Company and the North Carolina Catawba Company were, by 1833, unsuccessful and the State's investment in them a complete failure. The Club Foot and Harlowe's Creek Canal was reported to be "productive of some benefit," but in 1834 work on it was suspended. Of the direct appropriations to rivers, that to the Cape Fear was alone profitable, the construction of jetties and dredging helping navigation considerably. The appropriations to roads were "clearly beneficial to the interest of that part of the community intended to be benefited thereby."²⁰

Two facts explain the failure of this early policy toward internal improvements. The amount of work undertaken was too great for the available revenue, and there was a distinct lack of experience and skill on the part of those directing the enterprises. Said the report of the Board of Internal Improvement in 1833:

"When attention was first called to the improvement of our internal condition, by a distinguished son of North Carolina, the public mind was seized and carried away by an amiable enthusiasm on a subject which promised happy results—our citizens and the Legislature were disposed to contribute freely to accomplish objects important to the prosperity of the State, and beneficial to the individual contributors. But, unfortunately for the success of our attempts, we had no experience to guide our efforts or to limit our expectations within proper bounds. Excited to action by the brilliant success of similar attempts elsewhere, and the splendid results which were anticipated from the accomplishment of the projected improvements, many were undertaken without due examination. In some instances a wild spirit, which was generated by the circumstances of the times, diverted the funds from a proper direction; and the attempt in other instances to gratify local feelings and interests, by commencing operations at many different points, rendered the whole utterly useless, because none could be completed. These and other circumstances contribute to disappoint

²⁰ *Report Board of Int. Imp., 1833.*

expectations, perhaps too sanguine, and produced doubts of the success of any attempts at internal improvement in our State. . . .

"The science of engineering was at that time little understood, and no individual could be obtained competent to direct our operations. The politicians who devised the plans undertook the execution of the work and with a fund not larger than some of our citizens have employed profitably on their own farms; improvements were commenced simultaneously at the sources of all the principal rivers of the State. This system was persevered in until, . . . about \$50,000 were lost to the Treasury. The public, disappointed by the results of the expenditure, became discouraged and improvement was abandoned."

The most significant fact in the policy of internal improvement was that in spite of its failures there arose a demand for larger state aid. In this the Board of Internal Improvements took the lead, recommending in 1821 that the state borrow \$500,000 to be spent in the improvement of transportation. In 1825 and again in 1830 the recommendation was repeated, and in 1833 the amount recommended was \$5,000,000. The desire for larger expenditures was not limited to the Board. In the later twenties it took the form of a genuinely popular movement. One basis for this popular demand was the rise of a new form of transportation, the railway, for the development of which private capital was not sufficient. The most notable expression of the new sentiment was the "Numbers of Carlton," published in 1825 by Dr. Joseph Caldwell, President of the University, urging the advantages of railroads.

Popular interest was also expressed in a large number of public meetings. In January, 1829, at a meeting in Raleigh a definite organization was perfected by the friends of internal improvements; a central committee was appointed, and also local committees, in each county of the state to carry on the agitation. The climax in the agitation was reached in 1833 when delegates from forty-eight counties met at Raleigh and adopted a memorial to the legislature asking for state aid to various enterprises, amounting to \$5,000,000.

The agitation produced no immediate result, the principal reason being the conflict between the east and the west which was at fever heat from 1830 to 1835. By 1830 the counties west of Raleigh had outstripped those to the east in popula-

tion; yet, because representation was apportioned equally among the counties, the east, with a larger number of counties, had a larger representation in the legislature and controlled legislation. Consequently there was a demand for constitutional reform with especial attention to the matter of representation, championed by the west and opposed by the east.²¹ This issue was so acute that it obstructed all other questions. Therefore the memorial of the internal improvement convention of 1833 received no response from the legislature. A wave of protest then swept the state. Prominent leaders and newspapers in the east as well as the west condemned the legislature for its failure to heed the popular demand. It was also evident that the matter of representation must be settled before economic problems could be impartially considered. Hence the immediate outcome of the agitation for internal improvements was to strengthen the sentiment for constitutional reform. After that issue was adjusted by the constitutional convention of 1835, a new chapter opens in the history of state aid.

However, new means of financing public works had to be found for in 1835 the income of the fund for Internal Improvements was only \$14,736. This difficulty was overcome by the distribution of the federal surplus revenue among the states. Two other problems, however, had to be solved with the surplus revenue. One was the obligations due by the state treasury. For several years prior to 1836 expenses had exceeded the revenue, diminishing the balance accumulated during years of frugality. In 1836 \$375,000 of a subscription by the state to the newly organized Bank of the State of North Carolina fell due, but the amount in the Treasury at the beginning of the fiscal year was \$56,896, the estimated revenue was around \$200,000, and the normal expenditure approximately the same. To meet the crisis the Treasurer was authorized to issue "certificates binding the state for the payment of the money purporting to be due thereon, to the amount of four hundred thousand dollars, and no more," bearing interest at 5 per cent., redeemable in 1860, secured by the state's stock in the Bank of the

²¹ See Boyd, *Antecedents of the North Carolina Convention of 1835* (*South Atlantic Quarterly*, Jan. and April, 1910).

State of North Carolina. The certificates were accordingly issued; they were disposed of in two subscriptions, one by the University of North Carolina amounting to \$100,000, the other of \$300,000 being made by no less an authority than the Treasurer of the United States. It was felt by many that something should be done to liquidate this debt, at least to provide for its ultimate payment.

The other problem which made a demand on the surplus revenue was the need of increasing the Literary Fund. This was an endowment created in 1825 for the support of public schools.²² It had been slowly growing year by year, but its income was not yet large enough to finance a system of schools. There was a strong feeling that this Fund should benefit by the surplus revenue, as well as the obligations of the treasury and the cause of internal improvements.

The adjustment of these various public interests was worked out by a political compromise. A new party, the Whig, had come into existence. It championed all causes of progress. On the other hand the Democrats were conservative and opposed any extravagance whatever. In the legislature of 1836 a joint committee of both houses, whose chairman was William A. Graham, Whig, recommended that \$900,000 be appropriated to the Literary Fund and the remainder to internal improvement. Here was an excellent example of the Whig program of progress; the state debt should be allowed to run its course, while the entire fund from the surplus should be devoted to economic and social needs. The opposition, led by William H. Haywood, Democrat, proposed that all the special funds held by the state except the bonds given from the sale of Cherokee lands should be lumped together for four purposes: the redemption of the state debt, increase of the Literary Fund and Fund for Internal Improvement, the drainage of the swamp lands, and the construction of railways. Thus the Whig program of progress was linked with the Democratic policy of economy by providing for the extinction of the state debt. The principle rather than the details of Mr. Haywood's report was adopted. Accordingly \$300,000 of the surplus

²² Boyd, *The Finances of the N. C. Literary Fund* (*South Atlantic Quarterly*, July and October, 1914).

revenue was applied to the redemption of the certificates held by the Treasurer of the United States, and \$100,000 of stock in the new Bank of the State of North Carolina was exchanged for the certificates purchased by the University. Of the remainder, \$500,000 was appropriated to the Literary Fund with the provision that \$300,000 be invested in stock of the Bank of the Cape Fear and \$200,000 be used in the drainage of the swamp lands; \$100,000 were appropriated for the current expenses of the government, and the remaining \$533,757.39 were appropriated to the Fund for Internal Improvement.²³

By one of those paradoxes of fate, just as a new day opened for the cause of internal improvements, the Fund for Internal Improvements and the Board of Internal Improvements lost their relative importance. For the legislature of 1836 directed that \$600,000 of the Fund be subscribed to the stock of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad and also directed that the dividends from this and all other stock held by the state in railroads, should be applied to the Literary Fund.²⁴ The railway stock was therefore reckoned one of the securities of that Fund and the assets of the Fund for Internal Improvements remained the same as before the distribution of the surplus. By 1847 there was in the treasury to the credit of the Fund \$75,839.84. On account of a serious strain on the general revenue of the state, it was transferred to the fund for general expenses, and all securities and sources of revenue were appropriated to the general need and Treasury.²⁵ However, the Board of Internal Improvements, which was reorganized in 1836 to consist of the Governor, the State Treasurer and one other member appointed by the Governor, continued to exist as a rather formal, perfunctory body, with a few duties. The expenditures for public works were directed by the legislature, and reports on their efficiency consisted mainly of reports of the directors of the companies.

²³ *Revised Statutes* (1836), ch. 61.

²⁴ *Ibid.*

²⁵ *Laws*, 1846, ch. 8.

Pre-Raphaelitism and its Literary Relations

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY, A. M. (HARVARD)

One of the noteworthy phenomena of the history of literature is the tendency of certain forms or impulses to come into existence, to rise to a height, and then to decline just as inevitably as they ever rose. So much is this the case that within recent years it has sometimes been the fashion to trace an analogy between the development of works of art and the evolution of biological forms. A case in point is the history of the drama. Beginning as a germ still early in the Middle Ages, the type gradually rose through the shackles of morality and interlude until in all the glory of its fullness it represented the aspiration, the patriotism, and the bravado of the age of Elizabeth. Then in a few years the subject-matter became sensational, the craftsmanship less firm, and generally the form decayed. All that was needed by 1642 was the holding of the obsequies, and the Puritans have been severely criticised for what after all was an act of charity. With not quite the same show of reason the novel might be adduced as another example of literary ebb and flow. This form developed in the eighteenth century in response to the strange mixture of materialism and sentimentalism in the period, and, nurtured by the strong hand of Fielding and the careful touch of Jane Austen, passed on to its climax in the work of Scott. It still flourishes; but in all likelihood the historian of the future will show how decadence really germinated in the satire of the great masters, Dickens and Thackeray, and how it further developed in the analysis of George Eliot and the psychologizing of Meredith until it went to seed in the impressionism of Mr. James, the preaching of Mrs. Ward, and the naturalism of Mr. Hardy. Any work of art begins to decline when it ceases merely to express, and begins to upbraid or to analyze or to teach.

Along some such lines as these it will be the aim of the following pages to sketch briefly the later history of another phenomenon in English literature—the Romantic impulse. The discussion will find its center in the aims and characteristics of the Pre-Raphaelite school; but an attempt will be made to

show that after all Pre-Raphaelitism was only an esoteric revival of the Romantic spirit, and, on the principle that all revivals are but faint reminders of the originals, that it merely set forth in new dress old figures that over half a century before had given to the world the freshness and the vigor, the love and the faith of youth.

At the outset it is necessary to recall the essential characteristics of Romanticism, and a brief review of the leading traits will probably be pardoned. It will be remembered that the outstanding qualities of the "Lyrical Ballads" were a certain emphasis on Nature in the contributions of Wordsworth, and the note of Mysticism in Coleridge's great poem. In addition we may remark in the progress of the movement the important related elements of Revolt, as seen in the poetical theory of Wordsworth and in the spirit of Shelley and Byron; of Individualism, as seen in the work of almost anyone of the new poets, but especially in Byron and Shelley; of Sensuousness, most noticeable in the work of Keats; and of Mediaevalism, closely associated with Mysticism of course, represented primarily by Scott.

When now we turn to Pre-Raphaelitism, we find that it too, like Romanticism, was characterized primarily by a spirit of revolt. Byron and Shelley had come again. "Back to Nature" was again the shibboleth. The Pre-Raphaelites felt that English painting had degenerated into a sort of art "characterized by conventional optimism and trivial humor," and they determined to make a change. A bold forerunner had been J. M. W. Turner, the pictures of whose last period, such as "Peace: Burial at Sea of the Body of Sir David Wilkie," with its black sails and lurid sky, "Venice," with its blue sky and broad luminous spaces, and "The Slave Ship," with its riot of color, possessed some striking affinity to the ideas later formulated by the Brotherhood. Ford Madox Brown also helped. He it was who in 1843 in a contest in designing for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, presented drawings altogether unconventional in manner. Among the Pre-Raphaelites themselves it was a cardinal tenet that each man was to maintain a proud and lofty disregard of contemporary opinion. In poetry this revolutionary spirit is best expressed

in the "Songs before Sunrise" of one of their later disciples. When decrying conventional religion Swinburne is positively blasphemous. In "Before a Crucifix" we read:

This dead God here against my face
Hath help for no man; who hath seen
The good works of it, or such grace
As thy grace in it, Nazarene,
As that from thy live lips which ran
For man's sake, O thou son of man?

The same note recurs in the "Hymn of Man":

Thou art judged, O judge, and the sentence is gone forth against thee,
O God,
Thy slave that slept is awake; thy slave but slept for a span;
Yea, man thy slave shall unmake thee, who made thee lord over man.
For his face is set to the east, his feet on the past and its dead;
The sun re-arisen is his priest, and the heat thereof hallows his head.
His eyes take part in the morning; his spirit outsounding the sea
Asks no more witness or warning from temple or tripod or tree.

On its more positive side Pre-Raphaelitism believed in absolute sincerity in art. This was the point primarily emphasized in Ruskin's definition: "Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle, that of absolute, uncompromising truth in all that it does, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature only." The members of the school wished to emphasize independence in expression, and accordingly they wished to go back to the time before Raphael, when a great and dominating tradition was not at work. In a way they were stern realists. There was to be no idealizing of a subject. Once a model was selected, it was to be followed in every detail.

Such was the general principle. In actual practice the Pre-Raphaelites became known as a group of people who gave an extraordinary amount of attention to detail and coloring. They brought the method over into literature, and abundant illustrations of tall and lovely ladies or delicately carved imageries may be cited from their work. In Rossetti the best case in point is of course "The Blessed Damozel;" but we pass by this well known poem for illustrations from "The Portrait" and "Jenny":

In painting her I shrined her face
 'Mid mystic trees, where light falls in
 Hardly at all. . . .
 A deep dim wood; and there she stands
 As in that wood that day: for so
 Was the still movement of her hands
 And such the pure line's gracious flow.

Why, Jenny, as I watch you there,—
 For all your wealth of loosened hair,
 Your silk ungirdled and unlac'd
 And warm sweets open to the waist,
 All golden in the lamplight's gleam,—
 You know not what a book you seem.

Christina Rossetti writes with similar effect in "A Birthday":

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me.

The principle is persistent in such early work of Morris as "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems." In the title poem, for instance, we read such phrases as "She threw her wet hair backward from her brow;" "Held out my long hand up against the blue;" "She would not speak another word, but stood Turned sideways." In "Two Red Roses across the Moon" we are told

There was a lady lived in a hall,
 Large of her eyes, and slim and tall,
 And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

In its emphasis on sincerity, however, Pre-Raphaelitism did more than attempt to get its detail perfect. It attempted artistically to seize upon the mysticism so characteristic of the Middle Ages. There was frequent emphasis on symbolism. In Hunt's picture, "The Scapegoat," a lone goat stands feebly beside the Dead Sea, perishing. The mountains are "gorgeous and solemn" (to use the words of the artist him-

self); the sky has the brilliancy and preciousness of jewels; and in the foreground are decayed trees and broken branches brought down by the rivers feeding the lake. The conception is a powerful one, and we are not astonished when Hunt tells us that the painting is "symbolic of the Christian Church, teaching the apostles and their followers submission and patience under affliction." In Christina Rossetti this mysticism takes on a decided tinge of otherworldliness. Her thought is little on the things of this world except as they represent a better. She asks for "the lowest place" before God, and writes of "Sweet Death." She has a fondness for biblical phrase and finds in the Scriptures many titles for her poems: "The Love of Christ which Passeth Knowledge," "A Bruised Reed shall He Not Break," "Consider the Lilies of the Field," "They Desire a Better Country," "By the Waters of Babylon," "I will Lift up Mine Eyes unto the Hills." The work of this writer at no time fully divorces itself from the twilight and gloom of the Middle Ages.

Such are the characteristics of Romanticism and Pre-Raphaelitism ordinarily pointed out. One persistent impulse, the religious instinct, can hardly be too much emphasized. On examination it will be found to be the very quintessence of the subjective principle; and it is strange, but it is true, that the fundamental impulse that could give us the revolt of "The Necessity of Atheism" and the blasphemy of "Cain" should also give us the spirituality of "Intimations of Immortality" and the religious elevation of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

In one of the great by-ways of English literature, that of hymnody, may be traced the progress of Romanticism from the day of the beginning of the revival of enthusiasm to that of the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. A glance at it in this general connection may not be altogether useless. Three great influences were brought to bear upon the course of English hymnody in the hundred years between 1750 and 1850, and each was in its way a reflection of the Romantic spirit; and through them ultimately developed a direct affinity with Pre-Raphaelitism.

First, we may note the strong personal element in the

hymns produced under the influence of the great revival in the reign of George II, and especially in the work of Charles Wesley himself. Under the dominance of the great Dr. Isaac Watts, the conception of God as expressed in the hymns of the first half of the eighteenth century, had been that of a great being eminently to be adored and always to be feared. Charles Wesley changed all this. As he worked under the spell of the new ideas of liberty that swept over the world in the third quarter of the century, God became to him a more personal deity, one to be loved as well as revered. Instead of kneeling before the Master he voices the spirit of most intimate fellowship:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

Again he prays for greater blessing by the love of God:

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Of course there are other notes in the work of Wesley—the glory of the resurrection, the responsibility of the Christian life, and the call to battle for the King; but this one of the personal love of Christ is dominant, and it finds an echo in almost everything written under Wesley's influence.

The next great influence in hymnody to be remarked is one that strongly reminds us of the poetry of Robert Browning—the humanitarian impulse. In Browning this became an absorbing interest in men and women, with a great sympathy for their problems and struggles. In poetry this same impulse led Cowper to plead for the humblest worm that moved on

the earth, and Wordsworth to plead before the bar of universal opinion the cause of Toussaint L'Ouverture against Napoleon. In the world of affairs it accounted for Paine on "The Rights of Man" and Wilberforce and Clarkson in their efforts against the slave-trade. In hymnody the impulse led James Montgomery and Reginald Heber to reflect the work of Judson and Carey and glorify the call of missions. Sang Montgomery:

Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see:
 With offerings of devotion
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.

Heber chanted in similar strain:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

All this seems a far cry from Pre-Raphaelitism. Let us remember Christina Rossetti, however, and suspend judgment. What is more important, let us pass on to the third influence in this class of writing—the Oxford Movement. The hymns produced under this impulse were remarkable for both poetic quality and scholarly finish. Newman prays for guidance as he drifts toward mediaevalism and Rome:

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

His self-consciousness and contrition would be appalling if they were not so sincere:

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

The dominant note in the hymns of the Oxford Movement, however, is one of otherworldliness, best seen in the work of Faber:

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
* * * * *

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

At last we have found in this class of writing something that takes us to the very heart of Pre-Raphaelitism. Romanticism as expressed in hymnody has become more refined at the same time that the mediaeval spirit is being revived. In art William Holman Hunt was the perfect exponent of the spirit of the Oxford Movement. This great painter, we read, had the ambition "to serve as high priest and expounder of the excellence of the works of the Creator." Of "The Light of the World" William Bell Scott wrote: "For the first time in England a picture became a subject of conversation and general interest from one end of the island to the other, and indeed continued so for many years." This particular picture was ultimately given by the wife of a purchaser to Keble College. Never was a gift more happy or significant.

After all, however, the Oxford Movement touched the Pre-Raphaelites only on the side of the religious and the mediaeval. For other influences we must turn to the professional poets. First in order of time was Coleridge, whose imagination was so greatly admired by Rossetti. Better than anybody else in his century Coleridge caught the accent of the

old ballad measure. Some echo of his work may be found in such lines as these from "The Blessed Damozel":

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf, and now
She spoke through the still weather.

Said Rossetti of Coleridge: "I worship him on the right side of idolatry;" and Mr. Benson has well said: "In Coleridge he (Rossetti) saw a genius overpowered by indolence and vapid philosophy; but the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" had no doubt a directly inspiring effect upon Rossetti's mode of conception and execution. In these poems there is the same romantic isolation; their scene is laid beyond the faery casement, on the perilous seas forlorn, and in the enchanted woodland of the land of dreams."¹

Keats, however, was the supreme inspiration of the Pre-Raphaelites. Here was the artist pre-eminent; and when we think of sensuousness as characterizing his work, it is well to remember that the English, stout of heart and lovers of beef-steak, are not primarily a sensuous people. The quality is more Celtic, or, better still, Southern European; and Professor Beers has well reminded us that "Rossetti was three-fourths Italian; Millais's parents were Channel Islanders from Jersey—and he had two mother tongues, English and French. Burne-Jones is of Welsh blood, and Alma Tadema of Frisian birth. Among Neo-Pre-Raphaelite poets, the names of Theophile Marzials and Arthur O'Shaughnessy speak for themselves."² Keats was uniformly pictorial; and the very first task to which the Pre-Raphaelites set themselves was a series of paintings in illustration of "Isabella." Millais brought out "Lorenzo at the House of Isabella;" and Hunt, who had already produced "The Eve of St. Agnes," in 1866 exhibited "Isabella and the Pot of Basil." It is not our task even to attempt to do these great pictures justice; but it is worth while to recall that they are as excellent examples as can be found of the setting forth of the principles for which the young artists were contending. To Rossetti Keats represented the

¹ Rossetti, in *English Men of Letters Series*, 141.

² *English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*, 285.

"final achievement" of English poetry. If we may again quote Mr. Benson we may remark that "Keats's whole treatment of a subject was, so to speak, almost typically Pre-Raphaelite. There was the strong conception of the situation, the powerful motive of passion, the chivalrous view of woman, and all set in a framework of exquisite detail, luxuriously lavish, and precisely delineated."³ Just how much this brilliant poet influenced the coloring of Rossetti's poems or the rhythm of Swinburne, it would of course be impossible to say.

To Tennyson, who did so much to carry on the tradition of Keats, the Pre-Raphaelites were also peculiarly indebted. A certain resemblance of Rossetti's "The Portrait" to his work has more than once been remarked. The power of this outstanding poet to realize pictorially the romantic quality of a scene was irresistible to the members of the Brotherhood. Tennyson's poems, especially one like "The Lady of Shalott," furnished most happy subjects for the paintings of the little group; and the subject-matter which he popularized, that of Arthur and the Round Table, was a never-failing source of interest and inspiration. The best case in point of course is "The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems;" but Swinburne as well as Morris was steeped in Arthurian romance.

The relation of Robert Browning to the Pre-Raphaelites has been made the subject of a doctor's dissertation;⁴ and it is easy to enumerate passages from Browning conceived in the Pre-Raphaelite spirit. "The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church" is a noteworthy case in point. One is very likely, however, to overestimate the influence of this great poet on the circle. In fact we venture to assert that on the whole he did the Pre-Raphaelites little good, not because he himself was at fault, but because he was likely to become perverted in the hands of men who were prone to substitute the melodramatic or the sensational for the truly dramatic. Why otherwise should Rossetti be led to set forth on canvas such a poem as "The Laboratory?" There is a good deal of the melodramatic in Browning, even an occasional lapse to prose or

³ *Ibid.*, 99.

⁴ *Robert Browning and the English Pre-Raphaelites*, by Ralph G. Watkin, Brealau, 1905.

mere rhetoric or even bombast; but when we look at his work as a whole we find that he took a large, sane, and comprehensive view of life. Just to mention Browning is to point out a leading shortcoming of the Pre-Raphaelites.

Still one other poet must be mentioned among those who influenced Rossetti's circle, one whose influence, while often remarked, has never been fully estimated, an American, Edgar Allan Poe, who in turn was influenced by De Quincey, justly termed by Mr. Chesterton "the first and foremost of the decadents." There was a direct connection, it will be recalled between the Gothic romance of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe, and the work of Poe. Nor must Beckford pass unremarked. The sensationalism of "The Italian" and the orientalism of "Vathek" passed through the ventriloquism and somnambulism of Charles Brockden Brown to Poe's "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque." A great deal of Poe's strength as well as his weakness found its source in the far calls of Romanticism. He directly influenced the Pre-Raphaelites in two ways. One was by the emphasis on gorgeous coloring in his own work. We can imagine that Rossetti simply revelled in a description so exact and at the same time so rich as that of the seven apartments in "The Masque of the Red Death," for in his letters and those of his friends there are several complimentary references to the author of "The Raven." In a far more significant way, however, Poe left his impress on the Brotherhood. In his lecture, "The Poetic Principle," as early as anyone in the century he definitely formulated the doctrine of "Art for art's sake." Said he: "I would define, in brief, the poetry of words as *the rhythmical creation of beauty*. Its sole arbiter is taste. With the intellect or with the conscience, it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth." Very nearly all that Walter Pater did in all his volumes was simply to expound that text.

We have said that Pre-Raphaelitism was simply Romanticism decadent. We wish now to formulate the grounds of our opinion. In the first place we raise the question (which of course is that of the uninitiated) whether there was not too much detail in the work of the Brotherhood, especially in the

paintings of course, but also to some extent in the poems. In looking at a Pre-Raphaelite picture one gets a strange impression of losing sight of the woods in looking at the trees. The eye is so frequently drawn from one carefully finished object to another that it loses the main effect of unity a work of art is supposed to possess.

In the second place we must observe that there was in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood too much emphasis on the religious. Religion has had a queer history in art. No other principle has attracted so many devotees or given rise to quite so much bad verse. Withal it is a very unhealthy topic for the most part. Sometimes it gets on people's minds and makes them crazy. In the case of a person like Christina Rossetti mysticism, so welcome in Coleridge, becomes almost morbid. And yet after all it was not the real essence of religion that attracted the Pre-Raphaelites. For the most part they were pseudo-religious rather than really spiritual. They consistently mistook form for spirit, clinging to Religion Aesthetic when they thought they possessed Religion Moral. For Wordsworth the very spirit of God had moved in all things.

As the aesthetic principle developed in the century more and more at the expense of the moral, it cultivated another heresy—that the rose is more poetic when it is fading than when it is blooming. Here may be observed in some slight degree the influence of the sentimentalism of Tom Moore. On this point of course we are in the later stages of Pre-Raphaelitism and well on the way to Aestheticism. When we recall however, as was just said, that the conception of religion that the Pre-Raphaelites had was aesthetic rather than moral, we can easily see that there is no contradiction in the assertion that logically their position might easily lead them into infidelity. Pessimism becomes an ever stronger note as the century advances, and it is best to be observed in the work of two men who, while not originally in the Brotherhood, were profoundly affected by its principles. Asks Swinburne,

Christian, what of the night?—
 I cannot tell; I am blind.
 I halt and hearken behind
 If haply the hours will go back

And return to the dear dead light,
 To the watchfires and stars that of old
 Shone where the sky now is black,
 Glowed where the earth now is cold.

And to Fitzgerald of course all is vanity :

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
 To-day of past regrets and future fears;
 To-morrow? Why, to-morrow I may be
 Myself with yesterday's Seven Thousand Years!

This leads to the last point against the Pre-Raphaelites—their erroneous philosophy of life. The "Art for art's sake" principle sounds very well; but when the liberalism and paganism of some of the earlier romanticists become entirely divorced from conventionalism, havoc is very likely to be played with men's lives. Too many of the members of the Brotherhood needed a Watts-Dunton to take care of them before the end came. Generally they and their disciples were a little too prone to choose subjects upon which Respectability frowned; and they lacked the broad sympathy of a Shakespeare or Balzac or Hugo that could redeem even a woman of the streets. "Jenny" is a brutal poem, and "In the Orchard" finds it very difficult to justify its existence.

Mr. Watts-Dunton, however, gave to Rossetti the credit of originating a "Renaissance of Wonder." Said he: "Of the true romantic feeling, the ever-present apprehension of the spiritual world and of the struggle of the soul with earthly conditions . . . Rossetti's poetry is as full as his pictures—so full, indeed, that it was misunderstood by some critics, who found in the most spiritualistic of poets and painters the founder of a 'fleshy school.'" The word *spiritualistic* is fatal, implying something of charlatanry and imitation. That is just what Rossetti is—spiritualistic, not spiritual. Very carefully does he pull the wires and darken the coloring. Each word he chooses with the greatest care; but the accent of the great poets is altogether beyond him. He never touches "the still, sad music of humanity." Even in the ballad measure we question if he was eminently successful. Nowhere does "The King's Tragedy" catch the freedom of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" or even of Longfellow's

little poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus." "Sister Helen" and all the related poems give a *tour de force* impression. It could not be otherwise, for Rossetti was ever an Italian, not a Viking. With the possible exception of the translation, the "Ballade of Dead Ladies," not one thing that he wrote has found an abiding place in popular esteem; and while popularity is no sign of greatness in prose, in poetry it is not so quickly to be despised. The Pre-Raphaelites and their disciples were over-rated in 1870 and are still over-rated; and time is very likely to prove that the "Renascence of Wonder" was by no means a rebirth, but rather the last flicker of the light of old romance.

Just one word more. Do we need to remark Aestheticism on its own account? To me it seems but the last gasp of the paganism that has finally sucked from the vitals of Romanticism all that was once fresh and fair. Once more the swagger of Byron comes back in the sun-flowers of Oscar Wilde. Said Pater: "A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is seen in them by the finest senses? . . . Our one chance lies in getting as many sensations as possible into the given time." Society asked Mr. Pater just what he meant by that. Thrown back on himself, he really did not know; but he never again went so near the edge of the precipice. In Oscar Wilde, however, Aestheticism glittered and dazzled and flickered, and then—expired.

If these pages have done anything at all, they have shown that Pre-Raphaelitism, so far from being an isolated movement, was the logical outgrowth of eighteenth century Romanticism, and naturally found its last stage in Aestheticism. The literature of the end of the nineteenth century was in fact almost wholly a disintegration. Fiction became unduly analytical. Kipling was thought to be a new voice; but time has demonstrated that after all he is not a great writer. Within the last three years, however, there has been a noteworthy revival of interest in books on religion and in the songs of new poets. Now that we have wearied of problem novels and psychological studies, and built the Panama Canal, it may be that after all we are on the threshold of a new and beautiful idealism. Who can say?

BOOK REVIEWS

ULYSSES S. GRANT. By Franklin Spencer Edmonds. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company, 1915—376 pp. (Twenty-first of The American Crisis Biographies).

One is tempted to remark that the year in which the world lies gasping in the throes of perhaps the greatest crisis in the history of civilization is hardly the most propitious time for the appearance of another volume centering on the American crisis, so called. Contemporary history is so very much in the making that it is a hardy biographer who asks the lay reader to retravel the road of a struggle over and past, and, in the light of the "World War," almost insignificant and local. One can fancy the reviewer of a life of Marlborough appearing shortly before Waterloo writing in the same strain.

It is to that elusive individual, the student of American history, that Mr. Edmonds' book must make its appeal. Even in these days when Grant's entire Army of the Potomac would hardly suffice to hold thirty miles of trenches in France, when the Army of Northern Virginia would about total the casualty list of one week's terrific battling in the Champagne, Grant's achievements stand forth undwarfed by comparisons, and any one with something new to say about him, albeit but to present a new viewpoint, shall find a hearing.

Mr. Edmonds' book meets the test. It has the cardinal virtues of careful diction and a fairly good swinging, narrative style. The author has the historian's proper regard for a trustworthy bibliography; one is probably justified in saying that in his book inaccuracies are reduced to a minimum. The arrangement bespeaks a sense of proportionate values; one-quarter of the space is devoted to Grant's life before the war, and slightly less than a quarter to his life after the war. The military achievements of the man do not unduly dominate; to make his biography a history of the battles of the Civil War is a temptation not easy to resist. One would wish that the author had not felt the need of too great compactness;—in many places the reader receives the impression that much has been left unsaid, both by way of recital of fact and of com-

ment; there is an air of forced repression, a feeling that this incident or that must be dropped because the book must not exceed three hundred and fifty pages.

Mr. Edmonds has consciously or unconsciously achieved one result that in itself makes his book worth while. He has wonderfully portrayed the sweetness of Grant's personality. The picture is not that popular impression—rugged, unswerving, harsh perseverance—a human steam roller. The truer picture is that of quiet, almost timid, unobtrusive patience. The keynote of his character as presented in this book is patience. It explains his magnanimity to a conquered foe, his unassuming carriage and demeanor, his quiet strength of character that could see a thing through to the end and feel no bitterness during the struggle or after. The simplicity of the description of an incident at West Point illustrates the effective manner in which the author brings home this point:

Tradition records an occasional fight, and once when he had to take a beating from a larger cadet, Grant went into training, and after a second and third defeat, was victorious on the fourth encounter.

That is the story of his life as depicted by Mr. Edmonds. No malice, no hatred, no bluster; he quietly goes into training and fights till he wins. In 1854 he is dropped from the army. In business he is a failure. In 1861 he tenders his services to his country and is given a desk "where he ruled blanks from plain paper for two dollars a day." Only Grant could come up smiling for more punishment. Each campaign is but a new version of the same story. Again after the horrible failure of his enterprise with Ward, facing financial ruin and a fatal illness, he cheerfully sits down to write the "Memoirs" and earn bread for his family. Mr. Edmonds makes us feel the more than quiet, the silent unembittered patience that characterized his determination to win out. He may have overemphasized this viewpoint; whether or no he has done so does not much matter—it justifies the presentation of a new biography of Grant to the public.

GEORGE M. WOLFSON.

New York City.

EXPANSION AND CONFLICT. By William E. Dodd. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—viii, 329, xxiv pp.

It has become the custom for those interested in American history to take notice when Professor Dodd writes. The present volume will prove no exception to the rule. It belongs to the latest coöperative history of the United States, the Riverside History of which the author is also general editor. The period under consideration, that from 1828 to 1865, was one full of ferment and agitation concerning which various interpretations have been made. Briefly stated, the view of Professor Dodd is that nationality in the United States was not attained until after 1865, and that the chief motive in American history previously was sectional aggrandizement and conflict of sectional interests on the part of the East, the Northwest, and the South. Such an interpretation has hitherto been intimated, notably by Professor Turner in his "Rise of the New West," but never worked out for the period from 1830 to 1860. Certain conclusions and corollaries presented in the present volume deserve comment.

All national policies centered in winning the Northwest to the support of the South or of the East. With the election of Jackson an alliance of the South and the West seemed attained; to check its realization was Webster's aim in combating nullification. Consequently any comparison of his constitutional theories with those of Hayne in the "great debate" is studiously avoided by Professor Dodd, while the protection of the interests of the manufacturers, and of New England in particular, is emphasized. If isolation of the two sections was accomplished, their *rapprochement* was attained with the election of Polk in 1844. Friendly relations again collapsed when the South got more than the West during the Polk administration.

While working out the theme of sectional conflict, another undercurrent is presented, that of the development in each of the sections considered of interdependent economic and social interests. Hence running through the sectional cleavage is a thread of intersectional unity. This was manifest in the conservative fifties; financial interests, the churches, and other conservative forces tended toward a *rapprochement* which

would smooth over sectional issues. Hence Douglas, backed by the financial interests, would give the South another chance to extend slavery into the territories in return for federal grants for railways in the Northwest. The result was the rise of a protest mainly on the part of the less wealthy and more uncultivated element, a genuine "insurgent movement," resulting in the Republican party and the final issue of 1860.

Such a presentation of American history places many men and events in a new perspective. Clay and Webster were servants of powerful economic and sectional forces primarily, nationalists incidentally. Robert J. Walker, adventurer and charlatan, had a rôle hitherto unrecognized. Calhoun, a genuine patriot, sought in nullification a compromise with secession. Moreover, secession as an actual remedy was recognized at some time or other in all sections.

Such a presentation of the generation prior to 1860 has not hitherto been written. The thought is not novel, but Professor Dodd deserves great credit for being the first to work it out. The nationalistic school of thinkers will reject his conclusions, those whose sympathies are with states' rights will accept them with some modification; all future historians will be profoundly influenced by his point-of-view.

The last three chapters do not reach the high standard of the earlier ones. Clearly condensation was necessary, the conclusions are less matured, and here also are most of the minor errors which cannot yet be eliminated from American historical writing. The concluding paragraph of the last chapter sums up the whole theme of the book so far as that most interesting section, the South, is concerned:

The bitter cup had been drained. The cause of the planters had gone down in irretrievable disaster. For forty years they had contended with their rivals of the North, and having staked all on the wager of battle they had lost. Just four years before they had entered with unsurpassed zeal and enthusiasm upon the gigantic task of winning their independence. They had made the greatest fight in history up to that time, lost the flower of their manhood and wealth untold. They now renewed once and for all their allegiance to the Union which had up to that time been an experiment, a government of uncertain powers. More than three hundred thousand lives and not less than four billions of dollars had been sacrificed in the fight of the south. The planter culture, the semi-feudalism of the "old South," was anni-

hilated, while the industrial and financial system of the East was triumphant. The cost to the North had been six hundred thousand lives and an expense to the governments, state and national, of at least five billions of dollars. But the East was mistress of the United States, and the social and economic ideals of that section were to be stamped permanently upon the country.

WILLIAM K. BOYD.

IS WAR DIMINISHING? By Frederick Adams Woods and Alexander Baltzley. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—xiii, 105 pp. \$1.00 net.

The only regret one has in putting down this book is that it is so short, and its scope of research so limited. Dr. Woods and Mr. Baltzley have approached the subject of war in a scientific spirit. They have set themselves the question: Is war diminishing? And they have not allowed a hope that it is diminishing, or a preconceived prejudice that it is not diminishing, to affect their conclusions. Their method has been to collect all the dates of wars fought by the principal European countries for the last four and a half centuries,—since 1450.

The countries investigated fall into two groups. On the one hand are the five great powers, Austria, England, France, Prussia, and Russia. On the other are the six minor powers, Denmark, Holland, Poland, Spain, Sweden, and Turkey. The conclusion reached is that man has been fighting about half the time. "The exact figures for the average of all nations here studied are 48 per cent war and 52 per cent peace, for the period 1450-1900." For the great powers there has been a small but not marked decline in the definite actual years of conflict. For the minor powers the decline has been somewhat more pronounced. The authors themselves are inclined to stress the fact that the decline in the four and a half centuries has been small rather than the fact that there has been any decline at all.

Of course the dates of wars are the simplest facts of history bearing upon the problem. Dates do not indicate, for example, how large a proportion of the population in the countries has been engaged in martial pursuits, nor whether the size of armies was greater or less in former times, nor whether they fought as continuously during the duration of hostilities. Nor do dates tell whether or not a larger pro-

portion of the wealth and industrial energy of the community is now consumed in military and naval activities than formerly. These and similar questions, if investigated with the same thoroughness displayed in this collection of dates, would yield us a more adequate answer to the question set by the title of the book. This little volume is only a ray thrown into a dark subject; but it is the white light of research.

Dr. Woods, who has written the introductory chapters, shows impatience at the careless assertions of peace advocates. He says: "It was with a wholesome disgust at the unscientific character of the publications of various peace societies that I began to collect these few humble facts." There is much implicit satire in his quoting of pacifist utterances delivered before the world-war. Those sanguine prophecies of permanent peace, inspired obviously by sentiment rather than by an understanding of historical and present realities, and those offhand and cocksure solutions of international difficulties, make sad reading now. Dr. Woods does not declare that he prefers the militarist to the pacifist philosophy, but it is plain that his irritation at pacifist looseness of assertion has awakened in him a hostile reaction. This reaction, however, does not modify or vitiate his conclusions, which are based upon impartial facts. His chief conclusion, as stated before, is that all nations have devoted about half their time to war and half to peace. He accepts the view "that war is likely to exist in some form and to some extent one or two hundred years hence." In other words he infers that war has been the normal occupation of the nations for at least half their time in the recent historic period; that there has been no sudden or striking diminution in the time given to this occupation; and that therefore historical probability would indicate a continuance of war and warlike pursuits for at least a considerable time to come. This inference may or may not be accepted by the reader. What is excellent about the book is not so much the actual light it throws on the problem of the pacifist, for after all dates are no more than a peep-hole. What is excellent is the scientific approach and the utter willingness to be guided by ascertained facts rather than by alluring theories.

ROLAND HUGINS.

Cornell University.

THE NORMANS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By Charles Homer Haskins.
Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—ix,
258 pp. \$2.00 net.

In this volume, made up of eight lectures which he delivered before the Lowell Institute in February, 1915, and at the University of California in the following July, Professor Haskins has rendered a service for which he deserves the thanks of students and teachers of history. His familiarity with the literature of the subject and his own intensive study of many of its aspects make him perhaps the best equipped of any English speaking scholar for an undertaking which was eminently worth while; the method of presentation which he adopted and the facile style in which he expressed his conclusions alike contribute to the success of the achievement.

The purpose of the author, as he tells us himself, was "not so much to furnish an outline of the annals of Norman history as to place the Normans in relation to their time and to indicate the larger features of their work as founders and organizers of states and contributors to European culture" (p. vii). The history of Normandy falls naturally into three periods: the first extends from the earliest times to the coming of the Northmen in the tenth century, the second from that time to the conquest of the province by France in 1204; from the latter date the history of Normandy is a part of that of France. Professor Haskins has given his attention to the second period, which was the time of the most notable achievements of the Normans. After an introductory chapter treating of the place of the Normans in history and a second chapter describing the coming of the Northmen to Normandy the remainder of the book, with the exception of the sixth chapter, is occupied with a discussion of the accomplishments of the Normans as conquerors and organizers in England, France, southern Italy, Sicily, and other places. In the sixth chapter, the least successful in the book, the author discusses "Norman Life and Culture."

Professor Haskins has, for the most part, done well a difficult task. He has produced a book that is not lacking in evidence that it is the work of a scholar and yet is adapted to the needs of the general reader or the undergraduate who is seek-

ing an acquaintance with the larger factors in history. His volume will doubtless be long and widely used. It is, therefore, to be regretted that in revising his lectures for the press he did not omit several ephemeral references to current events which, while they may have been appropriate on the platform, do not add to the published book.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

ARISTOCRACY AND JUSTICE. *Shelburne Essays, Ninth Series.* By Paul Elmer More. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—x, 243 pp. \$1.25 net.

Although the eight essays in this volume deal with a variety of subjects, collectively they develop various phases of one philosophic thesis. Ideally equipped for such a study, Mr. More goes below the surface of American society and exposes what he considers the root of evil in our democratic life. We are, he thinks, a nation of sentimentalists and have allowed our excessive interest in humanitarianism to obtain a dangerous pre-eminence over our judgment. This condition—by no means exclusively American—is a recrudescence of the equalitarian sentiment which culminated during the eighteenth century in the inflammatory writings of Rousseau, and which led inevitably to the French Revolution. Forgetting at this distance of time the horrible lesson in France, Americans are drifting towards a similar *débâcle*. We are too ready, he believes, to shift the burden from the criminal to society and to sentimentalize failure and crime into a mere plea for compassion. Pity has triumphed over common sense and justice. Sympathy, of course, is not to be wholly banished. Mr. More is not a disciple of Hobbes or Mandeville, and he expressly disclaims the raw egoism of Nietzsche. What he contends for is a sane balance of interests and a reinstatement of reason as a brake upon emotional impulse. Specifically, he would revert to that older conception of human character and duty which laid chief stress, not on man's obligation to man, but on the supreme duty of man to himself in his personal relation to God.

Only by this rational attitude, says Mr. More, can democ-

racy save itself from the vain doctrine of the emotionalists and the charlatans, that society is intended to establish absolute equality. There will of necessity be classes, and the strong will continue to gain ascendancy over the weak; manifestly this human institution cannot obviate the results of inequalities perpetrated by Nature herself. The legitimate end of social organization can be realized, therefore, only when we accept the limitations involved in this fact and, by imitating the compromises of Nature, so adjust the conflicting claims of reason and of feeling that the strong may exert their strength and at the same time cause the weak to endure only a minimum of suffering. What we need, the author thinks, is not more democracy, but better democracy—not socialism, feminism, or the other blatant *isms* that would reduce all to a common level of mediocrity, but a democracy guided by the rational judgment and will of a “natural aristocracy.”

The hope of such an aristocracy of capable intelligence rests, he holds, upon our colleges. Like Mr. H. G. Wells, the author has undertaken a “Research Magnificent”; but he has come back with a more positive message. Mr. More would begin the great task of restoring the balance by returning, at least partly, to the old disciplinarian curriculum of required subjects. Above all, he would oppose humanitarianism with humanism by steeping the future voters of America in the classics; for in classical literature, especially the poetry and the philosophy of the Greeks, he finds, as nowhere else, the perfect equipoise of qualities and the discipline of mind needed in a country like ours to offset the incessant clamor of those who feel but never think. His diagnosis of the disease will probably commend itself more widely than the prescription offered for the cure. But even those who do not fully agree with all the conclusions will do honor to the grip and vigor of the author’s presentation and also to the fearlessness with which he assails popular ideals with very unpopular doctrine.

C. A. MOORE.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Allene Gregory, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915,—337 pp.

This study of the *tendenz* novel affords a valuable supplement to Dr. Hancock's *The French Revolution and the English Poets*. In one purpose Miss Gregory succeeds admirably—the interpretation of individual writers and their works. The list of novelists treated is a long one; it includes Holcroft, Godwin, Shelley, Boge, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Opie, Charlotte Smith, Mary Wollstonecraft, many minor figures of this “revolutionary group,” and also their opponents. In a style which immediately engages the reader, Miss Gregory brings before him very vividly the personalities of many men and women who are about to become mere facts of history. It hardly need be remarked that in such a study this intimate knowledge is particularly important; it is an instance in which the author is the best comment on the book. Most of the novels examined belong to the class frequently discussed but seldom read. It is well, therefore, that the treatment includes summaries of the most important so that the critical comments may have meaning for the general reader as well as the specialist. Because of its sympathetic interpretation of character and a very keen sense for literary values, the book deserves a place among the few scholarly works that are not above entertaining while they instruct.

The second object—the correlation of these novels with movements of thought in the eighteenth century—is not so clearly attained. The first chapter is devoted to “Backgrounds.” Realizing that the very title implies too much with reference to foreign influence, Miss Gregory sketches in a background that includes English as well as French thought. This is a recognition of an obvious truth, and the reader expects that for once sufficient allowance is to be made for causes that had long been operative in England. The fact is, however, later discussion often fails to make out a case for the French Revolution and still shows little or no inclination to suggest any connection with native sources. It is frankly admitted, indeed, that much of the material included is not revolutionary at all. And concerning that which may be interpreted as revolution-

ary in tendency, we are told time and again that it can be referred to French forces only on general grounds of resemblance. There is, I think, no mis-statement; but the title and the many half-statements perpetuate the erroneous view that Rousseau and other French theorists were responsible for much in English literature that was actually of native origin. We shall come nearer the truth when we use as our starting-point the humanitarian literature of England from the time of the Restoration and show to what extent French theorizing and practice modified this natural course of development.

C. A. MOORE.

THE LUSITANIA'S LAST VOYAGE. Being a Narrative of the Torpedoing and Sinking of the R. M. S. Lusitania by a German Submarine off the Irish Coast May 7, 1915. By Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., one of the survivors. With illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—vii, 159 pp. \$1.00 net.

Mr. Lauriat, the son of the Boston publisher, was one of the passengers aboard the ill-fated Lusitania. For the benefit of his family and friends at home he wrote an intimate personal account of his experiences before, during, and after the sinking of the ship. Fortunately, his early training had made him perfectly at home in the water. When the ship went down, he swam to a collapsible life boat and was able to be of great service in saving the lives of fellow-passengers. His vivid and informal narrative of one of the most dramatic and tragic episodes of the war will have permanent interest and value.

To the original narrative as it was sent home to his family, Mr. Lauriat has added a second part which contains additional details about which questions might be asked. The third part of the book contains the *Frankfurter Zeitung's* account of the sinking of the Lusitania, showing the German point of view. A fourth part contains the findings of the official investigation of the loss of the Lusitania. Mr. Lauriat does not agree that the officers of the Lusitania took all possible precautions to ensure the safety of the ship and its passengers in passing through the zone of danger from submarines. What he has to say on this point is well worth reading.

This volume deserves a place on the shelf with Fritz Kreisler's "Four Weeks in the Trenches." It is a very different sort of book—perhaps not marked by literary finish and artistic sensitiveness equal to that exhibited in Kreisler's work—but vivid and virile, a narrative of self-possession and helpful courage in the face of a great emergency.

THE MEANS AND METHODS OF AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION. By Albert H. Leake. Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays in Economics. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—xxviii, 273 pp. \$2.00 net.

The present volume is no less important than the author's former work, *Industrial Education: Its Problems, Methods and Dangers*, which attracted considerable attention when it appeared a few years ago. Here we have an interesting discussion of agricultural education as a part of the more general problem of industrial education. Plans for improvement in agriculture, the "basic human industry," which has hitherto held a rather subordinate place, are outlined, and new methods are suggested whereby schools in rural regions can give a more adequate and satisfactory education, based on environment and more nearly adapted to the persistent needs of country life. It is in its sane suggestions and rational plans offered that the importance of the book appears.

The work has also a more specific educational importance than its title would at first imply, revealing not a few valuable educational facts which teachers generally should know. The chapter on the historical development of agricultural education is suggestive of the phenomenal improvement made in recent times in the means and methods of agriculture. Chapters on rural life conditions, the rural school and its improvement, courses in agriculture, the rise of the institute movement, and the training of teachers for more efficient service in the rural schools are suggestive of the needs of country life and of what may be accomplished there. No phase of the rural problem is left untouched. The book fills a need in this important field of educational development and will be welcomed by teachers and country-life workers everywhere. One of the

most valuable features of the volume is the extensive bibliography which covers fifteen pages and contains a list of important books and articles relating to the subject generally.

EDGAR W. KNIGHT.

THE RIVET IN GRANDFATHER'S NECK. A Novel of the Passing South. By James Branch Cabell. New York: McBride, Nast and Company, 1915,—368 pp. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Cabell's novel, "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck," is, without question, a skillfully written story. The author shows originality in choice of material, in interpretation of a passing phase of southern life, and in the manner of telling the story. His work holds one's interest throughout, and the personality of the writer back of the story is evident. As a picture of life in a provincial town of the South on the eve of being transformed into something better, the novel is by no means flattering to admirers of the old days here. Indeed, one at all familiar with that life finds it hard to accept as just the satirical picture here painted of it. For, while it must be admitted that such characters as Mr. Cabell here presents are quite possible products of the life and ideals of that age, the valid objection may certainly be raised that the book contains no good or admirable characters and is therefore an incomplete picture, indeed a caricature. Even the generous and noble impulses of the hero are utilized to show his spineless character rather than to win our admiration.

But Mr. Cabell handles even difficult situations so well and proves himself to be so competent and interesting a writer that the story well deserves to be read. It is the kind of book that makes the reader think, be he partisan or not, and that is what strong books do.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

A NEW THEORY CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF THE MIRACLE PLAY. By George Raleigh Coffman. Menasha, Wisconsin: George Banta Publishing Company, 1914,—vi+84 pp.

The theory concerning the origin of the miracle play advanced by Professor Coffman in his doctoral dissertation is the most convincing one that has yet appeared. His conclus-

ions are supported by a satisfactory amount of evidence, and his work shows that he has been wise enough to profit by the investigations and common sense of such eminent scholars as Professors Manly and Bédier.

After accepting, as a basis for his study, Professor Manly's definition of a miracle play as "the dramatization of a legend setting forth the life or the martyrdom or the miracles of a saint," Professor Coffman points out effectively the weaknesses of the current theories concerning the origin of this type of drama, and then sets forth in detail his own theory. Briefly his theory is this: The miracle play is essentially a French creation which arose as "one expression of the eleventh and twelfth century movement to free the drama from the church." Instead of being the outcome of evolution or gradual growth, it sprang into existence in consequence of the application, by a creative individual, of the well-known dramatic method to a popular legend of St. Nicholas, whose history had already been set to music and used in connection with the feast day celebration of this saint. Professor Coffman argues furthermore that miracle plays, developing largely as a consequence of the medieval cult of the saints, had a far greater significance and wider appeal than is commonly supposed. Instead of being merely casual holiday pastimes for school-boys in honor of the patron saints of scholars, they were composed in honor of patron saints, "not of particular professions, but of particular monasteries or localities." Interesting in this connection is the contention that the two Latin plays, *The Resurrection of Lazarus* and *The Conversion of St. Paul*, are to be classified as true miracle plays, in that they were composed in honor of Lazarus and Paul as *patron saints*.

T. S. GRAVES.

NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES, 1790-1840. A Documentary History. By Charles L. Coon. Publications of the North Carolina Historical Commission. Raleigh: Edwards and Broughton, 1915,—lii, 846 pp.

The material contained in this volume has been gathered by long and tedious labor from newspapers, advertisements, minutes of school trustees, catalogues, announcements, and a

variety of other sources which have been inaccessible to the average student of educational history. In bringing together documentary material representative of the educational interest and practice of the period from 1790 to 1840, Mr. Coon has made substantial contribution to the educational history of the state.

In his two former volumes on "Public Education in North Carolina, 1790-1840," published in 1908 by the North Carolina Historical Commission, Mr. Coon traced the rise and growth of educational sentiment which led to the establishment of the Literary Fund in 1825 and to the passage of the first school law in 1839. The present work deals in the main with private schools and academies and is intended to supplement the author's former volumes. Educational practice rather than educational sentiment and theory is here portrayed. Some of the topics dealt with are the influence of the state university, chartered in 1789 and organized and opened to students in 1795, school equipment, teachers' qualifications and salaries, methods of teaching, courses of study, textbooks, methods of school support, the development and influence of the denominational colleges, the beginnings of law schools, and many other subjects of interest.

The material dealing with these subjects is arranged chronologically and also by counties, and, although the work does not claim to be complete, enough documentary evidence is here given to reveal actual educational conditions and practices in the state for a half century. The valuable service which Mr. Coon has rendered in compiling and editing this material will be stimulating to students of educational history and should have the effect of producing a more rational interpretation of our educational growth.

EDGAR W. KNIGHT.

AMERICA AT WORK. By Joseph Husband. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1915,—111 pp. \$1.00 net.

This little volume contains twelve sketches of great American industries by a writer who is also a successful business man. The first, entitled "Semaphore," is a vivid description of a ride in the engine cab of a limited express train. Style

and diction are so admirably adapted to subject matter that this essay easily deserves the honor of first place in the volume. Another paper deals with the business of a casket factory under the title, "The Narrow House." Here Mr. Husband's description combines dignity with a grim sort of humor. Other typical chapters describe the launching of a ship, the building of a sky-scraper, the making of dynamite, and the operations of the Chicago stock yards. The author has remarkable ability in seizing upon the salient characteristics of modern business enterprises and in presenting them so graphically that some of the chapters are really word pictures. As described by his facile pen, modern business has abundance of romance and fascination. The sketches deserve a wide circle of readers.

THE BEST PRIVATE SCHOOLS. By Porter E. Sargent. Boston: Porter E. Sargent, 1915—514 pp.

This is the first of a series of annual handbooks on subjects relating to education and travel. The work aims to be a guide to the best private schools of the country. It is believed to be the first volume which attempts a critical and discriminating treatment of such schools. The chapters on the "History of the Private Schools," on the "Girls' Schools," and on "Summer Camps" contain matter not known to have been brought together elsewhere. The preparation of the volume has entailed a great deal of research, and the information it contains is of great value to all who are interested in the progress of education in this country.

R. L. FLOWERS.

NOTES AND NEWS

Those who are interested in the people of the distant possessions of the United States will welcome the volume of "Legends of Old Honolulu" collected and translated from the Hawaiian by W. D. Westervelt. This is the first of a series of volumes to be published by Mr. Westervelt. The legends are illustrated with many sepia halftones and pen-and-ink sketches and are bound attractively in buckram. They depict the typical native life of Hawaii, and relate closely to Polynesia as well. Other volumes entitled "Ghost Legends," "Volcano Legends" and "Hawaiian Historic Legends" are in press. The volumes may be ordered at \$1.50 each from M. L. Millard, Secretary, 175 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, sends out many interesting books. A small volume of talks to young disciples entitled "I Promise," by C. Jinarajadasa, is remarkable for the author's command of an English style of great clearness and simplicity. The talks are to young theosophists, but they contain much that would be uplifting to young people of any religious belief in any land. The little volume sells at 1s. 6d. The same author also publishes a volume of four essays on Reincarnation, which have been delivered as lectures in America, England, and India. His first essay, "How We Remember Our Past Lives," gives title to the volume. Whether or not the volume convinces, its clear and persuasive style will hold any reader's attention. Price, 1s. 6d.

In the presence of the hatreds of the world war there must be many who feel that Christianity can have but little relation to practical politics. Dr. William Cunningham, Archdeacon of Ely, has just published a work on "Christianity and Politics," in which he says that for a century or more there has been a tendency to wave Christianity aside and discard it as

no longer a matter of public concern. He maintains that the present war has forced men to realize, as they were ceasing to do, that Christianity has an important part to play in shaping the destinies and maintaining the influence of a nation. The work as a whole is an inquiry into the method by which Christianity is likely to work most effectively as a power for regenerating human society. A noteworthy feature of the volume is an appendix, containing an extended discussion of the "Attitude of the Church towards War." Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass., \$1.50 net.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has recently published "The Life and Letters of John Hay," in two volumes, by William Roscoe Thayer. The frontispiece is a photogravure of Lincoln and his secretaries, John Hay and J. G. Nicolay. In addition there are nine halftone illustrations of persons, places, and writings connected with Hay's life. In interest and importance this Life of Hay will take rank with such works as "The Autobiography of Andrew D. White," "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," and "The Diary of Gideon Welles." Mr. Thayer's Life is not only a great biography but also a document that will illuminate American political and diplomatic history. It is especially valuable for its frank and intimate pen pictures of American leaders from Lincoln to Roosevelt. This Life is reserved for extended review in the QUARTERLY. \$5.00 net.

The *Tennessee Historical Magazine* is a newcomer among the historical quarterlies. It is published by the Tennessee Historical Society at Nashville, and the subscription price is \$2.00 per year. The editor of the magazine is Professor St. George L. Sioussat of Vanderbilt University. An especially interesting feature of the September number was the publication of a collection of letters of James K. Polk to Cave Johnson. The journal gives publication to articles and documents which throw light upon the political, social, or religious life of the people of Tennessee.

The Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture has published a bulletin on "The Southern Cypress" by Wilbur R. Mattoon, Forest Examiner. This pamphlet furnishes much valuable information upon the life history of the tree, the properties and uses of the wood, the geographical and commercial range, the present supply and annual cut, and the methods of cypress lumbering. Many excellent illustrations are provided. A similar bulletin on "Shortleaf Pine" has more recently been prepared by the same author.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has begun the publishing of an *Industrial Bulletin*, a periodical which is intended to be a means of communication between the management, the employees, and the public, concerning the policies and activities of the company. It will seek to further the company's plans for social and industrial betterment work. The October, 1915, number of the *Bulletin* contains an address by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to the employees of the company, an address made by Mr. Rockefeller before a joint meeting of the officers and representatives of the employees, and a statement of the plan of representation of employees in the adjustment of their relations with the company. The new periodical furnishes evidence of Mr. Rockefeller's earnest desire to promote industrial harmony and justice in the industries with which he is connected in the state of Colorado.

The Rockefeller Foundation has recently published a second edition of its report for the period from the date of its charter, May 4, 1913, to December 31, 1914. The Foundation has received from Mr. John D. Rockefeller at various dates gifts amounting to one hundred million dollars. It has also received from Laura S. Rockefeller gifts amounting to forty-eight thousand dollars, whose income is devoted to certain specific purposes. The report contains information regarding the operations of the Foundation in chartering and dispatching ships for war relief, in promoting the co-operation of Christian missions, in aiding medical work in China, and in the campaign against hookworm disease.

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Volume XV

Number 2

The
**South Atlantic
Quarterly**

EDITED BY
W. H. GLASSON AND W. P. FEW

APRIL, 1916

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This journal was founded in January, 1902, in order to afford better opportunity in the South for the discussion of literary, historical, economic, and social questions. It knows no sectional jealousy and aims to offer a publishing medium in which respectful consideration will be accorded to all who have some worthy contribution to make in its chosen field. The Quarterly was originally established by the "9019," a society of young men of Trinity College, but it later passed into the control of the South Atlantic Publishing Company, Incorporated. It is under the joint editorship of Dr. W. H. Glasson and Dr. W. P. Few.

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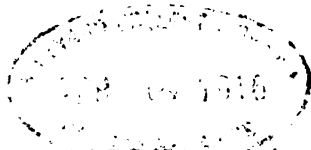
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Volume XV

APRIL, 1916

Number 2

The South Atlantic Quarterly

The Kaiser and Germany in Popular Opinion

ROBERT J. MENNER
Yale University

The reputation that the present German Emperor acquired among Americans after the outbreak of the war could scarcely be less enviable. In popular opinion he was considered little better than the Devil. Many people did not hesitate to proclaim him identical with that personage. The indignation against him became so fierce that not a few of our fellow countrymen were afflicted with a kind of paranoia. People ordinarily sane and temperate lost their heads on this subject. The mere mention of the Kaiser sufficed to put them in a rage. They cursed outwardly or inwardly, indulged in physical demonstrations, or wrote violent letters to the newspapers according as their temperament or education inclined.

The cartoons of the day were a reflection of the prevalent feeling. They exhibited the same monster of a man. According to the cartoonists the German Emperor resembled alternately Mars and the Devil. It is surely an indication of public approval of this conception that we suffered uncomplainingly the notable absence of variety in the representations of the Kaiser and his crimes against humanity.

This idea of the Kaiser as the incarnation of war or evil in general was common enough. But there was another view perhaps more charitable. It was unnecessary to consider the German Emperor really unscrupulous and malevolent. The apparent sincerity of his pious utterances dissuaded some people from believing him steeped in wickedness. According to this view it was easier to explain his acts by attributing to him a kind of madness. He was in fact irresponsible. He was possessed of megalomania.

This characterization of the Kaiser as a villain or a madman became current only after the beginning of the present war. Previously he was neither generally admired in this country nor generally hated. Americans had no general or definite opinion of the German Emperor. This was hardly because we knew too little of him to form one; for the war has shown in many ways that knowledge is by no means indispensable in the formation of popular opinion. In fact, we probably heard more of the Kaiser than of any other person prominent in European politics. But the newspaper items were naturally of the kind calculated rather to arouse wonderment—and the Kaiser furnished plenty of such news material—than to form a just conception of his character and ambitions.

One element in the German Emperor's character was particularly emphasized. We heard much, to be sure, of his love of the spectacular, of his four hundred suits and somewhat theatrical visits to his brethren in royalty. We heard much, too, of his versatility, of his dabbling in art and literature and his keen interest in sport. But the characteristic most frequently reported and most generally known, precisely because it was most foreign to our western ideas, was the Emperor's belief in his divine right to rule his people. The expression of this idea in a speech at Brandenburg in February, 1899, and still more the repetition of it in a speech at Koenigsberg as late as August, 1910, impressed most Americans as an attempt to revive a medieval doctrine that might better have remained obsolete. And even though the Kaiser's own words in their proper context were less odious than we might have supposed, we could easily see that such a reactionary doctrine fitted well a form of government so undemocratic as that of Germany. Moreover, this ruler who proclaimed the right to rule was accorded him not by the will of the people, but by the will of God alone, possessed power that seemed to a democratic republic altogether excessive, power greater by far than could reasonably be entrusted to any one man. William II, endowed with many gifts and much power and apparently determined on exercising both, interested us

to some extent as the ruler he was, but still more as the despot he might become.

Then came the war. To the American public nothing, it is almost a platitude to remark, was more unexpected. The economic interrelations of the great powers, the importance of which Mr. Norman Angell had been impressing upon us, and the growth and apparent strength of the peace movement which had the support of statesmen and hard-headed business men as well as of leaders in the academic world, had conspired to lull us into the belief of the possibility, even the probability of a permanent peace among the great nations of the world. Moreover we were about to celebrate our one hundred years of peace with England, and we pointed with pride to the absence of fortifications on both sides of the Canadian-American border. To be sure, our own freedom from "entangling alliances" and our easy avoidance of quarrels with our neighbors should not have led us to attribute the same point of view to peoples living under conditions entirely different. But the wish can be father to the most illogical reasoning. We did assume that because we, as a nation, desired peace and were bent upon keeping it, other nations also could and would maintain it with little less difficulty. We had not forgotten that every few years the newspapers would flare into headlines announcing a crisis in European politics. Yet the very fact that Fashoda, and Agadir, and especially the late Balkan wars passed without involving Europe in a general war sufficed to persuade us that other disputes dangerous to the general peace might be similarly smoothed over. Earnestly desiring peace for ourselves and for others, and seriously believing that future difficulties might be settled by diplomatic agreements, or arbitration, or at any rate some pacific means, we considered the great war begun in August, 1914, the most terrible and senseless of calamities.

Who was to blame? That was our first thought. The idea that this war might be the inevitable clash of nations whose natural developments conflicted seemed so antiquated that it hardly entered our heads. Yet granted that war is an unnatural and avoidable condition, in the very form of the question there is obviously something ambiguous and incom-

plete. For unless we had gone so far as to believe that all war is altogether iniquitous, the question might mean who was guilty of making conditions so intolerable as to render war just and imperative, as well as who was to blame for beginning the war itself. Plainly we could hardly justify ourselves in the Spanish-American war, or our sympathy for the Japanese in the war against Russia which they began without the formality of any declaration, unless the question were put in the first form. Nevertheless the rapidly increasing tendency to consider war in itself a thing too horrible to be justifiable, inclines people to put the question unthinkingly in the second. I venture to say that popularly the very fact that Germany was the first to *declare* war, quite apart from any consideration of priority of mobilization, furnished the obvious answer to the general question. In any case there was little hesitation in fixing the responsibility for a war the causes and antecedents of which are perhaps the most complicated in history. It is not necessary for our present purpose to discuss the reasons for our decision. Whether because our information was one sided, as the Germans like to assert; or because we quickly comprehended the truth, as the English prefer to think; or because our natural racial and political sympathies were with England, as the truly neutral observer—a civilized Eskimo, perhaps—might say, the heavy responsibility of involving Europe in war was fixed on Germany. The violation of Belgian neutrality, which notably alienated American sympathy, was naturally a psychological factor in the immediate conclusion that the whole war was at bottom the result of German machination. It seemed that a nation capable of such an act might well be capable of designing a general European war.

Yet this conclusion was in some respects hard to swallow. We did not like to believe that the German people desired this war. In fact we could not imagine the German people deliberately undertaking a war of aggression and conquest such as we judged this to be. The Germans in this country had never seemed to us particularly bellicose or aggressive. Most Americans of German descent were apparently as pacific by nature as their neighbors. And from what we heard or saw

of the Germans in their own country we considered them peace-loving and domestic. We were therefore very reluctant to accuse the German people of this dreadful crime.

Happily this was not necessary. A means of reconciling our verdict against Germany and our faith in the German people was easily discovered; not the German people, but the Kaiser willed the war. Of course this could never have happened in a democratic country where the representatives of the people determine upon war. It was possible, however, in a country where a semi-despotic ruler could declare defensive war and could himself determine the meaning of defensive! Americans had always thought that so much power in the hands of such a character as the German Emperor was dangerous. This fear now seemed realized. The Kaiser, we thought, had driven his people into a war of conquest which they themselves did not desire.

We forgot for a moment that William II had been called William the Peaceful by his subjects, not in admiration, but in derision. We forgot the indignation of the German people at what they deemed the pusillanimity of the government at the time of the Morocco crisis. We forgot, too, the public demonstrations in Berlin and Vienna just before the outbreak of war. And finally we chose to ignore the fact that no ruler, however arbitrary his power, and no state, whatever its form of government, dares declare war today unless assured of the support of the people. Our firm conviction that Germany was responsible for an unnecessary and criminal war of aggrandizement, together with our strong unwillingness to believe that the German people wished it, easily explains the diabolic figure of the Kaiser that we conjured up here in America. The opinion that the German people had been forced into a war by their ruler and his war-lords was, in fact, popular at the beginning of the war. Some Americans were convinced that the forces supposedly opposing the war in Germany, particularly the Socialists, would effect some kind of revolution within the state. Not many, it is to be hoped, were so ignorant of Germany and the Germans, or so devoid of common sense as to imagine that the assumed indignation against the Kaiser would mean the overthrow of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

But it is a fact that reputable newspapers and sensible men imagined that the power of the Socialists would somehow force the government to bring the war to a speedy close.

For a short time in the absence of evidence to the contrary, for the real state of popular feeling was not learned immediately or at least not believed, we continued to cherish this notion of the innocence of the German people and the guilt of their ruler. It was not long, however, before we were obliged to swallow evidence to the contrary in increasing quantities. The first year of the war has been for Americans a gradual disillusionment concerning the attitude of the German people towards their Emperor and the spirit in which they entered the war. The unquestioning loyalty of the Socialists, in the first place, was received in this country with little less than amazement. It was incomprehensible that Dr. Liebknecht should be the only dissenting voice in Germany at a time when the English Socialists were manifesting either utter indifference or open opposition. But knowing the sternly repressive measures which the German government could exercise against the free expression of opinion, we believed for a time that the popular disapproval of the government was invisible only because there was a lid on it, and that the censorship was too strict to permit any chance indiscretion in Germany to reach the nations outside. Yet we were soon made to see that the Socialists' approval of the present policy of the government was a fact, and a fact consonant with the general feeling among Germans. The newspaper correspondents reported the complete faith of the German people in the righteousness of their cause, and the earnestness and soberness with which they were undertaking to wage war in behalf of it. Travelers who, voluntarily or involuntarily, had remained in Germany told the same story. The evidence was too strong for us to maintain our theory of the war unmodified. We were obliged to confess that the people of Germany were giving the Emperor and his government their whole-hearted and enthusiastic support. We could still question, and some Americans did, whether that support would have been so unreservedly given, if the German government had not to some extent deceived the nation, not only concerning the issues at stake but

also concerning some of the events immediately preceding the opening of hostilities.

Even this naive supposition lost much of its pleasant plausibility after the first half year of the war, or more accurately since the beginning of Germany's submarine campaign against merchantmen. Only when the popular feeling in Germany began to clash with the popular feeling in the United States did we learn the real temper of the people in Germany. We required direct contact with that temper before we realized a truth that was for most of us an unpleasant one: the perfect accord between the German people and their government. After the sinking of the *Lusitania*, we no longer thought the German people tyrannized over and deceived by the Kaiser and his counselors. The newspapers no longer made the usual distinction between the German government and the German people. The situation between Germany and the United States was rightly regarded as serious because of the generally recognized determination of the German nation to continue the submarine warfare against which we were emphatically protesting. If there was any disagreement between the Emperor and his subjects, it seemed to take an unexpected form. Instead of the German government bullying the nation into war, an interpretation that we had been pleased to put upon the events of the summer of 1914, it appeared in the summer of 1915 that the people of Germany might object to the Kaiser's abandoning a policy that obviously involved the risk of another war. The determined insistence, voiced in Germany's first notes to this country, on her right and intention to continue her submarine warfare practically unmodified, was even considered in some quarters a concession to popular feeling in Germany. It became evident that if we were to expect any modification in Germany's position we must look solely to the German government; for the German people were in no mood to urge the maintenance of friendship with the United States. If at the beginning of the war we had forgotten that the popular opinion of a nation is often more bellicose than its government, although, as Mr. W. Morton Fullerton has pointed out, the Italian war in Tripoli and the Balkan war against Turkey were patent examples of the fact, we now discovered that the

popular opinion of Germany was at least as bellicose as its rulers. To be sure, this was no proof that the same warlike mood prevailed in Germany last summer. Yet revealing as it did the fact that the Germans were not so innately pacific as we had wished to consider them, it was the last of many indications that our theory of the relation between the Kaiser and his people at the outbreak of war was utterly untenable. It no longer seemed improbable or incomprehensible that all Germany had willingly supported the Kaiser's declaration of war in 1914.

The more evident our original mistake in judging the temper of the German people became, the commoner became another interpretation of Germany's state of mind, an interpretation which had been propounded by a few Americans at the very beginning. These will have been inclined to scoff at the somewhat crude notions of the relations between the Kaiser and the German people outlined above as general among Americans. For they recognized from the very first that the Kaiser and his subjects were in perfect agreement on the war question; and they attributed Germany's crime, not to the despotism of the Emperor, but to the Prussianization of the whole German people. We cannot here attempt to discover whatever elements of truth there may be in this more subtle and less absurd explanation of Germany's acts. But it is important for our present purpose to note that this interpretation of the new spirit was not common during the first few months of the war. However absurd we may now acknowledge the opinion to be that the action of the German government did not represent the will of the German people, we must remember that immediately after the outbreak of war this was a widespread, in fact, the popular opinion in the United States. The theory that the virus of Prussian militarism, as Dr. Sarolea puts it, had inoculated the whole German people, including even the genial Bavarians, was advanced only by a few who were perhaps better acquainted with Germany, and pretended to be more capable of analyzing what was regarded as her moral downfall. Only in proportion as Americans recognized the failure of their original theory to fit the facts did the conception of the Prussianization or militariza-

tion of Germany gain ground. It will easily be seen that this conception closely resembles Mr. W. H. Dawson's idea, expressed before the war and afterward, that materialism has conquered idealism in modern Germany. This view of Germany has become increasingly popular in the United States. Its vagueness seems to satisfy the philosophically minded. And it is broad enough to suit all kinds of people, from those who can lament the passing of the Germany of Kant and Goethe to those who discourse on the horrors of militarism pronounced with an extra y. Some people are optimistic enough to express the pious wish that this Prussianization of Germany may prove to be temporary. But for the present the poison of militarism and materialism appears to have infected all Germany. The theory of the Prussianization of Germany now finds ready acceptance among the many Americans who are confident that Germany instigated the present war.

So far we have disregarded those Americans who never granted the truth of this verdict of the majority of their fellow-countrymen. The pro-German minority, consisting chiefly, but by no means entirely of Americans of German descent, having never deemed Germany's cause wrong, have never been confronted with the difficulty of reconciling their opinion of Germans with their opinion of Germany's acts. Believing the Kaiser's declaration of war to be necessary and right, they have obviously seen no reason for changing their favorable opinion of the German people because they supported him. For that very reason, the majority of Americans, believing the Kaiser's declaration of war to be unnecessary and wrong, were obliged to alter their opinion of the German people. When they learned that the decision of the Emperor represented the will of the people, they naturally condemned both.

It might be expected that our discovery of the unanimity of the German government and people so far as the war is concerned, would have lessened the opprobrium which, in American eyes, had become attached to the German Emperor. This has happened only in the sense that the hatred formerly felt toward the Kaiser is no longer concentrated against one man. The dislike of the character and acts of the Kaiser has been dispersed and generalized into the dislike of the character

and acts of his subjects. To some extent, therefore, the detestation of the Kaiser has become less personal and intense. But if we less often denounce the Kaiser as a man, he is now odious as the symbol of the spirit of Germany, a spirit which most Americans have come to consider destructive of our ideals and perhaps dangerous to our safety.

At the beginning of the war the public opinion of America condemned the Kaiser but not the German nation. At the present time it condemns both. It may be deemed hazardous even to attempt to ascertain what events are now likely to influence popular opinion; for popular opinion is naturally based as much on feelings and preconceptions as on fact. Yet it is obviously probable that if Germany were definitely defeated, our conception of her and her ruler would not be materially altered. Most Americans would simply believe that Germany's evil intentions had been frustrated. Victory for the Allies would have the minor but unfortunate consequence that Germany would never even have the opportunity of proving the sincerity of her assertion that she is waging a war essentially defensive. On the other hand, if the Allies should suffer defeat, a possibility by no means remote, we could put the protestations of Germany to a practical test. And if Germany should not annex nor desire to annex foreign territory, a reaction against the present opinion of Germany might easily take place. Naturally the actual annexation of territory by Germany is contingent upon a victory more or less decisive. But even if neither side should be definitely victorious, the question of annexation may nevertheless play an important part in determining the duration of the war. For the willingness of the German people to come to a settlement may depend in no small measure on whether the rewards of a decisive victory would include increase of territory.

That all this has some basis in fact is evident both from the course of the war and from the recent widespread discussion in Germany of the advisability of annexing territory conquered from neighboring nations. We should naturally expect the Pan-Germans, General von Bernhardt, for example, to desire to enlarge the empire in every possible way. But we find certain political parties openly favoring annexation, and

important economic organizations sending petitions to the government demanding it. And we can easily conceive that the German people, having made many present sacrifices and bound themselves to many more in the future, might desire some such tangible evidence of their expected success. But not only is a popular demand for the annexation of conquered territory conceivable. At the present time an important section of the German people is actually demanding it.

What, then, is the position of the German government on the question of annexation? Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg is known to be squarely opposed to it. But as the Imperial Chancellor's opinion would matter little if different from that of his master, the Emperor's conviction is at this time of supreme interest to Americans. On this subject the Kaiser spoke as follows in 1905:*

"I swore to the colors when I came to the throne, after the mighty time of my grandfather, that, so far as in me lay, the bayonet and cannon would have to rest, but that bayonet and cannon, however, would have to be kept sharp and effective in order that jealousy and envy from without should not disturb us in the development of our garden and our beautiful house. I have made a vow, as a result of what I have learned from history, never to strive for an empty world-dominion. For what has become of the so-called world empires? Alexander the Great, Napoleon I—all the great warriors—have swum in blood and have left subjugated peoples behind them who at the first opportunity have risen up again and brought the empire to ruin."

The man who uttered these words, the sincerity of which we have no right to doubt, is the ruler whose lust of dominion and power seemed to Americans to have brought about the most dreadful war in history. That the Kaiser has not changed his mind is plain from his emphatic declaration in August, 1914, and again after the first year of war, that Germany was inspired by no lust of conquest. When the war began, our opinion of the character and aims of William II, based as it was on fantastic notions of his character and ex-

*Speech at Bremen, March 22, 1905. Christian Gauss, *The German Emperor*, p. 236.

aggerated notions of his power, was bound to be damnatory. At the end of the war popular opinion in this country may practically reverse its first impression of the pugnacity of the Kaiser and the pacific intentions of his people. It will certainly find more to admire in a ruler who disapproves of a Bismarckian method of strengthening the empire, than in those of his subjects, and there are many of them, who do not. We Americans may yet be glad that the final decision of what a victorious Germany may demand rests with a man of the authority and strength of character of the present German Emperor.

The Birds of My English Water Meadow

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE

One of the most beautiful of the smaller rivers of England is the Mole, which, having broken through the chalk barrier of the North Downs, winds serpent-like about the foot of the uplands overlooking Leatherhead, Stoke D'Abenon, and Cobham; and after washing the long base of the leafy escarpment of St. George's Hill, empties its lucid waters into the broader flood of the Thames. At short intervals, on one bank or the other, the stream runs in the shadow of densely wooded commons and grandly forested parks that throw across the whole face of the southern background a lofty screen of the most magnificent foliage. Now it glides under the arch of a bridge that recalls the reigns of the Plantagenets; now it almost encircles an ancient village with thatched roofs, timbered walls, narrow crooked streets, and terraced gardens rioting in the glorious colours of the immemorial English flowers; now it flows under the eaves of a Norman church, which, within, is adorned with the brass or marble images of recumbent knights and their dames, and, without, lifts heavenwards square gray towers, that, on holy days, fling far and wide the melody of pealing bells; now it steals by the lawn of some decayed Elizabethan manor-house, where still remain the Tudor stairways, mantels, and fireplaces to remind the visitor of the sumptuous past; now it meanders through wide pastures, where sleek fat milch cows lie chewing the cud half hidden by the golden carpet of blooming buttercups and dandelions; or it leaves the open fields behind, and enters the precincts of some noble private pleasure-ground, where it lingers in dark, fish-haunted pools, under the far-reaching leafy branches of century-old elms, oaks, and ash.

Here and there in its course the river almost entirely encloses a water meadow within the long neck of some one of its numerous curves. A meadow so designated is an area that is liable after a heavy and continuous rain to a shallow and gentle overflow. During the hot and cold months alike, the soil of these meadows is too wet to allow of their being sown

in wheat, planted in turnips, or turned into kitchen and market gardens; in reality, they are suitable only for those varieties of hay that, year after year, spring up without the labour and expense of a periodic seeding. The ground is too sodden to justify the use of the ploughshare for renewing the turf, and in consequence other herbage finds its way in even where the first growth is as hardy and persistent as herd's grass, which always thrives in such damp soil.

Some of these water meadows, owing to their perennial moistness, which is not to be removed even by a network of ditches, have been in existence during several hundred years, and their general aspect today differs only slightly, if at all, from that belonging to them in Jacobean times. They have remained unchanged in their essential character throughout this interval, and even a much longer one, in spite of the vicissitudes which have chequered the agricultural history of the kingdom.

As I write, I can look out of my window and see perhaps the most spacious and beautiful of all these meadows. The Mole and a narrow public road alone separate it from the walls of the house,—indeed, I could, from my present seat, cast a stone into the stream, and even into the grass of the meadow itself. The turf covering the latter spreads before my eyes like a level map coloured to the deepest shade of greenness.

Scattered about the meadow, there rise numerous oaks of a great size that have sprung up entirely apart; and as each tree thus enjoys the full beneficence of the unimpeded air and light, all have been able to attain an extraordinary roundness and symmetry in their successive tiers of expanding limbs. There are here no sturdy and bulky rivals to crowd each oak on every side, and to cut short the spread of its lateral branches. During the whole of the summer, these widely-reaching branches are hidden from sight by the massive foliage clothing them; but when the leaves have fallen in the Autumn, the huge lower arms of each tree, in their bareness, appear, as Tennyson so vividly expressed it, "to lean about the field." Running up into the meadow for an hundred yards along the banks of the two shallow, turf-bordered ditches draining its western area, are irregular rows of low hawthorn bushes, which, in

the Spring, are white with pungently scented flowers ; but these masses of beautiful blossoms soon show signs of decay, and are blown away by the wind, whilst the bushes themselves revert to their normal verdancy. There rises at the background of the meadow the unbroken and apparently impenetrable walls of leaves covering the lofty trees of different species that form the forest preserve of one of the most extensive parks in this part of England. Indeed, the entire meadow and most of its surroundings during the months of Spring and Summer offer what can be only correctly described as a symphony in green. The shades of that colour vary according to the object on which one's eyes may happen to rest for the moment,—they range from the emerald greenness of the turf to the gray greenness of the hawthorn bushes, the marine greenness of the bullrushes, and the black greenness of the oaks and the elms. During the long twilights that come on in June, the very atmosphere above the surface of the meadow grows to be exquisitely verdurous in tint from the subtle pervasiveness of the reflection of these several varieties of the same vivid and ubiquitous colouring.

Both the meadow and the stream are the resort of many varieties of birds. These include the swan, goose, wild duck, pheasant, rook, cuckoo, dove, blackbird, sparrow, snipe, partridge, skylark, heron, hawk, wagtail, swift, martin, coot, pewit, and wood pigeon.

Perhaps, the most eccentric denizen of the stream and meadow alike is a wild goose that belongs to a rare parti-coloured species which is preserved as an ornament in many of the English public gardens and private parks. It is the habit of this goose to arrive on the meadow in May from some unknown quarter and to disappear in August or September. As he is never accompanied by a mate, he might be taken to be the incarnation of loneliness ; and that this condition is not brought about by his own moroseness is proven by his willingness to forget the rebuffs which he receives from the swans whenever he makes overtures for close companionship with those birds. As soon as he ventures, with the bearing of an humble friend, to approach them on the water, the cocks and hens alike turn on him fiercely, and with a rain

of strokes from their sharp beaks pursue him until he seeks safety in precipitate flight. But not at all discouraged, he comes back again after an interval, sometimes long, sometimes short, only to meet with the same fate from their determined antipathy to his company. Hoping that he may obtain a welcome elsewhere, he is often descried waddling awkwardly across the meadow to the spot where a cock-pheasant is searching for food with his harem at his side. If he comes too near, the cock,—either because he is jealous about his wives and fears another Lochinvar, or because the large lumbering figure of the strange bird is distasteful to him,—offers a threatening front to his advances and quickly clucks his hens away from such dangerous companionship. The goose will linger at some distance from the group for several hours, and then slowly, and perhaps with a feeling of conscious mortification, return to the bank of the stream, where he will go to browsing on the tender grass that springs up next to the water; or he will squat himself on a soft tuft of sward while he preens his feathers with all the care and minuteness of a woman dressing for a ball; or he will take his stand on some little hillock just above the margin of the river, and remain half the day on his feet in an attitude of almost statuesque repose, tilting his head from time to time, and directing his glance constantly toward the sky as though he expected the arrival of an old companion of his own ilk from some far-off region well known to him in his winter wanderings. Silent, alone, and motionless, he has the air of a melancholy and friendless exile in a foreign land. Such might have been the aspect of Alexander Selkirk looking down in his loneliness on the boundless and unpecked main from some crag on his remote, deserted island. Why does this gander leave the usual haunts of his own species at the very season of the year when the impulse to mate and breed is generally irresistible? Has he shown some evil quality that has caused his native flock to drive him out as though he were a pariah or an outcast? Or has his rôle of leadership in that flock been usurped by some younger and stronger rival, his favourite hen stolen and carried off, his goslings dispersed,—strokes of misfortune which left him no other alternative

but to seek the seclusion of this alien meadow, under these strange and distant skies?

Far happier is the lot of the four wild mallard ducks that frequent the meadow and the river throughout the Summer. When the water, fed by continuous rains, rises in the canalized channel until it overbrims the ditches and spreads over the surface of the ground in all the low-lying spots, these ducks will be seen paddling about in the flood or standing on the green margin formed by the turf. Here they are often joined by others, which, when passing in the sky overhead, have been tempted to break their journey by the sight of their fellows below, and the prospect of obtaining food on the overflowed lands. These strangers disappear so soon as the subsiding stream returns to its normal bounds. But the two couples remain. Aware of the fact that they will not be stalked by gunners from the direction of the meadow, or disturbed by casual unarmed persons trampling along the public road that hugs a section of one bank of the stream, they show no sign of apprehension or even momentary nervousness as they swim backwards and forwards in sight of the house. With a fowling piece I could easily shoot them from my window,—indeed, I can sometimes almost throw an ordinary missile with my hand into their midst. They look towards me with a perfectly tranquil eye, and go on with their search for food without uneasiness because assured that the sanctuary of the meadow and the stream will not be desecrated by any violence to their injury. The discrimination which they display would seem to prove that they possess a reasoning intelligence, for were they to leave these waters and the precincts of this meadow and enter some remote reach of the river, where they would quite certainly be frightened, or even shot at, they would show precisely the same wariness as characterizes their kind on the seashore. In fact, it would be impossible to approach them there openly and directly,—they would rise to wing at the first scent of danger; nor would they pause until they had arrived at their former feeding ground. I have often hunted this species of duck in the foot hills of the Alleghanies in Virginia. Their shyness in those regions is so great that it is only by erecting a blind to hide the gunner

from view, or by his crawling behind copses or hillocks that overlook the streams, that he can get sufficiently near to secure the barest chance of success in shooting them; yet here in the very heart of populous England, almost in the shadow of a house and in sight of pedestrians passing singly or in groups, the same species of bird is hardly less tame than the domestic ducks that delight to blacken their white plumage with the foul mud of the village pool. Many years ago, I observed the same singularity at Geneva. Throughout the Winter, the wide basin of the Rhone between the north and south quays of that city is frequented by many thousand small wild ducks that feed on the vegetable growth which they pluck up by diving to the shallow bottom of the stream. So bold and unconcerned are these birds that they hardly trouble themselves to flutter out of the way of the little passenger barge that plies between the two shores. Indeed, they can almost be caught with the hand from the gunwales. But should the same ducks wander into the broad lake, where alone they are in danger of being fired at and killed,—a fact that seems to be known to them,—they became at once as cautious as if they had spent the Winter in some region where they were constantly hunted by the sportsman. The sagacity which they show in recognizing the difference between the two situations so far as it bears on their own safety is little short of human in its accurate calculation of chances.

The heron that appear upon the meadow do not as the wild ducks do drop their shyness, although they also are rarely if ever molested. Their timidity is too alive to permit of their leaving the furthest corner of that area, since they are there in the best position to observe the possible approach of man or beast. It is only from in front that they are likely to be stalked. They have no reason to apprehend lest an enemy should steal upon them from the secluded forest situated just in their rear, for it forms a segment of a carefully guarded park preserve, while the stream on their right, in which they spend much of their time in a patient search for food, is too open to view to offer a chance for concealment to a crafty fowler. Having filled their capacious crops with the small wriggling creatures of the teeming waters of the river, these

large birds spread their wings, and with one full flap of the same light on the top of the turfy bank on the meadow side, and ranging themselves in a circle will stand by the hour, each on one leg, as motionless and in as deep a silence as ever marked a congregation of Quakers. No band of Roman senators could assume greater dignity in their bearing while deliberating on subjects that involved the highest welfare of the state. All these heron, because of this weakness for statuesque attitudes when resting, have the air of extreme old age. During the interval when they are enjoying their dignified repose, they resemble a synod of elderly divines debating upon the proper interpretation of an obscure text, or weighing the doctrines of some recalcitrant and heretical member of their denomination. Occasionally, they are moved to desert the river bank and to wander along the edge of the forested park. As they stalk slowly forward, they are like a small band of college dons taking a perfunctory walk together, with ungainly emaciated figures clothed in loose greyish robes, and while advancing, discussing some point of scholarship with almost preternatural solemnity. There is an appearance of low vitality about these birds, an impression caused perhaps by the thinness of their bodies and by the absence of energy in their movements. And yet they are constant and voracious feeders. Unlike most birds of their great size that show clumsiness and slowness in the management of their bodies on the ground, they are neither vigorous nor graceful in flight. When these heron take to wing from the sod of the meadow, there is in their action, even after their pinions are in full play, none of the strength and freedom so conspicuous in the strokes of the swan, duck, and goose when cleaving the upper avenues of the atmosphere; they rise from the sward weakly dangling their long skinny legs, and at all attitudes, and at every stage of their progress, continue to flap their huge wings with a slowness which takes away all dignity and grace from their advances through the air.

Many hundred pheasants are bred in the copses of the Park; and some of these habitually range in the meadow after the grass has sprung up high enough to hide to some extent their bodies as they move about in their search for food. Two

cocks, accompanied respectively by a harem of four or five hens, have taken possession of half of its surface. Each of these families, by a tacit understanding with the other, has a well defined part of this area allotted to it as a feeding ground, and beyond the bounds of this preserve has no right to wander. And this unwritten law of the meadow seems to be generally observed. The two cocks are seen stalking slowly about in the grass at all hours of the day followed by their submissive wives. Now one pauses to peck at the seed of the blades, or to pick up an insect that he has detected with his keen eye on the ground below; or standing with neck and head fully raised, and with his body drawn to its utmost height, he gazes with a lordly air over the whole field, either to discover whether man or beast is approaching, or to find out whether a possible rival from the Park has entered his domain. His dark brown, iridescent faintly shimmering plumage is in conspicuous contrast with the vivid greenness of the grass which here encompasses him on all sides. It may be that he becomes aware, so soon as he looks around, that another cock is feeding on his ground. Immediately, the pugnacious spirit which is always smouldering as it were in his breast is thoroughly aroused, and he advances with a running step, and with his crest threateningly erect, to where he descries the intruder quietly and indifferently moving about in the grass. When he comes near the trespasser, his anger seems to rise to the boiling point,—he lowers his head, thrusts out his beak, and rushes to the attack; and is only brought to a halt by the very resolute front with which he is received. At once, an improvised pit is formed; the two antagonists, like two game-cocks in a main before setting to, eye each other and the ground with their fiercest glances; then suddenly they leap up and strike with all the force of their bodies concentrated in their legs and feet; the first wound is quickly inflicted, which seems only to inflame their animosity to a greater fury; and with their wings clashing, they go at each other with increased violence until the heads and necks of both are streaked with blood. A half hour perhaps will pass before the intruder begins to give ground, but even as he slowly backs away, he fights with an earnestness that does not indicate the slightest depression

of spirit. His strength, however, gradually falls off, and at last he is unable to keep up the contest except with a few impotent strokes. When about to receive his *coup de grace*, he turns tail, and with his tongue hanging out and his body bloody and battered, hurries as fast as he can towards the underbrush of the Park. His victorious rival runs after him for some distance; then stops; and having scanned the entire field with an air of triumph, slowly makes his way back to his hens, which, throughout the episode of the combat, have continued, with their usual quiet bearing, to search for food among the thick blades of grass.

The tops of the tall oaks that fringe the Park just back of the meadow have been used by a colony of rooks, perhaps for centuries, as a roost. Here they gather together nightly during the larger part of the year. The first sound to greet my ears at dawn in the month of May was the vociferous cawing of these birds before leaving their perch to scatter over an area reaching as far as an hundred miles or more. Their flight was directed towards every point of the compass, as if they knew that the more widely they dispersed, the more certain would be the prospect of finding their food in abundance. About five o'clock, they might be seen returning. Their approach far overhead was always signalled by an occasional hoarse cry; and when one looked up to find them, they were descried flying in couples, in dozens, sometimes in hundreds, straight for the trees where they expected to pass the long interval of darkness. Before an hour had gone, those trees were quite black with the great flock which had by this time come together. There must have been several thousand in the congregation, and the whole air was filled with the deafening chorus of their raucous voices. It was as if an assembly of men had chosen the oaks as a rendezvous before starting on some important expedition, and for the moment were engaged in a clamorous contention while formulating their plans. Suddenly the mighty noise ceased, as if at a pistol shot, and the multitude by a common impulse rose to wing and circled in confused masses overhead; then assuming a fairly orderly array, they would fly off in a single body towards the South. At the end of half an hour, they would reappear in the same

dense ranks on the background of the cloudless afternoon sky; advancing at the top of their speed, they would pass over the meadow, a host of careering black bodies; and not for one moment would they pause anywhere before they vanished behind the hills towards the North. At the end of another half-hour, they would appear a second time, and amid the commotion and clamour of a modern Babel, settle again on the oaks where they were to roost, and there resume the tumultuous conference which they had voluntarily broken off. It looked to the human eye as if all these manoeuvres, whether in the sky or in the trees, were simply a manifestation of the social spirit of the birds; they had been separated all day in their search for food, and now that they were together once more, entirely at leisure, and with their hunger satisfied, they were resolved to enjoy each other's company in an aerial excursion that all could share in, and later in a noisy concert in which every voice might be lifted up to its highest key. One day was an exact counterpart of another. Whether the declining sun shone or was hidden by black clouds, the rooks never failed to make this long afternoon flight, or to rouse the echoes of the Park and meadow with their clamour. During the height of the nesting season, when there were the young to be fed, the number of birds taking part in these flights perceptibly diminished; and late in the Summer, the afternoon excursions ceased altogether, but were taken up again in the Autumn. There were many nests in the trees nearest the meadow which had been in use during many years, apparently without any effort on the owners' part towards their repair or renewal. They seemed, when examined from below, to be simply masses of dry sticks put together with no art at all; but they were plainly regarded as most desirable by the rooks, for in the Spring these birds were often seen fighting fiercely for their possession; and after a couple had secured one, either the male or the female rook was always left perched up in it to drive away any rival that should show a disposition to seize it. Later on, when the young had attained nearly their full growth, the penetrating plaintive cry of the bird as its parents were about to feed it, was heard at all hours of the day. As soon as these offspring could fly with ease and freedom, they accompanied

their elders to the meadow, where they were to be descried stalking about with as much comic solemnity as their parents in the general hunt for food.

The cuckoo loves to lurk in a shady secluded recess; and there could not have been one more retired or more umbrageous than the large spreading oak growing near the centre of the meadow. A couple of these eccentric birds were often to be found perched in its branches. The fact that one or the other was absent was always proclaimed by the peculiar call which it sent out over the country to summon its mate to its side. This call began at dawn, and was heard at short or long intervals throughout the hours of light. The carrying power of the cry was extraordinary, owing not so much to its loudness,—it was deep rather than loud in reality,—as to some singular vibratory property which gave it an almost phenomenal penetrating force. If I approached within an hundred yards of the tree where the bird was hidden from sight, being curiously shy of observation, the sound of its voice seemed less strong than I had expected when listening to it a mile off, for in still weather this sound easily reached an even greater distance. It was the quality of the voice, and not its volume, that made it audible over such a wide area of countryside. Only this one couple haunted the meadow, and their special province seemed to extend to a considerable radius in every direction. Cuckoos do not migrate to England in Spring in extraordinary numbers. I have never detected the presence of more than two, usually mates, within the boundaries of a small neighbourhood. By a silent understanding, two couples, it would appear, never, or at least rarely, frequent the same ground. In the instance of my meadow certainly, there was no intrusion upon the domain of the couple actually in possession. In studying the habits and following the movements of these birds, I was reminded of the American raincrow, which, in the colour of its plumage, the size and shape of its body, and the singularly penetrative power of its voice is not unlike the English cuckoo. It has also the same solitary tastes; and its extreme fidelity to its mate is proven by the equal constancy and persistency of its calls. I have often heard that voice in the woods of Virginia, when the heat of a still August

noon had driven all the other birds to the shade, and silenced even the wood thrush by its oppressive weight. The cry of the raincrow is much hoarser than the cuckoo's; and it lacks too that undertone of cheery irony which one learns to associate with that sly creature; chiefly, no doubt, on account of its success in imposing the burden of hatching and feeding its young on the guileless robin, wagtail, or hedgesparrow. A fact came out about the pair under my observation which revealed a departure from the habits of their species. Two wagtails had built their nest in the ivy that overgrew the face of a wall erected at the side of the river bounding the meadow. When I first discovered it, the eggs had been laid and the young hatched. One morning, on visiting this nest, I found the little wagtails fat, voracious, and full of vigour. That afternoon, happening to be on the same ground, I looked into the nest again, when, in the place of the three small wagtails, I discovered one half-grown cuckoo. The rightful occupants of the nest had disappeared,—I could find no trace of their dead bodies anywhere,—and a monstrous usurper (for there is no more hideous object in animated nature than an unfledged cuckoo) filled their room. It is the notorious habit of the female cuckoo to deposit her eggs in an alien nest, but in this instance the parents had removed their uncouth offspring from another nest and dropped him in the wagtails', after first ousting the young of the latter. I kept this nest under careful observation from day to day. As the intruder grew in size and strength, he seemed to increase in ferocity, and would strike with the force and spitefulness of a molested snake at a stick with which he was prodded. So far as I could detect, the foster parents did not have the wit to find out the trick of which they had been made the victims, and continued, until the cuckoo was strong enough to leave the nest and fare for himself, to administer to the cravings of his abnormally voracious stomach.

During the early part of the Spring, before the grass of the meadow had reached more than a few inches in height, the number of skylarks to be seen there was almost as large as the number visible among the fast-growing wheat, barley, and oats that covered the upland fields. Although the English bird resembles the American very closely in size, shape and colour,

it is incomparably the superior in the exuberant music of its song. Indeed, its cousin across the water enjoys no reputation for the volume and harmony of its notes, for it has little if any beauty of voice. The voice of the English species, on the other hand, is remarkable for its exquisite melody; in fact, the charm of that melody has aroused more admiration in the souls of the English poets than any other,—with the possible exception of the nightingale's,—issuing from the flute-like throat of a bird. No one can stand on the English sod and listen to this bewildering burst of natural music without recalling Shelley's marvellous tribute to its fascination. From my window overlooking the meadow, I have often seen a dozen of these birds fluttering heavenward, and singing as they circled slowly upwards, until they had almost disappeared from sight; but however high they might ascend in their aerial excursion, this outpouring of music never for a moment ceased. Among all the poets' similes, the one most apt was the one that likened that volume of sound pouring from the vault overhead to a shower of rain. It seemed, indeed, to be scattered from above as liberally as a sower moving across a ploughed field strews the ground ahead of him with grain from his open hand. The whole air within a very wide compass was alive with the effusion of those exquisite trills, often from a point behind the clouds. The skylark gives an impression of pure joyousness unsurpassed in the entire round of animated nature. It is the very incarnation of happiness, the perfect spokesman of the exuberant emotions of successful love. The length of time that it can maintain a steady position in the sky with its quick-beating wings, while it pours out its voice, is limited only by its strength; I have often measured by my watch the time taken up by one hovering high above the meadow,—fifteen minutes appeared the average length, but this was, in some instances, extended even beyond that. As the grass rose in height, most of these birds joined their fellows in the wheat and clover fields on the uplands, where they, no doubt, preferred to make their nests. and where they were to be found by the hundred singing in the sky from the first hour of the morning to the last of the evening. The hay covering the meadow was probably too dense and coarse to induce them

to lay their eggs and rear their young there. It is possible too that the presence of the pheasants may have discouraged them from building their modest homes on that site.

Along one of the shallow tortuous ditches that drain the meadow, there lies a small area of bog-land all overgrown with thick tufts of bullrush and other grasses of the marsh. A dozen snipe are aways to be knocked up here; and as they stay on until August, they have doubtless found this to be a secure spot in which to build their nests; although another reason for their lingering so late exists in the teeming worms which the wet ground offers to every thrust of their sensitive bills. It is impossible to observe the habit of these birds in the meadow so long as they hide themselves among the tall rushes, but their voices are frequently audible; and at certain hours of the day, as if to exercise the sinews of their wings, they rise and circle for some time in the surrounding air. I have noted a call of the snipe in the course of this aerial tour with which I was not before familiar, as I had previously only known this bird in a country where he halts for food alone during his migration towards his nesting ground in the North. During several weeks, while walking up and down a path shut off from the meadow by the stream and a thick row of oaks and beeches, with a heavy low growth springing up beneath their branches, I had heard a peculiar cry, which, at first, I thought came either from a small hedge owl or from a frog; but whether this frog was raising its singular voice in one of the ditches of the meadow itself, or from a hidden limb of one of the trees overshadowing me, it was quite impossible to say; for the sound seemed to possess a distinctly ventriloquistic property. Now it struck me as being very near, and now as being so distant as to be barely audible. At least a month passed before I discovered the object giving out the cry. Hearing it one day more clearly than usual, and seemingly issuing from the top of one of the very umbrageous trees under which I was strolling, I stepped back from the path far enough to afford me an unbroken view of this top, and then to my surprise, I found out that the sound came, not from the tree, but from a snipe which was flying in wide circles at a high rate of speed over the whole line of oaks and beeches. The ven-

triloquistic effect had been caused by the fact that, at one time, the cry was uttered by the bird when at the extreme points of its circular flight (which was a very considerable distance from the spot where I was standing), and at another time, when it was just over my head, where it had, up to the moment of my stepping back, been hidden from my eyes by the thick curtain of leaves that intervened between it and me. The cry was evidently the call of the male to its mate, which was then quietly feeding among the bullrushes of the bog, for I observed afterwards on very many occasions that, when two snipe were circling together above the meadow and the trees, they maintained a complete silence. The cry resembled both the hoot of a small owl and the croak of a big frog,—or rather the cries of these two creatures combined in a lower, hoarser, and more hollow tone. It was never uttered from the ground after the snipe had dropped from the sky and settled among the bullrushes near its mate. It came always from overhead, when the bird, unalarmed, was wheeling its graceful body around the lines of a wide circumference. In the late afternoon, several snipe would rise from the bog and perch themselves on the tops of the posts erected here and there along the banks of the ditch which drained off the water. Here they would join in a rude concert, each snipe giving forth a long clucking, scraping cry slightly suggestive of the guinea hen's in its lowest key. If frightened off, they would fly away with that singular note "spate," which they always utter when knocked up by the fowler in pursuit of them in the marshes.

Among the birds that constantly appeared on the meadow was the pewit, a near kinsman of the American plover. When descried on the ground, it reminded me of the Virginian killdeer in its size and shape and in the colour of its plumage, although the white tint is, on the whole, less noticeable in the feathers of its belly. Perhaps its most conspicuous feature when thus studied is the large tuft on its head, which gives it an air of distinction. On the ground, it draws its wings so closely to its attenuated body,—indeed, they are so compactly folded,—that it leaves the impression on the eye of being somewhat smaller than it really is. As it runs along, it has an alert and graceful gait; but when it rises from the earth and takes flight, its

wings seem to be out of all proportion to the size of its body,—in fact, it appears to be all wings, with the result that the bird which a moment before seemed to be only as large as its species usually is, suddenly takes on the aspect of one more than double the ordinary size. Instead of advancing in its flight with the grace, swiftness, and directness of the Virginian kildee, it flaps very slowly along, with a motion that is almost clumsy. And the scope of its wings as well as the dilatoriness of its progress seems to be further emphasized by the blackness of its pinion feathers, which catch the eye at once as the most notable part of its body in the air. I have seen many hundreds of these birds feeding at one time in the meadow, where they were hardly visible, but as soon as they sprang from the ground, they appeared to darken the sky with the funereal colouring of their large wings.

It was now and then only that a dove was to be descried on the meadow, but in the branches of one of the oaks that grew there, a pair of wood-pigeons had built their nest. These birds were much larger in size than their more demure cousin, and their plumage on the whole was more beautiful,—indeed, there are few lovelier tints in nature than the bluish grey of the feathers that clothed these birds' long full necks and broad breasts. Their voices were not quite so soft and far-reaching as the dove's, but possessed a charm of their own which for me never became stale. At all hours of the day, the gurgling sound made by at least one of the wood-pigeons fell in a drowsy tone from the tree where it was perched near its mate. It was a prolonged musical murmur rather than a distinct note, but one that seemed to be singularly in consonance with the quiet which reigned throughout the countryside in the days of Summer. Indeed, it was the very voice of the Ancient Peace that brooded over the entire landscape; and there was no sound which called up more vividly for me all the romantic associations of the wooded parks, the shaded rural streams, the silent commons overgrown with gnarled oaks and wind-maimed elms, and the lonely meadows, where isolated trees cast a broad shadow over the verdant turf.

Recent Educational Progress

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In Thomas Love Peacock's novel 'Headlong Hall,' a considerable number of people discuss, among other human problems, the question of progress. Three of the disputants represent positions that are frequently taken. A confirmed perfectibilian, Mr. Foster, argues that: "Everything we look on attests the progress of mankind in all the arts of life, and demonstrates their gradual advancement towards a state of unlimited perfection." To the equally confirmed deteriorationist, Mr. Escot, inequality and injustice, ignorance and degradation, appear so intense that it seems to him "scarcely possible to indulge in any other expectation than that the whole species must at length be exterminated." Mr. Jenkinson, a statu-quo-ite, is convinced with equal certainty that both of the others are wrong, his argument being: "there is not in the human race a tendency either to perfectibility or deterioration; but . . . the quantities of each are so exactly balanced . . . that the species with respect to the sum of good and evil, knowledge and ignorance, happiness and misery, remains exactly and perpetually *in statu quo*."

Classifying one's acquaintance into perfectibilians, deteriorationists, and statu-quo-ites would discover, I fancy, comparatively few deteriorationists. It is true that "the good old days" are always spoken of as better than the present, but we understand that phrase to refer to the joyous freshness of youthful impressions and ideals, rather than to any general difference in the times. There are those who argue that the thirteenth century, for example, was far better in every respect than our own, but we know how easy it is to ignore the limitations of the past and how difficult it is to appraise the values of the present in the midst of which we live. Even so great a genius as Ben Johnson was so blind to the glories of his and Shakespeare's time that he wrote bitterly: "This is the money-got, mechanic age."

There are a good many statu-quo-ites. They admit, for

example, that science and industry and commerce are now flourishing as never before, but they argue, and very plausibly, that art and letters and scholarship have all seen better days, and they conclude that the fundamentally human values are the same in any age. They are fond of saying, further, that our vaunted modern improvements have no relation whatever with the eternal verities; and if, as is sometimes the case, they are contentious persons, they will go so far as to decry those who believe in what they call the "heresy of progress."

Most of us, however, are perfectibilians of one shade or another. We feel within us a desire to be something other and more than ourselves, a climbing instinct that connects us with all nature. We see about us the results of the same biologic urge moving all things in the same evolutionary stream, from the individual to society, from the lower to the higher functions, from simplicity to specialization. Progress, in short, appears to most of us as the very law of life, the will of God.

Indeed, our very belief in and enthusiasm for progress continually tempt us to accept it on credit. Our educational atmosphere in particular is so hazy with good intentions that it is sometimes difficult to see the facts of our actual situation. Much of our educational news is made up of the mere plans or projects of school systems or institutions or individuals. How often do we hear an obvious educational failure excused by the statement of roseate hopes for the future.

I do not mean, of course, that educational ideas and projects are not essential elements in educational progress, but they are very different from achievement, and achievement alone is measurable. Benjamin Franklin eloquently urged some extremely promising educational reforms, but nearly two centuries have passed before people have been willing to try any of them sufficiently to make it possible to judge of their real contribution to educational progress.

Judging progress by measurable accomplishment, rather than by merely promising projects, considerably restricts the meaning of the term, and the criterion of accomplishment, which requires time, still further modifies the conception of

recent progress. But there yet remains much reason for gratification.

The most important facts in recent educational progress may be grouped, I think, under the three general terms, popular, practical and co-operative.

With regard to popularity it is not too much to say that education is increasingly a matter of the people, by the people, and for the people. Our huge and still growing school attendance is proverbial. Educational expenditures everywhere form a rapidly and largely increasing part of state and city and local budgets, and people are becoming more and more interested in knowing how the money is spent. Public education associations and educational societies are everywhere studying school budgets, school reports and school conditions, inquiring what happens to children in school and what happens to them after their schooling is over.

Sometimes such public interest makes decided contributions to school progress. In New York City, for example, where eight hundred thousand children are schooled at an annual expense of forty million dollars, those who are responsible for the public school system have become extremely conservative. They quite naturally hesitate to introduce any new element into the careful adjustment of the enormous machine that has been built up with such care. It is the interest of the public that, approaching the problem from an entirely different side, is the source of helpful experiment and innovation. It was only after vigorous urging by the local Public Education Association that the New York City Board of Education gave anything like adequate attention to the problem of vocational training. Then, instead of appointing an assistant superintendent for that field alone, as the Association urged, the Board invited, for a year, the experiment and advice of two visiting experts. Their recommendations were discounted in advance, their experiments were hampered in various ways, their salaries were held up, but the Association kept attention fixed on the problem by means of a full and frank publicity, until New York is now getting at least an approach to a fair illustration from Dean Schneider of the University of Cincinnati of his system of co-operation between school and shop,

and from Superintendent Wirt of the manifold and multiform activities of his schools at Gary, Indiana. Whereby, thanks to popular interest and in spite of administrative inertia, the schools of New York will profit greatly.

The same popular interest is showing itself everywhere in the increasing comprehensiveness of educational legislation. Throughout the South there is an unparalleled multiplication and improvement of educational facilities. A score of states have recently made extensive inquiries into their general educational problems. A dozen have inaugurated new devices of one sort or another to overcome the old competition and conflict between their institutions of higher education, between the colleges and the schools, between the academic and the vocational.

Perhaps the most thoroughgoing effort of this kind has been that of the State of Vermont, which has recently arrived at its first legislative results. The Vermont legislature in 1912 created an Educational Commission to make recommendations concerning the entire educational system of the state. The Commission requested the Carnegie Foundation to prepare a study of the situation. This invitation was accepted and, after half a year's work by a dozen experienced people, the Foundation's report was presented to the Commission and to the public in 1913. The Commission published the report, practically in full, in newspapers throughout the state so that every citizen had an opportunity to read it, and added detailed recommendations in a report of its own in 1914. In consequence, the legislature of 1915 passed, and the governor approved, more than a score of educational bills. The financial support of the schools is largely increased, their administration is strengthened by a new state board of education with an expert commissioner and an adequate staff. The local superintendents and the special supervisors are appointed by this board, as are the instructors in the teachers' training classes; and these last are so multiplied that, beginning with next year, every new teacher appointed in the state will have had professional training,—a good fortune which is almost unparalleled. These training teachers and the supervisors are paid by the state, which also helps to pay the salaries of the superintend-

ents and of all teachers, so that every teacher has a definite contract, none has less than a minimum salary, and all receive increases in accordance with their training and experience, and have the benefits of a pension system. Central high schools are multiplied, and vocational opportunities in high and elementary and special schools are greatly increased.

The suggestive educational surveys of Baltimore, of Montgomery County, and that which is now in progress throughout the State of Maryland, illustrate the similar efforts that have been undertaken in a dozen, if not in a score of states. The new century has seen at least half a hundred such surveys, which have almost always been inaugurated by popular rather than by professional interest. Of all professional men the educator has the most exacting clients. Those who supply the precious material upon which the school works and those who receive and inevitably appraise the educational product, are profoundly interested in the history and tendency and social adjustment of the schools. They are eager for a valuation of their past and present and, especially, for practical suggestions as to what should be done next. And they have welcomed the educational survey as a means to these important ends. These surveys have varied greatly in scope, procedure, and presentation. Some of them have dealt with merely local matters, others have been superficial in method and hasty in conclusion. But they have all shown the value of a conspectus and summary of current procedure, the fruitfulness of informed comparisons, the suggestiveness, to say the least, of the new methods of testing and measuring educational processes and products, and the constant need of endeavoring to realize and formulate our educational aims and ideals. Here, again, popular interest has been the occasion if not the cause of professional progress. A number of school systems now have educational experts who conduct constant surveys of their operations, and everywhere students are developing new and ingenious tests and measures and new methods of historical and comparative and social appraisal, that are beginning to show us a good deal more clearly where we are. All of this has the highly fortunate characteristic of concentrating attention where it belongs, upon what is happening to the pupil. Ad-

ministrative conservatism and inertia have never had a more subtle foe than the survey. And the earnest teacher never had a more powerful emancipator or more helpful ally.

The increasing practicality of education is obvious, in the light of the still extending influence of natural science and of scientific method,—that method which accepts and imparts information not on the basis of authority, but only by means of direct observation, careful experiment, and repeated verification—a method that emphasizes not teaching but learning, the direct contact of the individual learner with the living truth.

The influence of this method is evident in every field of academic study and, especially, in sundry forms, in the field of professional education.

This is the fundamental idea of the case system in the study of law, which has recently come into almost universal dominance throughout the law schools of the United States. Combining the values of the old practical, but narrow, apprenticeship in a lawyer's office with those of the later method of broader, but often unapplied, general lectures in a law school, the case method leads the student to deduce the principles of the law for himself, from a study of actual concrete cases and the decisions rendered concerning them by the courts.

In medical education there has been a similar evolution from personal apprenticeship to a practitioner, through merely didactic lectures in a medical school, to increasingly concrete and specific instruction in the earlier years of the curriculum, followed by direct study of the actual maladies of actual patients. The old days are gone when the teaching of medicine was solely an affair of text-books and lectures and models and demonstrations in huge amphitheatres where only a few students on the front rows could see. Every student must now work through every step for himself, until, under careful guidance and correction, he comes to study the actual illnesses of many patients of many kinds, taking their case histories, diagnosing their ailments, perhaps by isolating the germs under the microscope, and watching their reaction under treatment. The distinction of the medical school of Johns Hop-

kins University lies in its early and extensive use of the hospital in medical teaching,—a method that it is now easy to recognize as the only sound one.

The similar influence in the field of the professional training of teachers has resulted differently, or it is perhaps more accurate to say, has scarcely yet reached satisfactory results. It has long been a commonplace to say that the training of the prospective teacher should include adequate opportunities for observation, experiment and practice in actual teaching. Up to the present, however, there appear to be only tentative and experimental bridges, there are certainly no accepted highways, across the gulf between our studies of the theory of education, and our actual practice. Considering the immense amount of enlightened effort that is now being devoted to this problem, it may be that our next conspicuous educational progress will be here.

Such a result is suggested by the stimulating success of the much more recent co-operative method, which is now being imitated widely from its original demonstration in the field of engineering at the University of Cincinnati. The single idea that it might be well for students there to alternate their professional study in the university frequently and regularly with observation and experiment in manufacturing establishments, has resulted in a host of demonstrably valuable innovations. These may be illustrated by one alone. As the students returned from their two weeks of work with actual engineering problems and processes to their alternate two weeks at the University, each group asked more and more searching and difficult questions. The situation reached the point of embarrassment and further, and ultimately class-room and laboratory procedure had to be entirely reorganized in the light of the facts that were encountered and the processes that were successful in actual professional work.

Similarly, one of the most striking results of the recent development of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University was the demand for and the establishment of courses of instruction in history and literature, for example, in which the survey of the field did not conclude with, say, the death of Tennyson or our Spanish war. It is im-

portant for the journalist, and possibly for us all, to know about Mr. Kipling's latest poem and what happened in the Balkans yesterday.

There are those who view with alarm all of these developments in the direction of educational practicality, believing that they are sweeping us far away from the fundamental values of a liberal education. There are those who fear for the future of the classics and of all of the humanities, and I know a small pupil who unwittingly made much trouble for a modern school by proving to his anxious parents that he had been taught acting and manual training and music and painting excellently, but that he could not yet subtract or spell. I believe, however, that these anxieties and fears are needless. There is nothing more fundamental than the human spirit. All of these practical developments are in the direction of real teaching, of endeavoring to discover what the student needs, and of helping him to get it. So long as the genuine advancement of the individual student is the true aim, any earnest effort is unlikely to go far astray, and the result is more than likely to be the development of character, than which nothing is more important.

Moreover, the human spirit is not only fundamental but almost infinitely comprehensive. This popular practical pressure upon education is very broad and very sensitive. Thus, while people are sighing for the vanishing humanities, the European war is stimulating an absolutely unprecedented demand for instruction concerning European geography, history, language, literature, art and social customs. In education, as in other things, if we are not afraid of reality, we may, as Thoreau put it, "safely trust a good deal more than we do."

We welcome, therefore, all such popular and practical progress as the recent developments in the medical inspection of school equipment and of school children; in dental clinics and in the functions of the school nurse; in the movement for a genuine hygiene of instruction, physical education, open air schools, and good school lunches.

The realization of the need in the rural school for improved physical conditions and for a closer adjustment of the curriculum to the environment, and the slowly but steadily

increasing success in meeting these needs mark a great improvement. This is true also of the newer condensation of the curriculum of the elementary school in general and the movement of the high schools beyond mere preparation for college to a closer adjustment to community needs.

The wide and still growing interest in vocational education is to be welcomed both in itself and for its vitalizing influence upon academic education. The schools themselves have not yet determined the character of their contribution to pre-vocational and vocational instruction. But there is a rapid development of instruction for those who are already engaged in industry and commerce. When department stores arrange to have their sales-people know, for example, every step in the complicated history of a glove from the raw skin to the completed product and of silk from the worm to the wearer, life immediately becomes more intelligent and more interesting for all concerned. The National Association of Corporation Schools, which has recently held its third annual meeting, represents seventy-three such educational efforts, initiated for the welfare of workers in every kind of industry from addressographs, bridges, cartridges, and clothing, to railroads, rubber, soap and telegraphy. Their experiments and successes in schools of accounting, advertising, apprenticeship, office work, purchasing, and salesmanship, and in vocational guidance and welfare work are, in general, highly important and promising in themselves and full of suggestion for every other form of education. They promise, even, to illuminate our conception of the fundamental bases of education.

The same is true of the various forms of school instruction that have recently developed for adults and, especially, for immigrants, particularly in Massachusetts and New York. From one point of view this popular and practical movement seems to point away from all of the higher cultivation, but it has the most intimate relation to that idealism which makes our nation hold that its citizenship may rightly include anyone from the four quarters of the earth who believes in freedom and democracy enough to break old ties and come to the promised land. We sometimes speak of teaching these new citizens the principles of Americanism, but they often know more

about them and they have usually made more sacrifices for them than we, who have inherited them through fortunate accident. For his welfare and our own we cannot do too much for the immigrant, and there is no more direct method of coming to an understanding of cosmopolitanism, which is one of the direct roads to culture. The several thousand college students who co-operate, as volunteer instructors, in the new movement for evening industrial classes, are learning quite as much as they are teaching.

The colleges, almost in spite of themselves, have come to illustrate conspicuously the co-operative character of recent educational progress. The high schools are insisting so strongly and so rightly upon their duty to determine their curricula in accordance with the general needs of the ninety-five students who go no further, instead of the requirements of the five who go to college, that the colleges are slowly but steadily coming to the point of admitting any good graduate of any good high school, no matter what subjects he has studied.

Through the co-operative College Entrance Examination Board the endless variations in college entrance requirements are becoming harmonized. Through such co-operative bodies as the New England College Entrance Certificate Board, the New England, the Middle States, the Southern and the North Central Associations of Colleges and Secondary Schools the colleges are becoming increasingly aware of how much they have to gain from the knowledge and co-operation of the schools in which their students have been taught before they came to college.

On the other hand, the demands of the professional schools for certain pre-professional studies have helped the good colleges to determine their long unsettled problem of what to teach students in the later years of the curriculum.

The great majority of colleges, including most of the lesser ones, have for years been keeping themselves alive by taking many students that have not completed a high school course. This practice, bad for both the school and the college, has been disappearing rapidly during the last dozen years. A simple formula of what constitutes the requirement for entrance to the better colleges has been so widely adopted, that it is a

highly exceptional college which does not now announce that its courses presuppose the previous completion of the work of a four year high school. The considerable number of colleges that have announced this entrance requirement but do not yet abide by it will soon be unable to continue this practice, as state departments of education, following the example of Alabama and Virginia, are beginning to publish each year lists of all of the students who enter all of the colleges in the state, showing their previous training and precisely what they offered for college entrance.

These same lesser colleges have further had the weakness of their instruction pointed out to them by regional and state college associations until, as in Missouri, a considerable number have restricted their pretentious offerings and have become junior colleges, offering two years of genuine college work for which the universities can give full credit.

In addition to this co-operation with the colleges on the part of the academic and the professional faculties of the university there promises soon to be added that of the so-called non-professional graduate faculties. These faculties are just now beginning to give recognition to the fact that most of their graduate students are laboring in the field of pure scholarship largely as a preparation for some profession. What difference this should make, say, in the instruction and investigation that now culminate in the degree of doctor of philosophy remains to be determined, but it is coming to be generally agreed that it should make some considerable difference.

One conspicuous instance of educational co-operation on the part of the universities is the increasing number and elaboration of university departments and schools of education. The literally immense development in the study of education in our universities has been a very recent phenomenon. Harvard, for example, had only one assistant professor and one instructor in education in 1900, offering five courses, with an assistant professor and an instructor borrowed from other departments offering two more. It now has three times as large a staff, offering three times as many courses, providing also university extension and summer session work, and offer-

ing opportunity to conduct investigations and experiments in nearby schools. It is impossible to summarize the host of good things that have come for the history, science and art of education out of this recent yet almost universal development of co-operation between the university and the teacher.

And this is only one aspect of the growing sensitiveness of the universities to the needs of those who have passed beyond student days to active service in the work of the world. The vision of the "state-wide campus" that is desired by some of the western universities is perhaps an unattainable ideal, but both the average citizen and the university have already been greatly benefited by the idea of university extension.

Finally, the educational foundations, most of which are developments of the last decade, are conspicuous illustrations of educational co-operation. Originating like the older universities and colleges in the provision of their endowment by individual philanthropists, and being similarly administered by trustees representative of a wide variety of interests, they are yet free from the obligation of universities and colleges to attend first to their individual welfare and progress, and even more free to find their greatest opportunities for usefulness through or in coöperation with various institutions that have already been established. Through this central yet independent position the foundations have acquired comprehensive and disinterested views of educational problems, that have enabled them to contribute much to the development of educational coöperation.

By way of brief illustration, the earliest of the foundations, the Peabody Education Fund, inaugurated in Baltimore in 1867, established and aided public schools in the South, encouraged such development through co-operation with state authorities, provided scholarships for the training of teachers, and, more recently, aided the provision for such training in southern universities and reorganized its Peabody College into a comprehensive agency for that purpose. The Slater Fund since 1882, the Jeanes Foundation since 1908, and the Phelps-Stokes Fund since 1910, have aided industrial education and the training of teachers for colored people. The Russell Sage Foundation, established in 1907, through its division of education, has studied living conditions as they affect schools,

medical inspection and school hygiene, the wider use of the school plan, open air schools and school gardens, school administration, the progress of children in schools, and methods of educational measurement. The General Education Board recently issued an account of the first dozen years of its activity, from 1902 to 1914. During that period it has made large gifts of money to many universities and colleges, to medical schools, to farm demonstration work, and to negro institutions. The studies of rural conditions and rural schools, of secondary and higher and professional education which preceded and directed these gifts, promise to be even more helpful than the money. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, which has just completed its tenth year, besides paying pensions to university and college professors and their widows, has collected and distributed to all who have been interested the most complete information that is available concerning teachers' pensions. It has similarly studied and published reports concerning university and college organization and administration, concerning the adjustment between school and college, and is engaged in extensive studies of professional education.

A survey of recent educational progress, then, even through the scattered illustrations that have been given, shows it to be very real. Almost all the people show an increasing interest in education, sending more of their children to be taught and to be taught longer, expending ever more money for that purpose, and giving more and increasingly intelligent attention to the procedure, with the result of contributing a new genuineness and sanity to all educational progress. There is a new and extending practicality in academic and professional and vocational subjects and in every sort of school work, that is not only scientific in its solidity but the very essence of the humanities, in that the fundamental reason for its existence and for every detail of its development is a desire for the fullest welfare for the individual. Perhaps best of all is the new sense of the solidarity of the whole process of education, from the kindergarten to the most advanced degree. In school, college and university; for student, teacher and citizen, education is more and more felt to be a great unity, with all who are interested in it as fellow workers.

Letters of a Virginia Cadet at West Point, 1859-1861

MAJOR THOMAS ROWLAND, C. S. A.
INTRODUCTION BY KATE MASON ROWLAND

[This is the fourth installment of the series of West Point letters which began in the *QUARTERLY* of July, 1915. Attention is directed to Miss Rowland's introduction in that number and to her explanatory footnotes accompanying all the installments. Major Rowland's letters give an inside view of life at West Point over half a century ago, throw many interesting sidelights upon events and personages of an important period of American history, and throughout afford an intimate revelation of the high and gentle character of the young Virginian.—THE EDITORS.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., Sep. 23d., 1860

MY DEAR MOTHER

I have just returned from the Chapel, and as I seat myself to write you the usual weekly letter, I remember with sweet satisfaction that one week ago, this day, this very hour, I was by your side; sitting upon the porch of the hotel with Kittie and Lizzie and yourself. Those two days of happiness, pure and unalloyed, will form the brightest recollection in the first two years of my West Point life. After seeing you and speaking with you face to face, I have a clearer insight into the state of your affairs, and your future plans and prospects than I could ever have obtained from a correspondence however voluminous. But what is still better, I have looked into your heart; I have found you as young, as bright, and as cheerful as you were when I first left that happy home, at which God grant that I may find you next summer still the same.

I read over that letter of Dora's twice, and liked it better each time; what a noble woman she will be,—in fact, is!

After leaving you Monday morning at the hotel gate at 8 o'clk. I came back to Barracks, did violence to my feelings, and involving myself at once in mathematics passed successfully through the day's recitations. I thought of you often

throughout the day, and the next morning at half past seven I walked down to Battery Knox and stood on the same spot where we had stood together the previous morning. The day was much brighter and the unclouded sun rendered the view much more striking. I was sorry that you did not see it to better advantage. Your departure produced now and then a slight tendency towards homesickness, but experience has taught me to get the better of that pardonable species of melancholy. I knew that Mrs. Jackson would keep you in a fine flow of spirits, so I recalled to myself the words of Napoleon: *Je serais heureuse lorsque je sais que vous l'êtes*. I know that you are all enjoying yourselves as much as possible with Mrs. Jackson, and you must tell her how much obliged to her I am for taking such good care of you, and especially for escorting you to West Point.

I saw Clara Paige at church to-day and gave her the "Thoughts on the Service" to return to Mrs. Jackson. Fitzhugh and I liked the book very much; I had a great mind not to return it. Clara acted as one of the sponsors at the baptism of Mrs. French's granddaughter to-day, little Clara French Greble.¹ I will have a day's leave next Saturday, not commencing, however, until 11,30 A. M. I have made no plans as yet for disposing of it; I must do something, I suppose. It does not do to let one pass unnoticed, as each may be my last. If Schenectady were as near as New York I might pay you a flying visit.

Llew Hoxton regretted your departure almost as much as I did; he sends his love to you and the girls. All my friends enquire of you, Washington, Fitzhugh, Wright, Meigs, and Dupont,² and all desire to be remembered to yourself and the young ladies. Do not forget your promise to send me the photograph of Kittie Jackson.³ I keep the ambrotypes of the girls and yourself on my shelf, and the photograph of Aunt Emily I have hung up in my alcove just over the head of my bed.

¹ Daughter of Lieutenant John T. Greble, U. S. A., who lost his life at the battle of Bethel.

² Henry A. Du Pont of Delaware. At the head of his class, 1860 and 1861. In the United States Army. Now Senator from Delaware.

³ Married Cadet Rowland's brother.

With much love to Mrs. Jackson and the girls, and kind regards to Mrs. Paige and all her family, from your aff. Son

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., Oct. 7th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

It is a beautiful Sunday, and I have just been enjoying a walk with Ramsay⁴ in the vicinity of Battery Knox. The scene is changed somewhat since you were here; the trees are deeply tinged with their autumnal hues and the mountain sides begin to wear quite a bleak and wintry aspect. As usual at this period of cadet life, the topic for conversation was furlough. It is the engrossing subject of thought, conversation, and letter-writing from the close of the fourth class encampment until the welcome day arrives. There is always one class in the corps known as the "furlough class."

We had an excellent sermon this morning from Prof. French on the subject of outward deportment and respect in church as the sanctuary of God; a subject upon which, I am sorry to say, cadets needed some instruction. Wherever attendance is obligatory there will, of course, be a great want of attention to the services of the church, however beautiful they may be to those who appreciate them. He spoke also of the necessity of coming to church in a proper frame of mind lest the word be choked by cares and thoughts of worldly things. His sermons are always excellent when he comes down to the practical; otherwise they are admirable essays but indifferent sermons.

I have been reading that book, by the Rev. Mr. Haughter, which Aunt Emily sent me. I like it very much indeed; the preface by Prof. Bledsoe⁵ is admirable, also. But one of the best books that I have seen for a long time and one which I would like to send to Miss Julia Johns for circulation among her young friends, is "Lectures to Young Men" by the Rev. Mr. Elliott of St. Louis. I wish you would get a copy of it for Mason if you can; he need not be afraid of it; it is written

⁴ George D. Ramsay, Jr. At large, Fifth Class, 1860.

⁵ A West Point graduate, appointed by President Davis Assistant Secretary of War and Chief of the Bureau of War of the Confederate States. Author of "Is Davis a Traitor?" a masterly exposition of the right of secession.

in such an interesting style that the most fastidious person could not call it dry.

As I have hopes of seeing you next Tuesday, I will not continue my letter to its usual length, but will reserve whatever I have to say for that occasion. If my leave fails I will console myself by writing you another letter in the middle of the week.

My best love to my aunts, my sisters (adopted, etc.), and my cousins, and hoping to meet the family *en masse* upon Tuesday next, I remain your most affec. Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Oct. 14th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I suppose by this time you have completed your visit to Fairfield and have arrived in Troy. I have been thinking of you to-day as in the kind hands of Mrs. Emma Willard, and edified by the services at "The Church of the Holy Cross," and a sermon from Dr. Tucker or Dr. Coit. You are enjoying all the pleasure, I have no doubt, of meeting old friends and renewing your acquaintance with old scenes. I shall never forget the many pleasant evenings that we have all spent together with Mrs. Willard, when the girls, Kittie, Lizzie, and Dora were at the Seminary, Mason was at the Training School, and I was at the Institute. Your being there too made it seem like a home to us all, for it is always home where the heart is, and you, of course, are the centre of our affections.

Even though Dora is married now, I hope she will still be one of your five children, as in the pleasant days at Troy. I was sorry that I could not be at her wedding, but it was best, no doubt, under the circumstances that the application to the Secretary of War was not forwarded by Major Buel to its destination. If I had known it a little sooner, however, I might have come down to New York for a few hours on the previous Saturday, as I have a leave from the expiration of my last recitation until tatoo (11½ A. M.—9½ P. M.), which I have been at liberty to take upon any Saturday during the month. In fact as I did not take my leave for last month, to which I was entitled, I will have a leave on each of the two

remaining Saturdays of this month. I wish to go next Saturday to spend the day with Mrs. James, the mother of Cadet James, who lives at Cold Springs, two or three miles up the river. You remember, perhaps, seeing the place from the porch of the hotel.

We had an excellent sermon this morning from Bishop McIlvaine, on the text, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." He spoke of the time, thirty-three years ago, when he came here as a chaplain. All the officers and cadets were infidels and sceptics. He had in his congregation only three professing Christians, his wife and two other ladies. There is a much more promising state of things here now to be sure, but there is much to be done. Prof. French is doing his duty faithfully and zealously, but there are many obstacles to be overcome, in order to raise the standard of morality and religion in the corps.

MONDAY EVENING: The Prince^a has been here, has reviewed the Battalion, inspected Barracks, and investigated West Point generally. He was followed, of course, by a host of people from New York including not a few of the "unterrified." We have had an exciting day, of course, and a very tiresome afternoon, nearly four hours under arms in the cold wind. Consequently I am quite sleepy, and cannot give you a very particular account of his reception. You will perhaps see an account of it in the papers. He leaves in the morning I suppose for Albany; to-night he stays at Cozzen's Hotel.

I saw Miss Mordecai for a moment this morning; she told me that she had a package for me in her trunk, which you had sent. I have not received it yet, but I hope it is the dressing-gown and the wedding cake.

[The conclusion of this letter is lost.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., Oct. 19th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received this morning your budget from Troy of the 17th inst. I am sitting down in my new dressing-gown to answer your letter. I regret as much as yourself that I did not see the Miss Willards upon the day of the Prince's visit to

^a Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Afterwards Edward VII.

West Point. But your letter contained the first information that I received of their having been here. I saw Miss Mordecai only for a moment during the hurry of preparation for the review; just as I commenced to speak to her the drum for dinner roll-call drowned our voices and obliged me to leave her.

I received the package a day or two afterwards from the Hotel Office. The dressing-gown suits me exactly. It is old fashioned to be sure, perhaps a little Quakerish in color and pattern, but it has a solemn and dignified air suggestive of the Ex-Governor of Michigan. I associate it too with Dora from her having put it on while preparing herself to appear as a bride. In addition to its other recommendations, it is extremely comfortable and useful, and I shall value it for its own sake, for the sake of the giver and for the twofold train of associations with which it is connected. The little box of wedding cake, so tastefully tied up with the white ribbon, was very consolatory. Fitzhugh and I eat the cake with many sincere wishes for the future happiness of the fair bride, and I keep the box and the ribbon as reminiscences of the occasion.

Llew has not received his box yet, having been in the hospital for the last few days with neuralgia in his face, and I have kept it to deliver with my own hands. I will see him this evening and present it to him. I was much amused with Mason's letters to Aunt Emily which you enclosed, and the account of the numerous accidents. He seems to have been quite busy breaking carriages and harness; but from my experience I should say that in that part of the world they are not very difficult to break.

I thought you knew that I had not had my day's leave for September; but as I was expecting my leave from Washington I did not think of suggesting the possibility of coming down the Saturday before the wedding, which I might have done very easily, though I would only have had three hours to stay. However, we will not regret the past, but look forward to the future. The winter and spring will soon step by and then will come the merry month of June. In the meanwhile I hope your time will pass as pleasantly among your friends in Michigan as it has done in Troy and Schenectady. You and the

girls will make each other happy, and we will delight our imaginations with anticipations of the future, while we deal bravely, I hope, with the realities of the present.

I must close this letter for the next mail, or it will be detained until Monday.

Goodbye, Your most devoted son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 11th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I was obliged to omit my usual letter last week, for you being *enroute* I did not know where I could direct. I suppose by the time this reaches you, you will probably have arrived at Grosse Isle. I imagine Kittie and Lizzie and yourself enjoying to-day a quiet Sunday with Mrs. Norvell and Emily at their sweet little place. Perhaps you will think of the last time that you were there and remember our pleasant visit upon the Island two or three summers ago. You must give my kindest regards to all friends when you see them, at Grosse Isle, in Detroit, at Ypsilanti, and at all the places where we met with so much kindness and spent so many pleasant days.

I am on guard to-day and have just been walking post for about two hours; I will have to walk again after supper, so I will not have time to write much of a letter this evening. The excitement here with regard to the Presidential election was not much abated, you may imagine, by the result. Cadet Farley of South Carolina is the only one, however, who has actually resigned thus far. I think there will be no further resignations until some of the Southern States actually secede. A great many cadets have assumed the blue cockade, tying a small blue ribbon upon the cap button. Among the delinquencies this evening at least a dozen were reported for doing so. In a letter to Cadet Kirby⁷ of Richmond, Gov. Letcher advises all cadets from Virginia to remain here and do their duty until their native State shall absolutely require their services.

I suppose you have not heard yet that we are to lose our present Superintendent. Col. Delafield⁸ is to be relieved and

⁷ Edmund Kirby, son of Col. Edmund Kirby, paymaster, U. S. A. Born in New York. Appointed at large. Graduated, May, 1861. Mortally wounded at battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863.

⁸ Superintendent of the Military Academy and Commandant of the Post.

his place supplied by a major of the Engineer Corps, whose name is Beauregard,⁹ I believe, though I will not be responsible for the orthography. I called upon the French's yesterday afternoon. Next Saturday, or the Saturday after, I will have my day's leave for November. I should like to spend it with Mrs. James. I promised to do so when I was there last month.

Write me all about your visit to Niagara, Grosse Isle and Detroit, and tell me how Uncle Robert and Aunt Laura are situated. Best love to them all and to Mrs. Norvell, Emily and the girls. In haste

Your most affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 22nd, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received yesterday your letter from Grosse Isle enclosing one from Kittie. As I omitted my usual letter last Sunday, I will snatch a few minutes from my studies this morning to tell you that all is well.

You remember, perhaps, hearing me speak of Mr. Andrews in the Plebe class who brought me a letter of introduction from Mr. Wright. Mr. Andrews lives in Newark and moreover is a very clever, polished and gentlemanly person. Last Sunday he was baptized at the chapel. He requested me to act as one of the sponsors, which I did, of course, with great pleasure. It places a new and a very pleasant bond of friendship between us, and one of a rather sacred character. This is the second baptism that I have witnessed, since I have been at West Point, one of a classmate, the other of a particular friend. My classmate Mr. Graves,¹⁰ you remember, was baptized just about this time last year.

Your letters from Michigan are particularly interesting to me; you must continue to give me full accounts of all your pleasant visits and meetings with old friends. It is the next thing to being with you in reality, to be able to enjoy the pleasure of being with you in spirit. I cannot tell you how

⁹ Soon to be known as the famous Confederate general.

¹⁰ Rice E. Graves, Jr., of Kentucky, in C. S. A., and killed at the battle of Chickamauga.

much pleasure it gives me to receive a cheerful letter from you, which shows me that you are enjoying yourself.

Christmas is drawing near; where will you be during the holidays? Write and tell me how they spend Christmas in Michigan. No further resignations have occurred in consequence of the Secession movements in the South. Cadet Lea of Mississippi and Cadets Reynolds and Hamilton¹¹ of South Carolina are only waiting to receive their resignations from Washington. It is a great pity that they should give up their prospects here until it is absolutely necessary. There may be still some chance of a peaceable accommodation even with the extreme Secession States.

My time of leisure has expired and I must bring this letter to an end and turn my attention to the French.

Six months and a half before furlough! Goodbye

Your affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Dec. 3d, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

As I sit down to write to you this afternoon, the date of my letter, Dec. 3d, suggests to my mind a bright, blazing fire on the "Cottage" hearth, blazing in calm and comfortable defiance of the bleak air without. I imagine to myself the family circle cheerfully gathered around it in full enjoyments of all the comforts of *Home*. Richard comes in with another armful of wood, and then proceeds to set the table for supper, just as Mason rushes in from the High School and brings with him the evening mail. The horse has been fed and curried, that obstreperous cow has been milked, the chickens are locked up, and all domestic arrangements are completed for the day. We sit down to enjoy the twilight and then to pass the evening with music, reading, and conversation.

How distinctly such scenes leave their impress on the mind, while the little troubles that may then have caused us a momentary vexation, fade entirely from the scene as we view it in the perspective of time. It is pleasant for me to know that

¹¹ John W. Lea of Mississippi, Third Class; George N. Reynolds, S. C., Third Class; and James Hamilton of South Carolina, Fourth Class.

you are enjoying now just such comfortable evenings with good Mrs. Norvell, and though I cannot be with you myself, I feel that I ought to be sufficiently thankful for the advantages I enjoy here, and for the joyful prospects of next summer which draw nearer and nearer as the short winter days fleet quickly by. May God watch over us all in his mercy, may we improve the present, and may the future bring us a golden harvest of reward.

I received a letter from Aunt Emily last week. She wrote at some length, giving me all the news from the Cottage and the neighborhood of the Hill, which was very acceptable, of course. They were all well and enjoying themselves with the exception of unfortunate old Harry. I am afraid the old fellow has seen his best days. He is afflicted at present, it seems with the fistula. It seems rather queer for Mason and Aunt Emily to be keeping house together, all alone in their glory; but I have no doubt they enjoy it very well. A hollow tree in Old Virginia is better than a palace out of it.

I believe I am getting very much attached to West Point almost imperceptibly. One of these days I expect I shall entertain many pleasant recollections of West Point life. What would we do without our reminiscences of the past and our air-castles in the future?

Since I commenced this letter seven inches of snow have fallen, the first of the season. I do not mean to say, however, that I have been writing all the while, or I should probably have finished more than two pages of my letter.

I have some hopes of spending my next Christmas with Dora. All who are entitled to a day's leave in December are going to apply to Col. Delafield to grant that leave on Christmas instead of Saturday. In that case we will have the whole day, and he might just as well as not let us off Christmas Eve. Would it not be delightful! I think he can hardly refuse us; but he's a cold-blooded old creature. I called upon Miss Chester who is staying with Captain Benton.¹² She is quite a pleasant person and rather pretty, or at least has a very sweet face.

We passed our Thanksgiving day quietly, no unusual

¹² Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery.

demonstration or unusual dinner, but an appropriate service and sermon in the intervals of study.

' I see by an order published at Parade a day or two ago that Lt. Silvey has leave of absence for six months for the benefit of his health. Another order published this evening mentions a successful engagement of Fitzhugh Lee¹³ with the Indians. Aunt Emily says that he expects to be ordered here as Assistant Instructor in Cavalry. I hope he will be.

Fitzhugh is sitting beside me studying "Shades, Shadows, and Perspective." He wishes to be remembered to you. The girls I suppose are enjoying themselves with Emily. Kiss them all for me, and remember me always to all friends upon the Island and elsewhere. I must now tell you goodbye and return to the "Shades and Shadows."

Your most affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND

WEST POINT, N. Y., Dec. 13th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I have just come down from a meeting of the Dialectic Society, where instead of Debate we have been entertained with private theatricals. The play was "Toodles." It was admirably performed and elicited enthusiastic applause from the audience. I don't think you know any of the actors except Mr. Wright, who acted the part of Mr. Toodles' daughter Mary. (By-the-bye, however, she was not the daughter of old Toodles, but of the farmer.) Wright made a very pretty girl; you know he is small, fair and quite handsome. By far the best character, however, was that of old Toodles himself which was borne by Mr. Beaumont.¹⁴ He was decidedly the star, and possesses, in fact, a wonderful talent for comedy. Tatto is just beating off in the area of Barracks, so this letter must be finished tomorrow. Goodnight, and a pleasant Sunday to you all!

MONDAY, 17TH: My dear Mother, I began this letter too late on Saturday evening to finish it at the time. Sunday my

¹³ Graduated at West Point in 1856. Assigned to duty there as Instructor in Cavalry Tactics, December, 1860.

¹⁴ Eugene B. Beaumont of Pennsylvania, Second Class, 1860. Col. Beaumont is now living in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

time was taken up with a visit to Captain Meade¹⁵ and my usual duties at the Sunday School where I have a class of little boys. I was very much pleased to see Capt. Mead, and heard from him a good deal of Detroit news, not to speak of the comforting assurance that you were well and looking well.

I have just received your letter this morning since my return from recitation. I am very sorry to hear that Uncle Robert thinks the prospect of Disunion so inevitable. I still hope that it may not be too late to effect an accommodation between the opposing sections, without seriously compromising the interests or dignity of the South. Disunion would be a terrible alternative; I hope the good ship of state may weather the storm, though the clouds are dark and threatening. As I heard an officer say yesterday, Uncle Sam has been a kind master to us all, and we ought to stand by him as long as we can be of any service.

I am so glad to hear that Mason has actually obtained the promise of an appointment to the Naval Academy. When will he enter? I am to have a leave of absence upon Christmas Day, commencing from reveille! I will spend the day with Dora; I am delighted with the prospect.

My love to Uncle Robert, Aunt Laura and the girls, and a Merry Christmas to you all;

In haste, affect'ly yours

T. ROWLAND.

Christmas Week

WEST POINT, N. Y., Dec. 27th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER

I take the very earliest opportunity that I have had since my return from Newark, to tell you what a *happy* Christmas I spent with Dora and all of her family. I cannot tell you how affectionately I was received by all, how kindly I was treated, or how much I enjoyed myself. I know you will be pleased to hear how I spent the day and so I will tell you all about it at the risk of violating that fundamental rule, never to talk about oneself.

Upon Christmas Eve I went down immediately after sup-

¹⁵ Later General George Gordon Meade, U. S. A.

per to Mr. Howard's Sunday School to assist in the distribution of the presents from a beautiful Christmas Tree which Lt. Howard and the ladies had prepared for the amusement of the little children. The children sang their Christmas hymns very sweetly, and seemed perfectly delighted with their celebration of the festival. As soon as I returned to Barracks I received an invitation from one of my classmates to attend an oyster supper in his room. He had several gallons of splendid oysters which he had procured from Benny's, and which we enjoyed very much, of course.

Christmas morning those of us who were to have our leave of absence, twelve in number, were up an hour before reveille to make our preparations for taking the earliest train to New York. We had to wait an hour on the dock before the ferryboat could force its way across the river through the ice, but the cold could not freeze nor the darkness cloud our spirits. When I arrived at Newark, Dora had not returned from Church, but Mr. Wright had come out before the Communion Service, expecting my arrival, and opened the door himself to receive me with open heart and hand as I walked up from the gate. I was immediately regaled with a luncheon of cake and wine, and in the meanwhile Dora returned from church looking just like Dora Mason, and just as full of life and spirits as ever. Then the mail came bringing a Christmas letter from Aunt Emily which she read to us. Dora then took me up to her room, showed me some of her wedding and Christmas presents, and we sat together for an hour talking of you all, and of merry Christmases spent together in Virginia, and of all our pleasant reminiscences of the past and our plans and prospects for the future. I enjoyed this good, sociable talk with Dora more than you can imagine. Our Christmas dinner came next and it was everything that a Christmas dinner could be, but among all the good things I enjoyed nothing more than the Virginia ham from Old George's. After dinner I bid them all a reluctant farewell, Mr. Wright walked with me to the Depot, and I took my departure for New York feeling that I had just spent four of the happiest hours of my life.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright are the kindest and best old people in the world, and Miss Kate Wright is a very charming person.

Dora seems to be leading a very happy life in Newark, and I never saw her looking better. She has undoubtedly made an excellent marriage; I hope all my relations will do as well. She deserves to be happy, doesn't she?—In New York I was joined by our cadet party who had been spending the day in the city, and as the train does not stop at Garrison's we went as far as Fishkill and then took a return train. We waited about forty minutes in Fishkill during which time we supped upon a pig stuffed and roasted. It was excellent. We returned to West Point before tattoo, reported our return to the Officer of the Day, and retired to refresh ourselves for the studies of the next day.

Now I have given you a full account of my Christmas, but I must not omit to tell you of a kind invitation which I received from Mrs. Carroll to take my Christmas dinner at her house. Lt. Carroll¹⁶ is my roommate's cousin, and it was through him that I made his acquaintance. He is a classmate and a great friend of Fitzhugh Lee's. As to our Christmas at the Mess Hall, the turkeys were disposed of on Christmas Day and on Friday we will have the pies; I suppose it takes two days to cook them and another day to get them all warm again. This week we have no time for play; examination commences upon the 2nd January. New Year's Day, however, we have holiday, and Fitzhugh and I will call upon all our friends and drink your health in eggnog if it is to be had.

Now for something more serious. What is to become of our glorious Union? Everyone seems to despair of its perpetuation, but I cannot give it up. I will catch at the last straw, and stand by our Union until all is hopelessly lost. Then we must all cast in our lot with Virginia and hope for the best. I do not fear civil war, for I do not think it is the spirit of the nineteenth century to fight over an abstract principle, and in event of a separation slavery would be but an abstract question to the people of the North. The philanthropists would let it alone. But evils must betide the most peaceful revolution in our government, and I doubt much whether we will ever live to see a better one than that under which we live.

¹⁶ Samuel Sprigg Carroll of the distinguished Maryland family of that name. Quartermaster at West Point.

I believe the great mass of the nation are in favor of maintaining an unbroken Union. Disunion gains ground only because the conservatives remain inactive, and the violent meet with no opposition sufficient to check their impetuous course.

Today we lose two cadets, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Ball¹⁷ of Alabama, the latter an orderly sergeant and standing high in his class. The prospect of dissolution interferes somewhat with the studying throughout the corps, among the excitable or the lazy, but Union and the public good is, I think, the prevailing sentiment.

Since I have commenced this letter we have received intelligence of the evacuation of Fort Moultrie. It seems to me to have been a most excellent move on the part of Major Anderson, though he has been somewhat condemned. His orders were to act upon the defensive. He would not have been *acting on the defensive*, had he remained quietly in an untenable position until an attack had made it too late to prepare for a successful defense. Major Anderson was a prominent member of the Commission sent here last summer by Congress. Dora and I dined with him one day at Cozzen's, when I was on day's leave. I liked him very much indeed; he is a remarkably affable person and full of humour.

I send the personal intelligence which I cut from the *Herald*. We all registered our names of course at the "Metropolitan." I suppose they selected Rowland for publication as being an unusual one. Fitzhugh Lee has arrived, and entered upon his duties. He has made a very favorable impression already upon the corps. He is known as Fitzhugh Lee by everyone, and his exploits when in the corps are generally discussed.

Happy New Year to you all!

[TO BE CONTINUED]

¹⁷ John H. Kelly, California, and Charles P. Ball, Alabama. Both in the Third Class.

Reconstruction and Education in Virginia*

EDGAR W. KNIGHT

Superintendent Ruffner began at once to set the system in active operation. County superintendents and local district trustees were appointed and were given instructions by means of letters, circulars, and through the columns of the *Educational Journal*, a magazine established in 1869 as the organ of the Virginia Educational Association. Schools were organized, the school census taken, teachers were examined and commissioned, and by the new year the administrative part of the school machinery was in large measure ready for operation. Some of the schools had opened before December, 1870; but as late as January, 1871, all the public school money was not available and in fully half the counties of the state schools were forced to open by means of private subscription. Not a few of the schools thus supported previously existed as private schools. They were now adopted as state schools, though the teachers continued to receive their remuneration from their patrons as well as from the public funds. This combination of private and public funds proved a very popular means of school support. When the county appropriations proved insufficient, individual subscriptions supplemented them. Uncertainty of school revenue had not baffled the people or the school officers. In May, 1871, before the end of the first scholastic year, there was a vote on additional county taxation for schools, and seventy-three counties voted for the increase. Twenty-odd counties opposed the increase, some because additional money was not needed, some because of misapprehensions, and others because of extraordinary local burdens. Outright opposition to free schools seems rarely to have defeated the tax.

By August, 1871, the close of the first scholastic year, about 2,900 schools, with more than 3,000 teachers and 130,000 pupils, were in operation in the state, at a cost of nearly \$450,000. There was such a sudden demand for teachers that the officers frequently had to lower the standard of teaching quali-

* Continued from the January number of the *QUARTERLY*.

fications. Ruffner believed that the "reverses which have befallen so many of our most cultivated people were incidentally converted into blessings to the children of the state, by furnishing a large number of accomplished teachers." The qualifications of most of the teachers were not always what could have been desired, because many communities were unable to pay salaries sufficient to secure the best teachers available. The problem of securing teachers for the negro schools was even more difficult; but there seems to have been no disposition to discriminate against the negro in educational matters, even though a radical political and social change had suddenly taken place. In many places the white people, who had greater means, "often voluntarily contributed enough to open a proportionate number of schools for the colored." The apparent disparity in the number of schools was caused by the difficulty of securing qualified teachers for the negro schools.

The increase in schools, teachers, and enrollment during the first two years of the operation of the system were encouraging signs to the superintendent. "Considering the embarrassments under which the mighty work of universal education was begun and has been continued," he said, "we have reason to thank God and take courage. The hostile and feeble-hearted expected that in a year or two our public school system would end its existence; but it was born a giant, and has grown with giant vigor. Strong as it was in its first year, it was greatly stronger in its second, and at this present writing [November, 1872] it has entered healthfully upon its third year of active life."

The decrease in attendance reported the third year was due, according to a statement of the superintendent, to bad roads, bad weather, contagious and epidemic diseases, poverty, and other causes. Improvement in teaching, in regulations, and in discipline, had also tended to reduce the attendance to those who attended with tolerable regularity and who applied themselves studiously. Another reason given for the decrease in attendance was the need of further improvement in the qualifications of teachers. "No intelligent parent will damage his child by continuing to send it to a teacher who has on trial been found to be incompetent . . . Whenever school

officers committed the error of unduly multiplying schools, thus rendering it necessary to employ 'cheap' teachers, there is no reason to go beyond this fact in search of a reason for a decline in numbers. And the more promptly our intelligent people manifest their disapprobation of poor schools, the sooner can we bring our school system up to a high degree of efficiency."

Public sentiment in favor of education was being stimulated by the Peabody Fund which appropriated in 1873 more than \$36,000 to the schools of the state. This benefaction, which proved such a tremendous impetus to local taxation in the southern states, appropriated more than \$200,000 to education in Virginia from 1868 to 1877. Its influence was apparent in other ways also. Teachers' salaries were on the increase, qualifications for teaching were improving, though this improvement was slowly made. Fully ninety per cent of the teachers of the state were reported during the early years of reconstruction "far below what they ought to be, and must become." In order to improve these teachers some of the counties held institutes though these were little more than "educational lyceums, a useful sort of society, but a slow and uncertain way of arriving at the best results." Lack of funds was the chief difficulty in the way of institute work, but some of the county superintendents had "exerted themselves with commendable zeal" to correct this.

Perhaps the most critical, and to southern education the most discouraging, period of reconstruction was the year 1873-74. The agitation in congress of the civil rights bill, which looked to securing to freedmen rights identical with whites in hotels, public conveyances, schools, churches, theaters and other places of amusement, temporarily retarded progress in almost every southern state. Opposition in Virginia was very strong to any idea of mixed schools; this attitude had appeared, as we have already seen, in the constitutional convention and the legislature which framed the first school law. But the actual effect of the threatened passage of federal legislation on civil rights, observed in all the southern states, was very far reaching in Virginia. The following

are a few among the many complaints from the counties which show the influence of the measure in that state:

BRUNSWICK: "There is still some opposition to our school system, but that would die out if the agitation of the civil rights question could be hushed up."

FRANKLIN: ". . . But should the civil rights bill, or any bill providing for mixed schools, be passed by congress, the white people of the county will, with one voice, say 'Away, away with the public school system.'"

HENRICO: "There is still a deep-seated prejudice with some against the system, and this can never be removed while the abominable 'civil rights' agitation is an open question. . . ."

KING WILLIAM: While the matter was before congress a prejudice was excited in this county which "would have destroyed the whole system, had the measure passed and an effort been made to enforce it. Apart from the fear of federal intervention, the people very generally advocate a system of public education, and are looking to the time when Virginia will be left to manage her own affairs, to form a system of public education for the benefit of all her citizens." The white people in this county were willing in all cases to accord to the colored equal advantages of the school system and perfect equality before the law.

LOUDOUN: The people were willing and eager to "contribute to the building of houses and to employ the public teachers by applying private funds in extending the sessions at the expiration of the public school terms. . . . Our work would have progressed satisfactorily if the prospect of the disastrous consequences of the enforcement of the civil rights bill had not warned them against further action. In several instances promised assistance was withdrawn and our friends have relaxed their efforts in dread of the threatened suspension or destruction of our schools by congressional interference."

Ruffner believed that if the bill had been enacted "our school system would have received its death blow in two hours after the fact became known to the legislature. Many buildings and other enterprises instantly halted, subdued opposition revived, and, strange to say, some schools suddenly lost the most of their pupils. The growing feeling of cordiality toward the education of the colored people was chilled."

Lack of facilities for teacher-training was another weakness of the school system. The constitution required the legislature to establish normal schools "as soon as practicable," but this mandate was not being observed. There were two normal schools for negroes, one at Richmond and one at Hampton,

both largely supported by contributions from the north, supplied with well trained teachers and instructing more than 300 pupils. But no provision had yet been made for the white teachers of the state, who now numbered more than 3,400, few if any of whom had received any professional training before taking up the work of teaching. The superintendent greatly deplored this neglect. The schools were filled with "raw apprentices, who must of necessity do a great deal of bad work. How long is this wretched economy to continue? How long are the children of the state to be denied the advantages of really good teaching? Why use the last dollar to multiply schools when we are already wasting money on hundreds of schools that are worth nothing? When shall the idea be fastened on the public that it is not schools we are after, but education!

"We are in the fifth year of the school system, and yet not a dollar of public funds have been spent on teachers. The constitution requires that normal schools shall be established *as soon as practicable*. It has been practicable to do *something* in this direction from the beginning. . . . We have been working with dull tools in order to save the cost of a grindstone!"

The superintendent repeatedly urged the establishment of at least one normal school; he also urged provision by which counties could expend one or two hundred dollars a year to secure competent instructors for their teachers in institutes or otherwise. But nothing had yet come of the recommendation. Bills on the subject were occasionally introduced in the legislature, but lack of effective public sentiment resulted in their failure of passage. This neglect of providing for the training of teachers was widely felt. "The number of applicants now is too small, and the grade of their qualifications too low, to excite wholesome emulation," said one county official; and another declared that the supply of teachers was very largely confined to that class who adopted teaching to "eke out a support." Another official did not expect to get beyond the "log school-house" stage for several years.

General educational conditions were slightly improving, however. In 1874 the school population numbered 436,000; of this number 259,000 were white and 177,000 colored

children. The enrollment of white children was 121,000 and of colored 52,000, the former with an average attendance of 69,000 and the latter 28,000. The school term was a little more than five months and the average monthly salary paid teachers was about \$32. The following year nearly eighty per cent of the counties and towns of the state showed a gain in public sentiment concerning public education; ten counties asked for an annual appropriation for teachers' institutes and two wanted a longer school term. In 1876 more than 300 new school-houses were built, and about one-third of the houses used for school purposes in the state were owned by the districts. But there were still more than 2,000 log houses in use.

In 1877 a curious and sudden change in educational sentiment appeared and brought dark days to the school system. This strange reaction was largely produced by a diversion of the school funds which began as early as 1870. A slightly contributing cause was a controversy over the school system, which was carried on in the press of the state. But the diversion of the school funds produced the more destructive effects. In his sixth annual report, Superintendent Ruffner referred to the tardiness with which the school funds were paid over to the schools. For more than a year he was active in his efforts to secure legislative attention to this condition, to have the funds restored, and to make impossible the continuance or future recurrence of such diversion of money so sacredly dedicated by both constitution and law to purposes of public education.

The difficulty was of a complicated nature. The constitution had imposed on the legislature the duty of applying the capitation and certain property taxes to school support; the act of July 11, 1870, obeyed the constitution on this point and the act of July 9 of the same year fixed the capitation tax at one dollar, and imposed a property tax of one mill on the dollar. By act of March 30, 1871, known as the Funding Bill, which provided for funding and paying the public debt, holders of state bonds could exchange them for new bonds whose coupons were to be "receivable for all taxes, dues, debts and demands due the state." By act of March 7,

1872, which was neither approved nor vetoed by the governor, the act of March 30, 1871, was repealed; the coupons were no longer to be receivable for taxes, but taxes were to be paid "in gold or silver coin, United States treasury notes, or notes of the national banks of the United States," and officers were forbidden to receive anything else for them. The problem now appears: by the constitution and law of the state a certain amount of revenue at a fixed rate was to be raised and applied to education. By subsequent legislation such revenue could, to the extent of the coupons issuable, be paid in tax-receivable coupons. A later act made taxes payable in money.

Suit was soon instituted to compel officers in Richmond to receive coupons for taxes, and the circuit court issued a *mandamus* requiring a sheriff to receive the coupons, thus recognizing the act of March 30, 1871. The case was appealed and the decision given in December, 1872, when the court held that the act of March 30, 1871, constituted a contract on the part of the state which subsequent legislation could not impair; that the act of March 7, 1872, was unconstitutional in that a state could not make laws impairing the obligation of contracts; and that the act of March 30, 1871, was not in conflict with the constitution of the state which dedicated certain revenue to public school purposes.¹ On this last point the court held that the interest on the bonds of the state could be paid in the manner prescribed and the provisions for schools still be respected, and suggested an increase in taxation if the existing rate proved insufficient. "The obligation to provide for the interest due by the coupons is as high as the duty of applying the capitation tax and other funds to the schools. Both duties are alike obligatory, and both may be discharged as there is no conflict between them. It is only by a failure to discharge the one that the performance of the other can be put in jeopardy, and it rests with the legislature, by faithfully and fearlessly meeting both obligations, to preserve the plighted faith of the state and protect her constitution from violation."

¹ *Antoni vs. Wright, sheriff; Gratton's Reports*, Vol. 22, p. 833. Staples, J., dissented; Moncure, J., did not sit because of his interest in the bonds.

Later, when motion was refused for a re-hearing of the case, Justice Anderson took occasion to say that if it were impracticable to raise sufficient revenue for both the state debt and the schools, the latter did not "impose an obligation on the legislature paramount to the obligation to provide for the payment of the interest on the public debt. That was an obligation antecedent and paramount to the constitution itself, and could not be repudiated by the constitution, if it had so provided. . . And, furthermore, this being an obligation of *debt*, and not eleemosynary in its character, as are the other provisions referred to, however desirable and important it may be that they should be carried out, I hesitate not to say, this is of *higher* obligation. A man must be just before he can be generous."

Staples, the dissenting justice, held that the constitutional provision for school support had been violated and that the legislature had no right to apply to the state debt "a fund sacredly dedicated to the cause of education." He cited supreme court decisions of Iowa and California² to support his opinion "that whenever the legislature raises a fund, by taxation or otherwise, for the support of common schools, it cannot, by any contemporaneous or subsequent legislation, divert the fund to a different purpose;" and that school revenue when collected, by force of the constitution "becomes inviolably appropriated to school purposes." The practical operation of the funding bill, in his opinion, defeated the object of the constitution in regard to schools.

Another case further illustrates the actual situation. James Clarke was fined \$30 in the Hustings Court of Richmond and in payment of the fine offered a thirty-dollar coupon which the court refused. On failure to pay in money Clarke was placed in jail. Application for a writ of *habeas corpus* was made to the supreme court and the prisoner was discharged. The case brought up the question of the payment in coupons of fines which were expressly set apart for educational purposes. The decision of the court was based on the principle given in the case described above, that the act of March 30, 1871, was constitutional. The court held that

² 13 Iowa, R. 250; 37 Cal., R. 240.

the school funds were sacred and the duty to education was paramount, but however sacred and high, such an obligation should not be met at the sacrifice of other obligations. "The people must be educated, but they must not be educated at the price of repudiation and dishonor. Better would be ignorance than enlightenment purchased at such a fearful price." Staples argued as before. He saw no difference between a law which applied fines directly to the payment of interest on the public debt and one which gave authority for the payment of such fines in coupons; he held that the legislature could not divert a fund from its constitutional purpose and justify its conduct by depending on some future legislature to provide the deficiency by taxation. "It is the duty of the legislature, by taxation, to pay the public debt. If it fails to do so, it cannot justify its action by giving to the creditor a fund not under its control."

It will be seen that from the outset there would be considerable difficulty in paying to schools the amount they were entitled to receive. When the taxes were to be paid in coupons, how could the schools receive money? Moreover, there was no authority to re-issue the coupons, but they were ordered cancelled. Again, the system of bookkeeping used made it difficult to show the proportionate share of revenue belonging to the schools. The revenue came into the treasury in money and coupons in the proportion of nearly half and half. Probably more than \$250,000 of school money was annually absorbed by the coupons.³ The school funds were not paid into the treasury separately but in common with other revenue; but all expenditures were made only on the warrant of the auditor, and the schools got what was left after warrants had been drawn for other government expenses. For one year the auditor's books showed the total gross amount of receipts to be \$3,020,139.79, and the net amount of coupons, after deducting \$66,000 in taxes on them, was \$1,148,855.84.⁴ The auditor in his annual report stated the amount of money he had turned over to the schools without stating how much had actually been received for education. By act of March 29, 1873, the audi-

³ *Sen. Doc.* 28, 1878-79, p. 2.

⁴ *Auditor's Report*, 1877-78, Appendix, p. 16.

tor was ordered to pay in cash all money for school purposes. But fiscal complications were even then not avoided and the difficulty was not removed, because the amount paid in coupons was such a large part of the total revenues that the actual cash received was not sufficient to pay the schools their share except at the expense of other important interests equally as sacred perhaps as education.

The diversion of funds did not become generally known until January, 1876. Superintendent Ruffner constantly sought official statement of the actual amount diverted, and endeavored to have a bill enacted which would give him authority to obtain this information, but the bill died in the hands of the committee. The vitality of the school system was put in the greatest jeopardy, and effectual measures of relief were instantly demanded. A later report of the superintendent led to direct senate inquiries.

Different official statements disagreed as to the actual amounts due the schools. The superintendent believed that at least \$1,113,000, probably much more, had been diverted. The governor in December, 1877, thought that the sum was considerable less than this. Delinquent revenues due by defaulting officers were said to be numerous, some of which had to be collected by suit and were therefore naturally subject to all the delays incident to litigation. Some were lost by the insolvency of the officers, and still others were abated or compromised by special acts of the legislature. Much of these revenues, when received, came after considerable delay, irregularity, and in very small sums. Moreover, about \$200,000 had been lost to the schools by an injunction of a federal court which suspended a certain law on liquor taxation. The amount due schools was gradually increasing. From 1870 to 1879 the total amount of assessed revenue due schools was \$4,720,348.27, and the amount paid was \$3,675,729.67, leaving a balance of \$1,044,618.60. The sum of \$78,448.03 was due from certain corporation taxes; the sum of \$381,178.74 was due on arrears of interest on the Literary Fund, and \$40,520.22 was due on fines, making a grand total of \$1,544,765.59 due the schools of the state.⁵

⁵ *Sen. Doc. 12, 1879-80.*

Whatever the amount actually due the schools a large curtailment in the operation of the school system was the result. The effect was very damaging. Reports from many of the counties showed considerable dissatisfaction and discontent with the system, a growing cordiality towards the schools was suddenly cooled, and the opponents of the system industriously made use of the diversion of funds to awaken complaints among those who were either ignorant of the operation of the schools or impatient for their perfection. When the dark days came in 1878 and 1879, schools were temporarily suspended in many places and in others the term was considerably decreased. Teachers were not paid, or their warrants went begging for buyers at large discounts. There was a general relaxation of effort. Nearly 100,000 children were kept from school; in Richmond alone 1,000 children were unable to enter. The mischief of the condition was brought home to the people generally and with a keenness which excited extensive discontent, which showed itself in the various legislative petitions from 1876 to 1879.

It should be kept in mind that no censure was attached to the auditor or any other state officer, although a rather vigorous controversy ensued between him and the superintendent. But Ruffner spoke of him as "an officer whose integrity and faithfulness were beyond question." The root of the unfortunate matter was undoubtedly in the defective legislation of the early years of reconstruction and the grave defects of the accounting system of the state. The funding bill was probably passed precipitately in consequence of certain exaggerated estimates of the resources of the state. Moreover, it was generally believed that the bill was passed by "unwarrantable means" and in direct violation of the will of the people. Whether the framers of the law were consciously and deliberately guilty of fraud is difficult to determine; it seems certain, however, that they there planted some seeds of repudiation from which they may have had faint hope later to reap bountifully.

It was evident, as early as 1876, that the force of the will of the people was at work. The men and party that had failed in their opportunity to foster education "were tried and con-

demned at the bar of public opinion, and removed from power by the verdict of the people. . . ." This popular sentiment was manifested in 1877 when a legislature was elected "pledged to restore to the schools" the funds which had been used for other purposes. The result of the election also showed that the people were ready to endorse the other principle involved: "that in the settlement of the public debt there must be no compromise of the honor of the state—no outrage upon the rights of the public creditor."⁶ The legislature was largely conservative. In the senate there were only four republicans, three of whom were negroes, and the house of delegates contained only nine republicans, four of whom were negroes. There was one independent in the senate and seventeen in the house. The other members of both houses were conservatives.⁷

The legislature immediately took steps to ascertain the causes of the deficiency in the school funds and how the money could be restored. By joint resolution the auditor was directed to pay to the Literary Fund the amounts due the public schools from 1870 to 1874. A similar resolution had been introduced in the session of 1876-77, but no effectual relief was secured until the act of March 14, 1878, which required the auditor to return the arrearages due the school fund in \$15,000 quarterly installments, beginning July 1, 1878, and to continue without "further order, demand, or requisition, until full payment shall have been made of all arrearages due from the capitation and property taxes set apart by mandate of the constitution and law of the state for the support of the public free school system; . . ." This act was to apply especially to the funds due from 1870 to 1874. By subsequent legislation these quarterly installments were increased to \$25,000. At the same session a bill commonly known as the "Barbour Bill" was passed, prescribing the manner in which school funds should be collected and requiring them to be paid to the Literary Fund and used only for education. By this act certain percentages of the taxes were to be collected in money, and twenty-five cents in the hundred dollars were

⁶ *Dispatch*, Nov. 8, 1877.

⁷ Warrock-Richardson, *Virginia and North Carolina Almanac*, 1878, pp. 29, 30.

to go to support the government, ten cents to support schools, and fifteen cents to pay the interest on the public debt, the right to use coupons within the limit of these percentages being distinctly stated. Governor Holliday vetoed the bill March 1, 1878, the veto later being sustained in the senate by a vote of twenty-four to sixteen, and in the house of delegates by a vote of seventy-one to forty-two.

The governor gave reasons for vetoing the measure: "Instead of bringing peace, it is challenging war between the state and its creditors, and keeping alive in bitterness a thing which has already, by its agitation, cost more than its whole sum to the material interests and welfare of the commonwealth." The matter should no longer be kept in controversy. In the second place the governor denied "that the legislature is bound to support the free school system at the expense of the state's creditors. . . . Public free schools are not a necessity. The world, for hundreds of years, grew in wealth, culture, and refinement, without them. They are a luxury, adding, when skillfully conducted, it may be, to the beauty and power of the state, but to be paid for, like any other luxury, by the people who wish their benefits." He pronounced the bill "a proclamation of war against those to whom we are in debt."

His argument is not unlike that used by other officials who jealously guarded the state's credit. So eager were some of them to save the credit of the state that their reasoning could easily be interpreted as displaying an attitude somewhat hostile to education, though such was hardly the case. The auditor believed that all claims which were authorized and directed to be paid were equally entitled to their proportionate share of the currency, and he saw no reason why the schools should be an exception to this principle. And in December, 1877, Governor Kemper said in his message to the legislature:

"In an issue of life and death between the state and the school system, is it to be said that the state must perish and the schools survive? Does the bond of the constitution so nominate and exalt any one of the departments over all others, that it may, whenever the letter of the bond is forfeit, cut its pound of flesh from the body of the

state, nearest its heart, even at the sacrifice of the life of the state?

"The school system is the creation of the organic law. The constitutional obligation to maintain it is not questioned. In all my official relations to that system, I have endeavored to support it fairly, efficiently, and in the spirit of its founders. But if it is to override all other interests, however momentous or sacred; if the claims of the school department upon the funds of the general treasury constitute a lien paramount to every other; if the existence of the government, in an emergency, is to be dependent upon the leniency of that department; then, the sooner it is shorn of its dangerous supremacy the better."

By act of March 3, 1879, known as the "Henkel Bill," provision was made to secure to the schools the money set apart by the constitution and laws for that purpose; and the auditor was required to calculate the total revenue applicable to public schools and to report his estimate to the state superintendent as a basis for distribution. By this law seventy-five per cent of the estimated money for schools was to be left in the counties. Later the act was so amended as to leave in the counties ninety per cent of the estimated revenue applicable to schools.

Subsequent legislation was even more just and liberal. By acts of February 9 and April 21, 1882, the sum of \$400,000, in four equal annual installments, was to be appropriated to the further credit on arrearages due the schools. This sum was part of the amount received on account of the sale of the state's interest in the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railway. The act making the appropriation declared that "whereas out of the revenues assessed for the years" 1870 to 1879, a sum amounting to more than \$1,504,000, and dedicated by the constitution to public education, "was diverted to other purposes" prior of 1880, "the general assembly conceives it to be its paramount duty" to restore said school fund as speedily as possible. The remaining \$100,000 of the proceeds of the sale was to be spent in the erection and maintenance of a normal school for colored teachers.

It was believed by some that this \$500,000 belonged to the sinking fund and should be placed there, and suit was accordingly instituted to prohibit the board of education from ap-

plying the money as the legislature had ordered. In June, 1882, an injunction was granted restraining the board from carrying out the provisions of the act. Appeal was taken to the supreme court in December of that year and the injunction was dissolved and the money restored to the schools.⁸ The plaintiffs sought the United States supreme court for an appeal and *supersedeas* which was not granted, and the money was ordered paid to the board of education, January 25, 1883.

From now on conditions changed. The financial management of the schools showed decided improvement after 1878, made possible by relief afforded by the legislation described above. The money which had been diverted was gradually repaid. In March, 1884, in response to an inquiry of the senate finance committee the auditor furnished a statement of the amounts due the schools saying that the arrearages account would soon be settled in full.⁹

Another slight shadow was temporarily thrown across the path of public education in the state near the close of reconstruction by a newspaper controversy which had a small damaging effect. The principal participants were the superintendent of public instruction and Dr. R. L. Dabney, minister, and professor in Hampden-Sidney College, a man who represented the educational philosophy of artistocratic, *ante bellum* Virginia, but hardly the prevailing educational theory of *post bellum* days. The controversy consisted of a series of letters published in the newspapers of Richmond. "Your 'free' schools," wrote Mr. Dabney, addressing the superintendent, "like not a few of the other pretensions of radicalism, are in fact exactly opposite to the name falsely assumed. The great bulk of those who pay the money for them do it, not 'freely,' but by compulsion. It [the school system] has become mischievous and tyrannical, in that it forces on us the useless, impractical, mischievous, and dishonest attempt to teach literary arts to all negroes, when the state is unable to pay its debts and provide for its welfare. . . ." He advocated universal education provided it was true education, by which he meant education on the "old Virginia plan."

⁸ 76 Va., pp. 455. ff.

⁹ Sen. Doc. 35, 1883-84.

He argued that the principle by which "the state intrudes into the parental obligation and function of educating all children is dangerous and agrarian," and the theory that the children belong to the state he pronounced pagan, "derived from heathen Sparta and Plato's heathen republic. . . ." Moreover, he held that crime and poverty increased in proportion to the amount of scholastic instruction given. Besides, there was a natural humiliation in accepting the charity of the state. He believed that "ignorance and its consequences must need be hereditary, and that knowledge, culture, and virtue are not to be extended beyond the fortunate youth for whom their parents secure them." The rigor of this law might be somewhat relaxed, but not by the civil magistrate or the state. "The agency must be social and Christian."¹⁰

Ruffner's replies to Dabney were friendly, though the urgency of championing the cause of popular education was sufficient excuse for keenness of statement. "I must be allowed to say that you do not represent Virginia, either present or past: not even colonial Virginia: still less the Virginia of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe: nor of the elder John Tyler, James Barbour and W. C. Nicholas: nor of James P. Preston, Thomas M. Randolph and William B. Giles: nor of John Floyd, David Campbell and James McDowell: nor the Virginia of today; and I shall prove it." Here as elsewhere during his labors for public education, Ruffner sought to make clear the principle of universal education, free and open to all the youth of the state; and now as at other times his arguments were convincing and effective. In the end the controversy may have had the effect of stimulating the feeble-hearted, though in a few instances there is evidence that Dr. Dabney's arguments caused some discontent with the system.¹¹

From the foregoing study it will be seen that during the years of reconstruction Virginia's educational system in large part originated and took advanced steps. It does not appear, however, that the educational change witnessed in the state in this period was produced entirely by outside influence.

¹⁰ The Richmond *Inquirer*, April 20, 22, 26, 1876.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, May 10, 1876.

The popular belief that public education in the South is a gift of reconstruction has been interpreted by some to mean that public education in that region was imported during that time and entirely against the will of the native white population. This is not the case generally, and certainly the evidence does not warrant such a conclusion in the case of Virginia. It is indeed remarkable that, in a community where traditions and practices were such that it could not be expected to be sympathetic with universal and free education, the framework of such a system was rapidly being erected before the war. But must it be considered impossible that the completion of that structure was finally the work of native Virginians? In justice to *ante bellum* educational effort in that state, a few comparisons will be allowed in summary.

The reconstruction system was headed by a superintendent and a state board. These features were not present in the *ante bellum* system, though the second auditor after 1823 exercised a certain educational authority in the state, serving in a capacity not entirely unlike that demanded by some of the duties of a state superintendent; and the directors of the Literary Fund were virtually a state board of education after 1811 and, with the second auditor, fostered educational enterprise. It is not difficult to see that in this state the office of superintendent developed from that of the second auditor and the state board from the literary board,—an evolution easily traced in other states. County superintendents, county boards, and local district trustees, were found in the state before the war, though their powers and duties, as were the powers and duties of the second auditor and the literary board, were more or less permissive and nominal. Charges of neglect and inefficiency were not infrequently made against these officials. Before the war the schools were supported by the income from the Literary Fund and after 1853 by this means combined with the entire capitation tax on all white males above twenty-one years of age. A combination of private contribution and the public bounty was also so popular during this time that it persisted, as we have seen, in the *post bellum* system. Legislative authority for property assessment was frequently recommended when the annual ap-

portionment was insufficient for educational purposes in any community, but obligatory taxation on property for school support was an advanced feature of the school system which did not appear until the law of 1870. The *ante bellum* schools were open only to the white children, provision for the education of the negro coming after the war. The education of freedmen, however, followed as a natural result of emancipation; but federal authority would not have allowed open discrimination against them even if there had been a disposition. The social and political cataclysm produced by emancipation created a condition to which Virginians, and all southerners, found difficulty in adjusting themselves; but there was no disposition to discriminate educationally against the colored man, towards whom a certain cordiality would have earlier developed but for exploitation of him from the outside. Finally, it must be recalled that although the constitutional provision for education was the work of outsiders, the school system was planned by a native, conservative Virginian, whose father thirty years before had recommended practically the same plan; that the school bill was drawn and revised by native, conservative Virginians and enacted into law through the leadership of native, conservative Virginians; and that the system was set on its way to success by the faithful and untiring efforts of a native, conservative Virginian whose one paramount and dominating conviction was his belief in the power of a state-supported and state-controlled system of public education, free and open alike to all classes.

The Ass as Actor

T. S. GRAVES

Mr. Dutton Cook and others have written interestingly of the horse as hero on the English stage, but the honor of grappling with the histrionic career of the ass has been reserved, apparently, as a task peculiarly adapted to contemporary scholarship. With a view, therefore, to stimulating further research, a brief discussion of this vital part of our early drama, neglected somehow by German dissertations, will be pardoned during the present tercentennial celebrations in honor of the death of the creator of Bottom and Dogberry; for the ass has had a long and honorable stage career in England and on the Continent.

Years before the origin of modern drama he had been a large part of those continental celebrations with dramatic possibilities which nowadays are considered indispensable preliminaries to all discussions of the liturgical play. He was ever present at the Feast of Fools and the Feast of Asses; in the part of *Palmesel* he starred repeatedly in those early processions held on Palm Sunday in commemoration of the entry into Jerusalem; and when, on Nativity Morning, certain pious souls sought to vivify by mimetic action the birth of our Savior, the ass stood reverentially at the Christmas crib beside the ox and Joseph.

When the modern drama finally arose in the cathedrals of Western Europe, the ass was soon called in to share with priests and choir the honor of the occasion; and when European culture invaded England in the wake of the Norman Conquest, he was imported as a necessary part of that drama employed to enliven the Scriptures and justify the ways of God to man. When, however, the drama was driven from ecclesiastical precincts, the ass was likewise expelled from church and passed under secular management. Secularized but dignified still, he was wont to figure prominently in the serious action of the Corpus Christi Pageants, where he was sometimes the escort of kings, the companion of the Virgin

on the journey to Bethlehem, and the means of enabling Jesus to enter Jerusalem in a manner that was strictly orthodox.

It is as a comedian, however, that the ass has achieved his greatest success on the stage, and his reputation as such antedates by many years the origin of modern drama. He it was, to illustrate, that introduced Xanthias to the audience in Aristophanes' *Frogs*, and he was frequently assigned comic rôles in those semi-dramatic entertainments, which, as we have seen, heralded the birth of the liturgic play. At a very early period of modern drama he and Balaam became a favorite low comedy team, and their value as such was recognized even by theatrical managers. Perhaps the truth of this assertion is revealed most strikingly by a passage in the "banes" advertising the Chester Plays, where, for the sake of the hearers, the Cappers and Drapers having charge of the Balaam Pageant are enjoined to "make the Asse to speake, and set yt out livelye".

In view of this very promising career during the infancy of the English stage, it is somewhat pathetic that the ass plays a comparatively small rôle in the dramas of Shakspeare's time. No actual evidence is extant which proves that Shakspeare or any of his contemporaries gave to this old comedian a speaking part; not a single bray, with the possible exception of a song by Bottom, is recorded in those stage directions and other materials out of which moderns have reconstructed all the Elizabethan playhouses.

Specialists in source-hunting may well wonder why the gentle bard of Avon, who could convert the property of his precursors into problem plays, should have been blind to this vital part of their older genius; and psychological critics can only regret that the master hand which has turned Shylock into a deep tragedian has neglected to assign to the ass the rôle of a prince of Denmark. In this neglect of Burnell Shakspeare was imitated by his contemporaries and immediate successors, for the few theatrical appearances of this interesting character during the reigns of Elizabeth and James seem to have been confined largely, or entirely, to the private stages in royal palaces and Inns of Court. More humiliating even than this, the ass, provided we can trust the phraseology of

certain sixteenth century writers, was occasionally made to share with the ordinary prosaic mule the honors of a stage career. And this, too, at a time in England long before women were allowed to impersonate the heroines of Shakspeare!

Writing about 1640, in reply to Prynne's famous *Histriomatrix* directed against the evils of Elizabethan theatricals, Sir Richard Baker maintains that some of the Puritan's arguments apply only to the horrors of the Roman arena. "But what is this to our Plays", he exclaims, "where never any wilde Beast was seen upon the Stage, unless perhaps such wilde Beasts as David speaks of, who are like to Horse and Mule, that have no understanding".

It is hardly necessary to point out that Sir Richard is not contradicting here what was said above. He has reference, of course, not to the original animal, but to human species, who were perhaps sometimes the actors themselves, but who more often were those bespangled gallants that usurped stage regions and bothered players and audience alike. On the other hand, Sir Richard's words must not be construed as evidence that the ass—actual or artificial—was never employed to advance the cause of drama during the lifetime of Shakspeare. As a matter of fact, various instances are recorded where he frisked before the brains and beauty of Elizabethan England, and sometimes he was known to curvet in the very presence of royalty itself.

There can be little doubt that in one form or another he sometimes bore before admiring hundreds those Lords of Misrule who helped to stimulate an interest in drama throughout the towns of sixteenth century England. An interesting survival of this practice is probably extant in the 1562 regulations governing the Christmas entertainment provided by legal minds of the period for banquet night at the Temple: "It is proper to the Butler's office to give warning to every House of Court of this banquet; to the end that they, and the Innes of Chancery, be invited thereto to see a play and mask. The hall is to be furnished with scaffolds to sit on, for ladyes to behold the sports on each side: which ended, the ladyes are brought into the library, unto the banquet there. When the banquet is ended, then cometh into the hall the

Constable-Marshal fairly mounted on his mule; and deviseth some sport for passing away the rest of the night."

More interesting from the point of view of drama is Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, acted in 1592 at the home of Sir George Cary near Croydon. In this production the ass, trapped in ivy, is the vehicle of actual divinity—the fat and jolly Bacchus, "dressed", says the stage direction, "in vine leaves and a garland of grapes on his head", and escorted by a singing band of companions provided with drinking-cups and garlands. With all the stage business appropriate to his character as the god of wine, the divinity dismounts, and then commands that his steed be walked "up and down the hall"—to call forth, no doubt, the admiration and applause of the "ladyes" on the scaffolds. This, I believe, is the only recorded instance of the English stage where the god of wine has consented to become a subordinate to the ass in the presence of the fair sex.

In *Liberality and Prodigality*—presented in revised form about 1601 before Queen Elizabeth, probably by the Children of Paul's—Temerity enters astride an appropriate mount. That royalty smiled its approval as the two actors drew up before the door of Mine Host's tavern is implied at least in the words of the servant to his master on viewing the unusual visitors:

"A lubber, fat, great, and tall
Upon a tired ass, bare, short, and small."

In *Soliman and Perseda*—a play usually assigned to Thomas Kyd—a "braggart knight" named Basilisco, one of the most amusing figures in our early drama, makes his initial appearance, says the stage direction, "riding of a mule". That the author of this particular rubric is mistaken, however, is proved later by the reference to an exploit in which the "Emperors Mare" plays a part, and by the words preceding Basilisco's exit in search of a surgeon: "Piston getteth upon his asse, and rideth with him to the doore, and meeteth the Cryer."

Basilisco, as we have seen, is a knight, and he is an excellent comic character, but in the presence of his "courser"

he dwindles into a purely minor figure; for this charger of the Spanish gentleman is no ordinary actor. In the courtly tournaments, through which he has valiantly borne his master, he has lost his tail and part of his nose and ears; yet he retains his innate fire in spite of his wounds, and threatens to "dismount" a member of Spanish nobility at the least sign of familiarity on the part of a stander-by.

An eminent foreign scholar, whose judgment on such matters must be treated with the profoundest respect, has recently argued that the prominence given to the ass in *Soliman and Perseda* proves the play to have been acted by English lawyers, and that Basilisco, like the Constable-Marshal discussed above, rode an ass in actuality about the floor of the large hall in which the play was presented. I am willing to accept the first part of his contention as probable, but I beg leave to think that the "courser" in question was an artificial product, perhaps impersonated by two lively actors inside an appropriate canvas cover. And I believe this because I am convinced that it would have been impossible to find combined in a single theatrical ass of the period, notwithstanding the previous training of the species as actors, all those rare qualities characteristic of Basilisco's mount.

Be this as it may, it is at least certain that all sorts of "animals" constructed in the manner mentioned above figured prominently in Elizabethan theatricals; and that the artificial ass did make his appearance, at least upon the court stage of the early seventeenth century, is proved by the *Masque of Flowers*, acted in 1614, where Silenus enters "mounted upon an artificiall asse, which sometimes being taken with strains of musicke, did bow down his eares, and listen with great attention." Perhaps, too, it is not irrelevant to cite in this connection a passage in Sir Anthony Weldon's account of the semi-dramatic entertainments provided for the amusement of the scholarly James I: "After the King supped, he would come forth to see pastimes and fooleries; in which Sir Edward Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Finit were the chiefe and Master Fooles . . . sometimes presenting David Droman and Archer Armstrong, the King's foole, on the back of other fooles, to tilt one another, till they fell together by

the eares." In view of Basilisco's triumphal entry from the lists, as recorded above, one is seriously inclined to think that sometimes these chargers ridden by Droman and Armstrong were "fooles" within but asses in outward appearance.

With the closing of the theatres by the Puritans in 1642, the ass, like playwright and tragedian, fell into disrepute; and the very name of this sometime comic star, as a result no doubt of his early theatrical associations, has ever after been sedulously avoided in well regulated Puritan circles. That he joined certain of his old acquaintances of the playhouse, like "good men and true", to swell the ranks of the Cavaliers, may be readily believed; but that he ever participated in those clandestine theatrical performances which were sometimes given during the period of the Commonwealth is as yet unproved.

The reign of Charles II is usually credited with having first brought a live horse upon the English stage, and it is further noteworthy for having sanctioned the employment of female actors, but it neglected the ass. Apparently during the excitement created by two such innovations, both the hobby-ass and the living reality were forgot; or perchance they were wilfully discarded by Restoration managers as too harmless makers of comedy. Animals such as Sir Richard Baker had in mind swelled the scene of the Restoration playhouse, to be sure, but I have sought in vain for instances where they bestrode their more decent brothers preparatory to cuckolding a neighbor or boasting of feats of seduction before an applauding audience.

Is it merely a striking coincidence that almost simultaneous with the reaction against the immorality of the stage, led by such men as Blackmore and Jeremy Collier, and with the importation of eunuchs as songsters, we have conclusive evidence of the restoration of the ass to something of the importance which he had possessed as a legitimate part of religious drama before the days of Shakspeare? Surely it is noteworthy that at a time when the greatest importance was attached to the epilogue, and when actors were jealous of the honor connected with the pronouncing of the occasional type

of such compositions, the ass, assisted by such comedians as Haines and Pinkethman, especially on benefit nights, was wont to revive at the conclusion of plays those audiences, who, we suspect, had been exhausted by the elocution of Betterton and Mrs. Barry; and a much admired print (1697) is extant perpetuating an ass and Joe Haines in the act.

So far as I am aware, no student of the beginnings of the Romantic Revival has argued that this honor conferred upon the ass is an early part of that insistence upon naturalness and humanitarianism characteristic of the movement which gave us a personal religion and a novel of sentiment. At least it should be noted in this connection that the theatrical triumph of the ass was followed by the employment of less capable animals as actors. Early in the eighteenth century, to illustrate, the "tractable genius" of a certain white elephant would have been engaged for the theatre in Dorset-Garden, had not the envy of the dancers and the fears of the stage-carpenter prevented; in 1727 at least one horse was employed to insure the success of the revival of *Henry VIII*; a cat, in somewhat altered form, speaks the epilogue to Fielding's *The Author's Farce*; and early in the nineteenth century, when the romantic movement was at its height, a whole host of equestrian dramas was composed to gratify the English public.

If the theory hinted at above be correct, then it should be noted that the present generation, although it clings to feminist movements and other romantic features recovered for us by the eighteenth century, has failed to appreciate adequately the revival of interest in the theatrical ass. As a jocular means of conveyance he has been supplanted by a noisier vehicle; and his very name, which was an inevitable part of the jokes of our ancestors, had been modernized into *Ford*. Circumstances have indeed restricted his field of histrionic activity. His dialogue with Balaam may be said to be sometimes imitated upon the vaudeville stage, but his appearances in legitimate drama are now only sporadic. Modern fondness for stage crooks and prostitutes has decreed that for the present, at least, he share with clowns and Charlie Chaplin the glory merely of the circus and the "movies". Can we hope, how-

ever, that in our era of efficiency, when the moulding of dramatic taste is being monopolized by college professors, we are soon to rectify the oversight of Shakspeare and the neglect of Dryden, and realize in the immediate future that it would be efficient as well as moral to reinstate the ass as actor?

National Safety of the United States, Past and Future*

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"We must depend in every time of national peril, in the future as in the past, not upon a standing army, nor yet upon a reserve army, but upon a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms," said President Wilson in his annual address to Congress in December, 1914. To this assertion, historical and prophetic, Mr. Huidekoper, in concluding a careful review of the several wars in which the United States has been engaged, rejoins, "Earnestly as it is to be hoped that in the near future the majority of American men may be given sufficient military training to make them a dependable force in time of war, the fact none the less remains that *never once, from the beginning of our national career until the present day, have we possessed 'a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms.'*"

Never once, in war or peace, has Congress given adequate consideration to the problem of providing such a trained citizenry as an ever ready supplement to the regular army, and not one of the many enactments of Congress relating to the militia has treated it as a genuine national institution or provided for the training of as much as one per cent of the population. Yet some months before the Declaration of Independence, Washington, with clear eye and accurate judgment, had written to the Continental Congress, "To bring men to be well acquainted with the duties of a soldier requires time. To bring them under proper discipline and subordination not only requires time, but is a work of great difficulty. . . . To expect, then, the same service from raw and undisciplined recruits as from veteran soldiers is to expect what never did and perhaps never will happen."

In the following August and September, when ink was scarcely dry on the Declaration of Independence, Washington was to witness the disgraceful flight of brigades of militia

* The Military Unpreparedness of the United States, A History of American Land Forces from Colonial Times until June 1, 1915. By Frederic Louis Huidekoper. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1915, pp. xvi, 735, \$4.00.

in the battle of Long Island and at Kip's Bay, and to write from bitter experience, "To place any dependence upon militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff. Men . . . totally unacquainted with every kind of military skill (which is followed by want of confidence in themselves when opposed by troops regularly trained, disciplined, and appointed, superior in knowledge and superior in arms), are timid and ready to fly from their own shadows."

Continuing in the same letter of September 24, 1776, Washington stated with perfect clearness the need and advantage of a permanent army and answered the inevitable objection to a standing army.

A few days before this letter was written, Congress had already voted to enlist eighty-eight battalions "to serve during the present war." Enlistments, however, were dependent upon the states. No state exceeded five-sixths of its quota, and one responded with only one-fifth. The totals fell far short of one-half the required number. The demands of commander-in-chief and of Congress in successive years yielded no better results, and much dependence was still placed on the services of the militia, which continued to prove a broken reed.

At the battle of Camden on August 15, 1780, the flight of the militia "without exchanging more than one fire with the enemy" ruined the chances of the Continentals and cost 1,800 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about one-half the number engaged. This disaster drew from Washington caustic reiterations of his former utterances. "Regular troops alone," he wrote, "are equal to the exigencies of modern war, as well for defence as offence; and whenever a substitute is attempted, it must prove illusory and ruinous. . . . I have never yet been witness to a single instance that can justify a different opinion; and it is most earnestly to be wished, that the liberties of America may no longer be trusted, in any material degree, to so precarious a dependence."

Years after, the memory of this ill-starred experience stirred General Henry Lee to enter in his *Memoirs*, "A government is the murderer of its citizens which sends them to the field uninformed and untaught, where they are to meet men

of the same age and strength, mechanized by education and discipline for battle."

It must suffice for the War of 1812 to record that the United States employed less than one-quarter the number of regulars and three times the number of militia enlisted during the Revolution; that during the Revolution the largest Continental force, regulars and militia, employed in any one year was 89,000 (1776), while in the War of 1812 it was 235,000 (1814); that the largest number of British regulars in the United States and Canada in any one year of the Revolution was 41,500 (1781), and in the War of 1812, 16,500 (1814). Yet the decisive victories of Saratoga and Yorktown, and the lesser achievements at Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, Guilford Court House, and Eutaw Springs stand in fine contrast with "the only decisive victory of the War of 1812 before the conclusion of the treaty of peace, the battle of the Thames, where the force of British regulars dispersed and captured numbered but little more than 800." The tragic fiascos at Detroit, Frenchtown, and Bladensburg, the burning of Washington, and the blockade of our coasts were humiliations whose lessons should never be forgotten. Nor should it be thought that the brilliant achievements of American sailors under Perry, Macdonough, and Hull were other than pigmy efforts against the mammoth fleets of England.

"The abandonment of the militia as the 'great bulwark of national defense' and the increased use of regulars and volunteers, especially the latter," "the better discipline and training," and "the employment of a larger number of professional officers" explain the steady series of successes in the Mexican war. Yet, because of the errors of the president and Congress, "In the midst of a hostile country and only three days' march from the capital, with virtually no enemy to oppose him, Scott found himself unable to budge for more than three months."

General Upton, who left his excellent work incomplete at the year 1862, has recorded this judgment with regard to the War between the States:

"During this period (1862) the Government and the Confederates conducted the war on contrary principles. The

Government sought to save the Union by fighting as a Confederacy; the Confederates sought to destroy it by fighting as a nation. The Government recognized the States, appealed to them for troops, adhered to voluntary enlistments, gave the governors power to appoint all commissioned officers and encouraged them to organize new regiments. The Confederates abandoned state sovereignty, appealed directly to the people, took away from them the power to appoint commissioned officers, vested their appointment in the Confederate President, refused to organize war regiments, abandoned voluntary enlistments, and, adopting the republican principle that every citizen owes his country military service, called into the army every white man between the ages of 18 and 35."

Though, in the first 114 pages of his book, Mr. Huidekoper has wisely undertaken to do little more than abstract the more technical pages of General Upton, from 1863 onward he has had to blaze his own way, compiling his facts from the most reliable sources, quoting the keenest observers and critics, citing a wealth of authorities, but writing in a lucid and convincing style. Rightly most complete and careful attention has been given to the legislation and conduct of the Spanish and Philippine wars and to the period since the close of the latter in 1902. The chapters on "Citizen Soldiery" and on "The Condition of the Land Forces of the United States at the Beginning of 1915" are painfully illuminating revelations stated in a matter of fact fashion with no embellishment of passion or style. The final chapter on the "Land Forces of the United States as they Ought to be Organized" contains conclusions and proposals carefully deduced from the experience of the nation as revealed in the earlier pages of historical record, which are substantially similar to the plan drafted by former Secretary Garrison. Mr. Huidekoper, by his thorough researches and by his clear presentation of results, has performed a noble patriotic service. His book will be read with deep interest and conviction by every American citizen who believes that "adequate national defence is one of the cardinal duties of every statesman," and that "every able-bodied male citizen owes military service to his country," and

it ought the more to be read by the unbelievers with a similar access of grace.

One-tenth of the 140 years since 1776 have seen the United States engaged in foreign war. Each of these wars was largely due to our own initiative; each of them was partly conducted on foreign soil and two of them entirely so. History has shown that there is one chance in ten that we shall be engaged in war and that our wars are as likely to be offensive as defensive. Observation of the experience of other nations shows that even defensive wars ultimately require offensive campaigns to win a satisfactory decision. Despite our wishes and efforts to the contrary, the probabilities are that from time to time we shall be engaged in wars which may be offensive as well as defensive.

The United States, with all its record of war, has been a peaceful nation and has a remarkable record for the settlement of its international disputes by negotiation and arbitration, for its efforts to extend the employment of such methods of peace and law, and for its promotion of the means of avoiding and mitigating war by the development and maintenance of international law. This record has assuredly been achieved by the finest sort of preparedness, the readiness to use and abide by law rather than force. Every true American, every Christian citizen, will eagerly pray and labor that the United States may achieve even nobler results in future years for the cause of peace and the supremacy of law among nations. Yet it is in spite of all this that the nation has found itself driven into war. The past has its warning for the present and the future. The thoughtful citizen who seeks to comprehend our situation during the present Great War will find abundant illumination in the masterly *History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison* published by Henry Adams a quarter of a century ago. Nineteen years of neutrality and notes, of trying to steer between Scylla and Charybdis, ended in war and shipwreck; for two decades of peril and repeated warnings from leading statesmen had resulted in no measure of military preparation.

Preparedness for the United States must mean a clear, consistent, formulated, foreign policy. We have become a world

power but have failed to develop our policies to fit our position. No American can state our policy with regard to neutrality, to the Monroe Doctrine, to the Panama Canal, to the Philippines, to China and Japan without fear of contradiction by the next man he meets. This navigation without chart or compass is courting danger. Our policy must be defined and restrained, but it must guarantee our national safety and conform with our traditional support of the cause of human liberty and progress. The American people are fairly agreed that our navy must be our main reliance whether in defense or offense, whether in mere protection of our existence or in the promotion of the interests and policies to which we shall stand pledged before the world.

It is difficult to read the story of our past or to face honestly our present position without a firm conviction that the United States needs a larger regular army supplemented by a trained national reserve which shall place at least one per cent of the population in readiness for immediate service in case of necessity. Not imperial aggrandizement, nor the sheer maintenance of selfish existence, but the cause of human liberty and progress, of international right, and of Christian civilization bids the United States to be strong and fit for any peril or any service. The responsibility of the nation is the duty of the individual citizen. In life he will best serve a cause who is ready if need be to lay down his life for that cause.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY. By William Roscoe Thayer. Two volumes. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—xiv, 456 pp. and 448 pp. \$5.00 net.

NOTES OF A BUSY LIFE. By Joseph Benson Foraker. Two volumes. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company, 1916,—xiii, 511 pp. and vi, 584 pp. \$5.00 net.

Ohio has been the birthplace or home of many American statesmen. Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Taft were all natives of that state, and all but Grant and Benjamin Harrison were identified with it in mature life. Many other natives or citizens of Ohio have attained places of high distinction and great power in American politics. Such names as John Sherman, Hay, Foraker, Day, Thurman, Hanna, Burton and others at once come to mind. Senator Foraker's autobiography and Secretary Hay's life and letters are of importance not only for their record of the public careers of the two men but also for the intimate account they give of their relations with their distinguished contemporaries of Ohio and the nation. These volumes must be reckoned with in forming a correct estimate of the character and public services of most of the above mentioned public men. For instance, a free use of the indexes of these works will furnish some illuminating material supplementary to Croly's *Life of Marcus A. Hanna*. Especially is this true of the matter of Hanna's succession to the seat in the United States Senate held by John Sherman. The pathetic ending of Sherman's great career is recalled by an autograph letter of November 8, 1898, which Senator Foraker publishes in facsimile. Sherman wrote:

"When he (President McKinley) urged me to accept the position of Secretary of State, I accepted with some reluctance and largely to promote the wishes of Mark Hanna. The result was that I lost the position both of Senator and Secretary, and I hear that both McKinley and Hanna are *pitying* me for failing memory and physical strength. I do not care for their pity and do not ask them any favors, but wish only to feel independent of them, and conscious that, while they deprived me of the high office of Senator by the temporary appointment

as Secretary of State, they have not lessened me in your opinion or in the good will of the great Republican Party of the United States."

This letter, which reveals the bitterness in the aged statesman's heart, was originally intended for some person now unknown and was found among Sherman's papers after his death. It now comes to light for the first time.

The supersession of Sherman by William R. Day in the State Department soon affected Hay and gave him his great opportunity. When after a brief tenure of office Secretary Day resigned to take service on the Paris Commission to negotiate peace with Spain, Hay was called home from his Ambassadorship to Great Britain to take the portfolio of State.

He began his new duties on October 1, 1898. From Mr. Thayer's work it is interesting to learn that on November 13, only five days after Sherman wrote the letter from which the above excerpt was taken, Hay wrote in pessimistic strain to Whitelaw Reid:

"My place here is horribly unpleasant. The work is constant and unceasing. It takes nine hours work to clear my desk every day and there is no refuge at home. The worst is the constant solicitations for office, which I cannot even entertain; the strain of mind and nerves in explaining why things can't be done, and the consciousness that the seekers and their 'influence' think I am lying. . . .

"As to appointments under the State Department it is clear that I am to have nothing to say. I could not appoint even my Private Secretary, as Mr. Sherman wanted me to appoint his; nor my confidential clerk, as a friend of the President's from Canton had the place. When I came to look at the Consular Service, I found that not only was every place filled before Judge Day left, but every vacancy which can possibly occur during my incumbency has been provided for by a memorandum on file. . . . The President is not to blame. The pressure is so cruel that he must use these offices to save his life."

As Secretary of State Hay continued in office until his death in 1905. Mr. Thayer's account of this period in his life is illuminating as to the importance of his diplomatic achievements, but it will not in all respects add to Hay's reputation for urbanity or far-seeing wisdom. The fact that the Senate insisted on important amendments to his first Canal treaty caused the Secretary to criticize that body in bitter and resentful letters. Similar criticisms occurred when the Senate

opposed his arbitration treaties. Doubtless scholarly fidelity to the biographer's task required Mr. Thayer to publish extracts from such letters. In an interesting footnote (volume 2, pages 139 to 141) Senator Foraker expresses surprise at these revelations, "all of which are very unlike the quiet, urbane and affable Mr. Hay whom I knew." He contends that "unworthy criticisms, made in a moment of pique and disappointment" do not justly represent Hay and ought not to have been published. Even stronger terms are used by Senator Foraker in condemning various passages in Mr. Thayer's volumes, which are not to Hay's advantage. Although it is natural to feel a certain sympathy with Senator Foraker's contention it is nevertheless right that the truth be known, even if the human weaknesses of a great man are thereby revealed.

Throughout the two volumes, Mr. Thayer has skilfully used Hay's letters to tell the story of his services and to reveal his character. His university life at Brown, his difficulties in choosing his life work, his experiences as Lincoln's secretary, his diplomatic career in Europe, his achievements as an editor and a man of letters, his delightful family life, his intimate friendships—all these phases of Hay's singularly fortunate and varied career furnish material for a biography of exceptional interest and charm.

Senator Foraker's work is in the nature of an *apologia pro sua vita*. He reviews the notable events and controversies of a long and distinguished career. As a young man, he marched with Sherman's army through Georgia and the Carolinas, and after the War he was a member of the first class graduated at Cornell. Later he entered upon the practice of law and was for three years a judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati. Entering active political life, he was for four years governor of Ohio, twelve years in the Senate of the United States, and was more than once regarded as a possible nominee of his party for the Presidency. As has already been intimated, his well-filled volumes contain much new material that will be of interest and importance to all students of American history and politics. He vigorously defends his personal integrity at the points where it has suffered attack, and leaves the reader

in no doubt that, whatever his faults may have been, his record affords evidence of marked courage, astute political leadership, and unusual capacity as a constructive legislator.

W. H. G.

RECONSTRUCTION IN NORTH CAROLINA. By J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton. [Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University, Vol. LVIII.] New York: Longmans Green and Company, 1914, x, 683 pp. Paper, \$4.00.

This stout volume is the most extensive and thoroughgoing single contribution which has yet been made to any one period in the history of North Carolina. It completes the author's previous study of the same subject begun in 1902 and published a few years later as a doctoral thesis in Columbia University. The present work is a comprehensive study of practically all phases of the state's history between 1860 and 1876. It is replete with such interesting and lively detail as to make a varied appeal to students of Southern history. It is obviously impossible, therefore, in the space here allowed the reviewer, to give as complete an examination as the work manifestly deserves. Special attention is accordingly called to only a few parts of the book.

The work of the Freedmen's Bureau, which became in North Carolina as in other southern states so active as a radical political agency, and its after effects, deserve notice. The extension of judicial powers to the organization wherever the civil courts were interrupted, where the testimony of the negro was not allowed, and where any race discrimination was displayed, created a vitiating influence which was present long after the agency had disappeared. The experience of the negro with the fraud and extravagance which characterized the banking feature of the bureau retarded thrift and bred among the negroes a distrust of banks which yet persists. Moreover, its educational activities, while more or less extensive and not without value, failed to produce the effect expected. Though the number of schools supported or aided by the bureau fluctuated greatly during the period, they furnished certain educational facilities to a large number of negro

youth. But false hopes were held out to them and unsound educational ideals were encouraged. Besides, lack of tact on the part of the officials, who were too often foreign in their sympathy and guided by questionable political motives or visionary, missionary zeal to raise the negro to a place of universal brotherhood, made many enemies for negro education and suddenly cooled an otherwise rapidly growing cordiality towards education in general.

The influence of politics on education during the time was direful and far-reaching. Here a minor criticism may be offered. Fear of mixed schools and the poverty-stricken condition of the state did indeed combine to produce an educational indifference, if not an outright hostility, which did not cease with the undoing of Reconstruction. But some of the local evils were unquestionably produced and intensified by the agitation in Congress of the Civil Rights Bill which had threatened temporary destruction to education in the South generally. The effect in North Carolina was not so deadly as it was in some of the other southern states, notably Virginia, but even here the influence was damaging, as the correspondence between Senator Merrimon and Superintendent Alexander McIver, while the bill was pending before the Senate, gives evidence.

The interesting description of the Union League and its work, and its disappearance in the state by 1870—driven out largely by the violently retaliative and retributive Ku Klux—throw further light on the chaotic and confused condition of the time.

Some of the conclusions reached by Professor Hamilton are scarcely surprising in view of the great array of facts marshaled with his usual scholarship and historical discernment. One of the political results of the period deserves more than passing notice. The heinousness of "the crime of Reconstruction" increases, he says, (p. 662), with "the knowledge that the South of the present time is still laboring under the burdens thereby imposed." The great benefits which emancipation brought to the South have not been properly comprehended by many southerners because of the folly and offense committed by the partisan plan of the period. The infamy of

radical rule during the dark days of Reconstruction and the incapacity and ignorance which the negro displayed in his early participation in political affairs produced such a disgust that the Democratic party came into power and has, in the main, "remained in control of affairs because it proved itself fit to rule, and because there was no hope of decent government outside of it." The lack of a solid political sentiment in the state immediately previous to the outbreak of the war, and the early downfall of the reconstruction régime, the author gives as conditions which produced a Republican party in North Carolina different from that found in other southern states. Among other "legacies" left by the period he mentions a constitution ill-adapted to the needs of the state and a strong "states' rights sentiment" produced by a vigorous aversion to interference by the North in the affairs of the South.

EDGAR W. KNIGHT.

BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Carl Lotus Becker. Boston, New York, and Chicago: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—xx, 279, xviii pp.

The four volumes of which Professor Becker's book is the first are intended for use in "advanced college classes or for business and professional men who would like to know how the isolated European plantations or corporations in North America became in so short a time the great and wealthy nation of today." There is a real need for a manual of this character. The existing textbooks are little more than statements of the chief facts in our national history without the suggestive interpretation of the facts which a book ought to contain if it is to be used in college classes. For this reason the shortcomings in Professor Becker's book are the more regretted by teachers of American history.

The historians who, in recent years, have directed attention to the fact that the American colonies previous to 1776 were parts of the British empire and that the history of the colonies is, on that account, interwoven with the history of the empire rendered a service for which they deserve the gratitude of the students of American history. But we need not let the

pendulum swing too far in this direction and ignore the fact that the characteristic American institutions are in a large degree the product of forces which did not begin to be effective until the settlers from the old world reacted against their changed environment in the new. A student of the history of the British empire sees in the American colonies merely an unsuccessful aspect of a general scheme of colonization; he is primarily interested in ascertaining the causes of this failure. A student of American history, on the other hand, ought to seek in the history of the colonies the beginnings of American institutions; for him the theories and methods of British colonization are matters of secondary importance except in so far as they influenced the character of the institutions developed in the colonies and inherited by the United States.

Professor Becker's book is too much a history of the British experiment in colonization, and the author pays too little attention to the history of the colonists themselves for a manual designed for use in American colleges. In a book of fewer than 300 pages the first thirty are occupied with a description of the geographical discoveries of the European peoples previous to the sixteenth century. The next chapter, containing thirty-five pages, treats of "The Partition of the New World" and takes us but little farther than the beginning of the seventeenth century. Only one chapter, forty pages in length, is devoted to "The American People in the Eighteenth Century." In short, the author writes from the point of view of an historian of the British empire rather than of an historian of the United States. He spends little time describing the character of the peculiar methods of holding land and organizing labor in the different sections of the country or the development of governmental machinery suitable to the needs of the new country.

The few maps that the book contains are printed in an unattractive manner and on sheets so small that they are likely to be of little assistance to students. The bibliographical notes at the ends of the chapters do not in every case contain the titles one would expect to find. For example, the note at the end of the chapter on the American Revolution includes Fisher's and Trevelyan's works on that subject but omits

Van Tyne's volume in the American Nation, though the latter is perhaps the most suitable book in print to put into the hands of an undergraduate. The book leaves the impression that the author was consciously striving to achieve stylistic elegance. As a result he has departed from the easy, direct manner of expression which ought to characterize a book of this sort. In some cases his attempts at rhetorical adornment culminate in artificial epigrams which say either too much or too little.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

BROWNING STUDIES. By Vernon C. Harrington. Boston: Richard G. Badger, 1915,—vii and 391 pp.

This volume of studies is the result of Professor Harrington's class lectures on Browning at Oberlin and Middlebury at various times between 1908 and 1914, and is very fittingly dedicated to his pupils. From the fact that the printed text follows the author's original notes closely arise both excellencies and faults in the book.

The style is the simple style of spoken language, and there is a consistent avoidance of the strained appreciation we have learned to associate with special works on Browning. The author succeeds in presenting the essential facts in such a way that they can be grasped by the undergraduate. For this reason it is a practical manual for young students of Browning, and it will greatly simplify the work of their teachers.

For other purposes it will prove less satisfactory. Those who are looking for guidance beyond elementary matters will probably be disappointed. They will find slight information or stimulation in such comments as the following on *Evelyn Hope*: "It is a poem of great intensity. The lover asks us to come and sit by the side of the sixteen-year-old girl where she lies dead, and he succeeds in speaking to us for two stanzas about her, but the rest of the poem is addressed to her. Though he was 'thrice as old' as she and though their 'paths in the world diverged so wide,' he loved her and will love her forever" (p. 86). There is some difficulty also in using the book. Since most of it consists of annotations on individual passages, it cannot be used apart from a text of Browning's

poems, and the reader finds it difficult to keep his eye on both text and comment. A more satisfactory plan would be the inclusion of such material as foot-notes in an edition of Browning.

C. A. MOORE.

THE WORLD DECISION. By Robert Herrick. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—253 pp. \$1.25 net.

In this new "war book" Robert Herrick, who spent the greater part of 1915 in France and Italy, describes and interprets the great events of which he was a witness. The work is divided into three parts. Part one analyzes the various forces which led Italy to forsake her old alliance and join the Entente nations. In part two Mr. Herrick writes eloquently of France in war time and of the exhilarating impression made upon him of the new faith the French have gained in themselves, in their cause, and in life. The third part of the book deals with the meaning of the war for America. It is at once a condemnation of his country and a call to an ideal of service and of sacrifice.

Mr. Herrick is one of those who think that America has been weak and dull of vision in the world crisis. He speaks of President Wilson's diplomatic correspondence with Germany and Great Britain as "an acrobatic exhibition of diplomatic tight-rope walking." Yet he admits almost bitterly that "our President has interpreted exactly the national will." We have kept out of the war and "have had our reward—money and safety." Viewing his own people from the standpoint of the American in Europe, Mr. Herrick is impatient with their provincialism, "ashamed of their transparent selfishness, astonished that human values should have got so fatally distorted in our fat, comfortable world." He preaches the heroic and the ideal as against the selfish and the practical. Though America seems in no mood to accept his gospel of sacrifice, that reader would be cold of heart who could read these stirring chapters unmoved.

SUNRISE AND OTHER POEMS. By Fannie E. S. Heck. New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1916,—47 pp. \$0.50 net.

Written during Miss Heck's last year on earth, when she was confined, for the most part, to a bed of pain, and published after her death, these poems are a strikingly beautiful proof of the charming personality and unconquerable sweetness of spirit and freshness of faith of this highly esteemed and noble North Carolina woman. We are not surprised to find in them always the note of sincerity and depth of feeling and an ever conscious realization of the nearness of God to man. Though but a booklet, "Sunrise and Other Poems" contains evidence of the author's many-sided interests and also reveals her refreshing love of nature and intimate knowledge of Southern flowers and scenery. The concluding poem, entitled, "A Prayer," breathes a resignation befitting so noble a soul as was that of its author. The little volume is provided with a brief but excellent sketch of the life of Miss Heck, which was evidently written by one who knew and loved her.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE. A Study of the Banking System of the United States. By Henry Parker Willis. With an introduction by Charles S. Hamlin. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1915,—xiii, 342 pp. \$1.00 net.

Banking is not a subject which readily lends itself to popular treatment. As far as possible Secretary Willis, of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington, has presented a clear and concise statement of the principal features of our new banking system such as will be serviceable to bankers, business men, and students of economics. A subject that will be of especial interest at the present time is the matter of financing foreign trade, which is treated in one of the chapters. Other important matters adequately dealt with are the effect of the new system in providing an elastic note issue, in unifying the banking system, and in facilitating the clearing and collecting of checks. An appendix contains a digest of the Federal Reserve Act. This is one of the most noteworthy volumes of the "American Book Series."

NOTES AND NEWS

A pamphlet of much historical value has recently come from the press of the Edwards and Broughton Printing Company at Raleigh. It contains the address made by Judge Henry G. Connor upon the opening of the Federal Court room at Raleigh on January 18, 1915, and also his remarks in accepting the portraits of Hon. Asa Biggs and Hon. George W. Brooks, who were formerly federal judges in North Carolina. Judge Connor's addresses will have permanent value for the abundance of information they contain regarding the history of the United States circuit and district courts for the district of North Carolina. Especially eloquent is the tribute paid by Judge Connor to the memory of Judge Brooks, whose portrait was presented to the Court in September, 1915.

An interesting new quarterly periodical is *The Journal of Negro History* edited by Dr. Carter G. Woodson. The first number of the new quarterly made its appearance in January under the auspices of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. This association was organized in Chicago in September, 1915, with the purpose of employing investigators to collect and preserve historical and sociological material bearing on the negro. In editing the new journal, Dr. Woodson has as associates a number of the leading writers and investigators of his race. The first number is well printed and edited, and the articles are of substantial value. Especially interesting is Dr. Woodson's paper on "The Negroes of Cincinnati Prior to the Civil War." \$1.00 a year. 2223 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C.

The *Unpopular Review* continues to publish articles characterized by freshness and originality of thought. Even the titles of its essays are out of the ordinary and calculated to pique the reader's curiosity. In the January-March number are such subjects as "The Singing Man with the Hoe," "Rear Rank Reflections," "The Nine Sons of Satan," "If I Were a

College President," and "Your Blood and Mine." It is a question whether the omission of the names of authors is a gain or loss. The *Yale Review* makes good use of distinguished names in connection with a table of contents well filled with timely papers. In the January number appeared articles on the democratic ideal, the American navy, and the preparedness question, by Brooks Adams, former Secretary of the Navy George v. L. Meyer and Anson Phelps Stokes.

Important reforms in the judicial system of North Carolina are proposed in the tentative report of the Commission on Law Reform and Procedure, authorized by the General Assembly of 1915. This Commission consists of Chief Justice Walter Clark as Chairman, and of Messrs. W. J. Adams, W. P. Bynum, W. A. Graham, and L. V. Bassett. The recommendations of the Commission are summarized under nineteen heads and are published in a pamphlet which is worthy of the attention of all thoughtful citizens of the state.

Among the recent publications of the Harvard University Press is a substantial volume on "The Evolution of the English Corn Market" by Dr. Norman S. B. Gras, of Clark College. This work is Volume 13 in the series of Harvard Economic Studies, and it was awarded the David A. Wells prize for the year 1912-1913. The author interprets the English corn laws from the standpoint of the actual condition of the corn trade itself. He has worked out with great industry detailed facts of exports, imports, and coast transportation. Especial attention has been given to the development of marketing systems in the manor, in small urban communities, and in large metropolitan centers. The monograph throws additional light on a subject of much importance in the economic history of England.

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Volume XV

Number 3

The
**South Atlantic
Quarterly**

EDITED BY
W. H. GLASSON AND W. P. FEW

JULY, 1916

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This journal was founded in January, 1902, in order to afford better opportunity in the South for the discussion of literary, historical, economic, and social questions. It knows no sectional jealousy and aims to offer a publishing medium in which respectful consideration will be accorded to all who have some worthy contribution to make in its chosen field. The Quarterly was originally established by the "9019," a society of young men of Trinity College, but it later passed into the control of the South Atlantic Publishing Company, Incorporated. It is under the joint editorship of Dr. W. H. Glasson and Dr. W. P. Few.

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Volume XV

JULY, 1916

Number 3

The South Atlantic Quarterly

Letters of a Virginia Cadet at West Point,
1859-1861

MAJOR THOMAS ROWLAND, C. S. A.

INTRODUCTION BY KATE MASON ROWLAND

[This is the fifth and last installment of the series of West Point letters which began in the *QUARTERLY* of July, 1915. Attention is directed to Miss Rowland's introduction in that number and to her explanatory footnotes accompanying all the installments. Major Rowland's letters give an inside view of life at West Point over half a century ago on the eve of the Civil War. They throw many interesting sidelights upon events and personages of that important period of American history, and also afford an intimate revelation of the high and gentle character of the young Virginia cadet.—THE EDITORS.]

WEST POINT, N. Y. January 6, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received your Christmas and New Year's letter yesterday, and in answer to it I write my first letter of 1861. I hope indeed that the New Year may bring brighter prospects for our country, and health, happiness, and plenty for us all.

How pleasant it must have been for you to see Mason in Detroit! How long did he stay with you?

To-day we have no services at the Chapel, Mr. French being too unwell to officiate. He has been sick for two or three weeks, so that there were no services on Christmas Day, but upon the 4th we had a minister from Buttermilk Falls, which is the place where old Benny resides and where his successor, old George, has now superseded the superannuated old hero.

New Year's was quite a gala day here. The officers' fam-

ilies all kept open houses, well filled tables, and a plenty of toddy. Ramsay and I made about twelve calls together, and enjoyed the day very much. New Year's Eve I assisted in cooking a hash in Barracks and just got to bed in time for the inspecting officer, who came around with a dark lantern about 11 o'clk, caught a great many fellows out of bed, and found one unfortunate young man with a whisky bottle in his room. He will be court-martialed and dismissed, although he was perfectly sober, unless our class, to which he belongs, goes upon pledge to save him. If we do there will be only one class in the corps, the fifth, not upon pledge. These pledges save a great many young men from dissipation while in the corps, but I should think the restraint would be apt to induce them to go to the other extreme after graduating.

The examination has been in progress since last Wednesday, but the Board have not yet finished with the Plebes, who require very particular attention; they will probably drop sixteen or twenty of them. Our section in mathematics will be called upon Monday or Tuesday; French and English later in the week. In the meanwhile we study or not, just as we please. There are no recitations for us, but call to quarters is just the same as usual. I am sorry that my reports during the last half year have not been entirely satisfactory. I have not been quite as well this year as I was last year, and a very little thing makes a great difference in relative standing, when several of us are so near together that two or three tenths often makes a difference of as many files in the monthly standing.

It is universally admitted that Meigs has more natural genius for mathematics than any other cadet in the corps. Prof. Church, who is the great authority upon mathematics, says that he has never met with his equal at West Point, though many fine mathematicians have graduated under his eye. Meigs has moreover the advantage of being familiar already with the subjects which we are studying, while they are entirely new to the rest of us. You must not expect me to be first in mathematics. Of course I shall do my best, and as long as I am well and in good studying order, I hope to be able to maintain my present standing of second. Our general standing depends partly upon mathematics, and partly upon

English, French, and demerits, though the first of these counts three to one over the others.

I have been perfectly well since Christmas; my trip to Newark did me good. I think my furlough will be an excellent thing for me. I expect to get well and fat enough to last me for the next three years.

I see Fitzhugh Lee every day, but have not made his acquaintance yet. He does not have charge of my company.

I believe I owe Kit and Liz a letter; they must wait until the examination is over. A very good excuse!—they will say. My love to Aunt Laura and Uncle Robert, and to Sallie and Emmie.

Little Bruton is going to resign tomorrow. His guardian in Georgia has written him to do so.

Much love to you all from

Your devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, January, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I have just finished a letter to Aunt Emily in answer to one from her on the subject of secession. She says there is great excitement in Virginia, even on our quiet hillside. I am beginning to get excited myself though I have tried to keep cool as long as possible. I hope something decisive will soon be done in one way or the other. I do not like this suspense.

The examinations are nearly over. The standing is not yet known officially; it is surmised that I am second in mathematics, and first in English and French. No services today at the Chapel in consequence of Prof. French's illness. His illness results from anxiety of mind with regard to the state of the country.

JANUARY 17TH, 1861: The first date of this letter will show you that I at least intended to have been regular in my correspondence. Tattoo interrupted me last Sunday evening and since then I have been enjoying a partial recreation after the completion of our part of the examination. We draw for three hours every morning, problems from "Shades, Shadows and Perspective," but have no recitations for the present. As

soon as the examinations are entirely over, recitations will be resumed as usual. Forty-eight cadets have been found deficient; many of them will be re-examined and have another chance to save themselves. If Mr. Floyd were still in office, they would not have much cause to be alarmed; he was in the habit of reinstating everyone without discrimination.

My standing for the past half term is the same as I had surmised. Meigs is first in mathematics, second in French and third in English, so you see we keep close together.

I have been spending my leisure time, for the last few days in reading. I have nearly finished Macaulay's "England," and "Vanity Fair," and have also read the "Romance of a Poor Young Man." I have had Macaulay on hand for some time, but made slow work while I had my studies to engross my attention.

Col. Delafield is having the Artillery detachment upon the Point drilled daily in their duties, in compliance with orders received from Washington. They are also to be in readiness to march to Washington, upon short notice. When do you expect to secede? I wish you would send me Mason's address. I should like to write to him in his exile. Fitzhugh sends love. Love to all from

Your affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Jan. 22nd, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I intended to have written you a letter yesterday, Sunday, but as I was not able to carry out my intention I will hurry off a few lines this afternoon by way of apology. We have resumed our usual recitations and are just as busy as ever.

I have received a long letter from Cousin Robert on the subject of Secession and the impending crisis in political affairs. He is moderate in his views, and in favor of perpetuating the Union. I will send it to you as soon as I have answered it.

By this morning's mail I received a *Gazette* from Aunt Emily, sent from Okeley, and an Army Register from the War Department. The latter are sent every year to the fives

in each class. It is the first one in which my name has appeared. Prof. French was well enough yesterday to officiate in the Chapel, though he is looking very badly. He preached one of the finest sermons that I have listened to. He has a strong mind in a weak body, and is injuring himself by too much labor. The duties of a Professor and Chaplain are too much for one man.

Nothing decisive seems to occur in politics. I hope all will be settled quietly after these gloomy prospects, and we may still look forward to a quiet summer in Old Virginia. Only five months more before furlough.

Major Beauregard has arrived upon the Point, but has not yet assumed the command. I saw Tom Pelot's resignation in the *Times* a few days ago. The Company of Engineers stationed here, left for Washington on Saturday. The Artillery are expecting to go every day, and Lieut. Griffin, one of our instructors in Tactics, is to go with them. Cousin Robert says that he does not think there will be any attempt made to interfere with the inauguration of Lincoln, or otherwise disturb the peace of Washington.

Have you seen the Report of the Congressional Committee upon the Military Academy? It is quite a voluminous document, but they don't recommend the four years course. They would not be convinced in spite of all we could say last summer, and all that Mrs. Davis said for us.

I hope the girls are not offended because I don't write to them. My letters are intended for Mother and Sisters collectively and individually. My love to Aunt Laura and Uncle Robert, and Sallie and Emmie. Llew Hoxton and Fitzhugh send you love. I hear through Cadets McKee and Fetter¹ of Kentucky, that Aunt Emily is expected in Lexington. Everyone seems to know Miss Emily Mason. God bless you all.

Your devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Jan. 31st, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received Kittie's letter this morning enclosing one from yourself. I have a few quiet moments this afternoon which I

¹ George W. McKee, Fourth Class. The name of Cadet Fetter is not in the *Register*.

will place at your service. Today has been rather more eventful than days usually are at West Point. Two events at least have occurred. In the first place the Light Artillery Company left here this morning for Washington, carrying several howitzers and field pieces, and all the horses from the stables, so that there will be no instruction in riding. The latter is much regretted by the cadets; it is the most agreeable duty that they have. Our class has not commenced riding yet. We will take it up as soon as we return from furlough.

In the second place I signed my name this morning to a paper which reads as follows: "We the undersigned members of the fourth class hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from, and exert our moral influence against, the use of intoxicating liquor, while on duty, as cadets at West Point." You will probably think that Gough has been amongst us. By no means; this pledge serves the purpose of releasing from arrest, and clearing entirely one of our classmates, who would otherwise be courtmartialled and dismissed for being under the influence of the above mentioned intoxicating liquor. Of course every member of the class has to sign the pledge. The omission of a single signature would render it unavailing. It goes pretty hard with some of them, but they all sign rather than suffer a classmate to be dismissed.

There is only one class left in the corps, at present, which is not bound by a similar pledge, the fifth. The Commandant is delighted, of course, and will have the fifth class on pledge, they say, before the winter is over, if he has to drink one of them drunk himself. Of course our pledge does not bind us when on leave, so I will not perhaps be quite so abstemious on furlough.

Just think of it; it is only four months and a half before we all meet once more, *Deo volente*, at the Cottage. I look forward to it with more and more pleasure as the time draws near. Maj. Beauregard after a short and uneventful career of two or three days, has been very unexpectedly ordered away, and Col. Delafield has been reinstated in command, much to the delight of the latter. Probably it is better that he should remain here, he knows the ropes so well, and takes so much interest in the institution.

More resignations are occurring on account of Secession. The Georgian delegation² will leave this week.

[The remainder of this letter is lost.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., Feb. 13th, 1861 :

MY DEAR MOTHER

I commenced a letter to you on Sunday, but as I did not finish it, I merely enclosed to you a letter upon politics which I received not long ago from Cousin Robert. For the last few days the weather has been so mild here that I am at present suffering from an attack of the spring fever. It is very suggestive of furlough, this balmy air, and bright sunshine. If I were at home I should go to work at once upon the hotbeds, but I suppose there is plenty of winter in store for us yet. By-the-bye to-day is Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, and to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day. I remember them of old; on the former commenced the customary self-denial, no molasses for six weeks. How we used to wish for Easter! St. Valentine's Day seems to be going out of fashion.

I had a long letter from Dora the other day, eight pages on the subject of Secession and Union. She seems to have been apprehensive that I intended to resign, and appeals with much eloquence to my patriotism. I answered it, disclaiming any such intention. I think I will be able to stay here until June, whatever may happen. Fitzhugh Lee introduced himself to me the other day, talked very pleasantly, and offered to do anything in his power for me. He told me that if I wished to receive packages to have them sent to his address.

One of the cadets who was absent a few days ago on leave tells me that he met a party of Virginian students who had just *seceded* from Union College. They inquired about Llew Hoxton and myself. I do not know who they were, but probably were friends of yours. I hope it is not true that Mason has lost his appointment to the Naval School; I don't believe the story about the Secession Cockade.

We have commenced the study of Differential and Integral Calculus, the last work in the course of pure mathematics.

² The cadets from Georgia were: Pierce B. Young, Edward S. Willis, Joseph A. Alexander, James Barrow, John A. West, Joseph G. Blount, Matthew T. Nunnally, Thomas J. Bruton. Of the eighty-six cadets from the South in 1860, sixty-five responded to the call of their States and were in the C. S. A.

It is considered the most perfect branch of mathematical science, and though in itself abstract, a key to the secrets of all the natural sciences. I am well pleased with it and will try to do well upon it. After furlough we have the application of mathematics in "Bartlett's Philosophy." The latter has the reputation of being the most profound and difficult text-book in our language. It combines the most difficult mathematical, with the most abstruse natural science. The cadets call it "Phil."

I have been reading lately a great deal in the "Spectator." The more I read the more I am pleased with it. I never read anything from which I obtained more valuable and practical self-education. I seem to find in it what I know at once to be true, but would have found, otherwise, only by years of experience and observation. It is an inexhaustible fund of interest, information, and good teachings. Burns might have found in it the realization of his wish—"to see ourselves as others see us."

I suppose Aunt Emily is by this time in Kentucky; when I last heard from her she wrote from Baltimore.

How does the climate of Michigan agree with Aunt Laura? I hope she intends to spend next summer at the Cottage. I believe the summers of the Cottage are much cooler than in these Northern cities. We always have plenty of shade and a cool breeze. You must not be surprised that I write so much about next summer. At this time of the year furlough becomes almost the single idea of a fourth classman. It is very natural, that here where the winters are so quietly passed, and one day is almost the counterpart of another,—distinguished from it, perhaps, by a new theorem in mathematics or a new subject in ethics,—our thoughts wander often into the future and call up bright day dreams of pleasure and change. Four months more of such dreams mingled with a good deal of hard work will bring us in reach of the realization.

My love to the girls, and to Aunt Laura and Uncle Robert, and to my little cousins.

Remember me to all friends in Michigan.

Your devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Feb. 24th, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received Kittie's letter of the 17th, announcing Mason's intention of visiting West Point. I was delighted with the visit from Mason of which you have already received an account from him, I suppose, as he wrote to you while here. He arrived about eleven o'clock on the 22nd, supposing that we would have a holiday and a celebration on that day, but everything was going on just as usual at West Point excepting a few national airs from the full band at reveille and tattoo. I was at recitation when he arrived, but as soon as I returned I smuggled him into my room, and by means of various expedients kept him with me until 9 o'clock the next day, giving him quite an insight into cadet life. I introduced him to a great many of my classmates, and took him to supper and breakfast in the Mess Hall, and shared my iron bedstead with him. It was quite like old times to sleep with Mason and reminded me of our little room at home. Fitzhugh Lee was very kind to him and my classmates were all very attentive; altogether he appeared to enjoy his visit very much. One of my classmates, Mr. Ramsay (an indefatigable talker) came around after taps, and entertained him in bed until after eleven o'clock. Mr. Graves sympathized with him strongly on the Secession question, and was very indignant at Lovejoy's conduct. Mr. Twining^s of Indiana thought perhaps he could obtain an appointment from his district, the 8th, and in that event offered him letters of introduction to his family and friends. Washington sent messages by him to Miss Laura Lippett, and many others to Jennie Cooper and the Masons. He gave me a very amusing account of his adventures at Niagara, which resulted in his being brought into court as witness in a case of assault and battery. He went from here to Newark to spend Sunday with Dora. I sent by him a knife to Richard and a book to Aunt Betsy. I became quite well acquainted with Fitzhugh Lee in consequence of Mason's visit. I am delighted with him; he is not the least bit formal as I might expect from an officer in his position, but calls me Tom and treats me just like a cousin.

^s William J. Twining of Iowa, Fifth Class.

Love to the girls and the Chiltons.
From your most affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND.

I heard from Aunt Emily last week. She was in Louisville.
What do you think of Secession now?

WEST POINT, N. Y., March 14th, 1861:

MY DEAR BROTHER

I hoped that you would have written me an account of the remaining portion of your journey, the first half of which was so eventful, and of your arrival in Old Virginia. I want to know too what your impression is with regard to the action of Virginia. I can form no satisfactory idea of what is going on from the conflicting and fluctuating accounts in the newspapers. What do our friends and relations think about the crisis? Does the general feeling seem to favor Secession or continuing in the Union? Socially our sympathies are certainly with the Southern States and for my part I see no reason why the commercial interests of Virginia will not be quite as secure in a Southern Confederacy as in a Northern Union. I have been so long in suspense between Union and Secession, that my mind is almost equally prepared for either event.

Tell Jennie Cooper that my classmate, Mr. Olivier,⁴ has just received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Army of the Southern Confederacy. She probably remembers meeting him here last summer. He is a nephew of General Beauregard. I was very sorry to see Col. Cooper's resignation announced in the papers. What could have caused him to take this step so soon? His loss to the army is universally regretted.

I received a letter from Kittie this morning; they had just arrived at Ann Arbor, and expected to be in Virginia in May. Are you keeping bachelor's hall at the Cottage or are you staying with Cousin Maria at Cameron? We are having a severe snow storm here at present, and the snow is already several inches deep. I suppose you are having pleasant spring weather. Write to me soon; tell me all the Virginia news,

⁴I. N. Olivier, Louisiana, Fifth Class.

and send me those specimen cockades that you promised me. You have more time at your disposal than I have, and might employ it very charitably now and then in writing me a few lines.

My best love to all at Cameron and Okeley, and to all the dwellers upon the Hill. Best love too to the Johnstons and all friends in Alexandria. Your friends here desire to be remembered to you. Ramsay is still *talking*.

I long to see you all, and set foot in Old Virginia once more.

In haste, your affectionate brother

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., March 31st, 1861 :

MY DEAR MOTHER

It has been a beautiful Easter Sunday, with just enough cold wind to give character to the last day of March. We had very good music this morning from our cadet choir; the *Te Deum* and the Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is Risen To-Day," were particularly beautiful. Prof. French preached one of his most interesting sermons; he is a truly eloquent preacher and such a good man. He has been in very poor health for some time past. I think he exerts himself too much and studies too hard. It is a pity that he has such a feeble body to sustain such a strong mind.

I thought of you and of the girls to-day during the services and at the Holy Communion, and have no doubt that I was likewise remembered in Detroit. Though separated by distance may we be ever united in spirit in communion with our Heavenly Father.

I had a letter from Mason last week; he sends me a Virginia cockade, of blue ribbon with a button in the centre having the arms and motto of the State. As my fate does not hang upon so slight a thread as a politician's promise I can afford to have in my possession an article which was so fatal to Mason's hopes. I never wear it, of course, but I have fixed it as an ornament over my clothes press. Lieut. Hasin, our inspecting officer, seems very well satisfied with it, or else has not noticed it. He is from Ohio. Fitzhugh Lee has not re-

signed and has no particular thoughts of doing so at present. The appointment which he received in the Army of the South was given without his knowledge or request. Mason says that Sam Cooper will resign soon, and that Cousin Maria and Jennie are going South in the fall.

I read yesterday an article called the "Philosophy of Secession," which is well worth reading. It is a letter from Pratt, one of the South Carolina Commissioners, to Perkins, one of the Louisiana delegates. It is forcibly written and displays clearly and unmistakably the view of the most ultra of Southern Statesmen. If his principles and views could be considered as an exposition of the principles upon which the Southern Government is based, the founders of that Government would go a step further than the border States would be willing to follow them. Read it and see if you—

WEST POINT, N. Y., April 4th, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

My Sunday letter, as you see, has had the misfortune to meet with a slight detention. I will send you the unfinished fragment, however, as I have not time to-day to add much to it. We have had still another snow but it has melted off rapidly and from present appearances I think we will have a drill this afternoon. I hear that the cold has destroyed the peach crop in Virginia.

Col. Bowman's daughters arrived the other day just from boarding school. They were welcomed by a serenade.

The mail leaves in a few minutes and I will not detain this another day. I will write again Sunday. I shall be delighted to have a visit from you on your way home.

Love to all.

From your aff. Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., April 15th, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

Hitherto in my letters I have said little about our national troubles. I have been hoping always that something would be done to avert the calamity of civil war; that nothing de-

cisive would occur until furlough when we would have an opportunity of discussing the subject together fully and unreservedly. But it seems from our last despatches that the war has actually commenced. The present administration has plainly foreshadowed a policy of coercion, and a disposition not to recognize the independence of the Seceded States, and under these circumstances it does not seem possible to me that Virginia can remain in the Union another week, acting in accordance with the policy which she has plainly laid down in recent resolutions adopted by her Convention.

The last news which has reached here is that Fort Sumter is taken, and that President Lincoln has just ordered seventy-five thousand men upon service. I have not yet heard what has been the latest action of the Virginia Convention. Everything here is full of excitement; and suspense concerning the action of the border States renders the position of a cadet from one of those States painful and perplexing. There will be several resignations today, and the whole of the North Carolina delegation will resign this week.

As soon as I hear that Virginia is going to secede I should like to resign immediately. I have no doubt that in doing so I would fulfill your wishes. You know that in order to resign, not being of age, I must have your written or telegraphed permission. Please send it at once if you are not opposed to this course, so that I may be ready for any emergency. If you think I am too hasty, tell me so. I have always been among the most moderate of the Southern cadets, but remember what a position I am placed in, bound by an oath of allegiance to this Government, while daily expecting intelligence that my native State has separated herself from the Union. Write to me at once, or if Virginia secedes telegraph my permission to resign. I shall do nothing without your advice, and as soon as I leave here I will meet you at once wherever you may be and see you safe in Old Virginia. Then to my duty; what that will be is yet uncertain. God bless you and protect you all, and guide us to do what is right.

Your most devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST PT. N. Y. April 16th 1861.

MY DEAR AUNT,

Yesterday brought a full confirmation of the exciting news of the surrender of Fort Sumpter, and the proclamation of the President. Had I been of age, I think I should have resigned immediately; not so much from sympathy with the Confederate States, as from the uncertainty of my position.

All Virginians here and indeed all cadets from the Border States, for they are almost the only Southerners left here now, anticipate the immediate secession of Virginia and the other Border States. What else can they do?

If they remain in the Union they should support the government promptly and vigorously in this important crisis. If they are not ready to do this, as I believe they are not, it appears to me that there is no alternative but immediate, unconditional secession.

They must either recognize and endorse at once the fact and the right of Secession, or march with unwavering resolution to the subjugation of the Southern States. I can see no middle ground honorable or even tenable.

If delay appear practicable to the statesmen of Virginia, how perplexing and painful must be the position of her officers and soldiers. We can not hesitate, we must either make up our minds to fight under the Stars and Stripes, wherever our services may be called for, or we must resign at once and free ourselves from that solemn oath to serve the United States "honestly and faithfully, against all their enemies or opposers whatsoever."

I hope therefore that Virginia will act at once. I wrote to mother yesterday asking her permission to resign as soon as Virginia indicates such a policy as I suppose she can not fail to adopt before another week has passed.

If Virginia joins the Confederate States, I have no doubt of being able to obtain a second Lieutenantcy in the Southern Army. If she prefers to remain neutral, if such a thing is possible, rather than imbue her hands in fraternal blood, I think there are many ways in which I might earn an honest crust, and guard my native fireside.

Please make allowances for "youth and indiscretion," and write to me on this subject.

Tell me what sensible Virginians think about it.

My love to all my relations and friends at home.

In haste

Your very affnate nephew

T. ROWLAND.

Captain Henry Wilkinson

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Ever since 1829, when Francois Xavier Martin in his history of North Carolina included Henry Wilkinson among the governors of Albemarle during the early proprietary period and stated as an apparently well-ascertained fact that Wilkinson died while in active service in the colony, historians of the state have as a rule accepted without question Wilkinson's right to a definite place in its annals. Mr. Ashe speaks of Wilkinson's administration as a fact, and even Dr. Weeks, most patient and learned of bibliographers, lingers a little lovingly over the problem and seems unwilling to give up even so small a part of the state's historical pedigree. Yet many years ago, one of the best of North Carolina scholars, David L. Swain, himself a governor and later president of the University of North Carolina, basing his statement on the entire absence of evidence showing Wilkinson's presence in the colony, declared in a letter to George Bancroft, which has never been printed, that he had no faith in the Wilkinson story. It is worth while, therefore, to present the facts of Wilkinson's career, as far as we have them, and to show why in all probability Governor Swain was right in his belief.

Captain Henry Wilkinson was born in the city of York probably not later than the year 1620, for in 1681 he wrote of himself as having at that date already "spent the prime of his days" and was "without much longer to enjoy life." He would hardly have used these expressions had he been less than sixty years old. He was by profession a soldier, had served in the Civil War on the royalist side, had accompanied "his Majesty beyond sea," and at various times been attached to the garrison of Pontefract Castle in Yorkshire. "In a good capacity under several qualifications in England and elsewhere," he had acquitted himself "as a gentleman and a loyal subject," and when, just before the Restoration, Cromwell's old general, Lambert, sought to hold York against the advancing army of Monck, had joined an uprising of the gentry

of Yorkshire, who with their servants constituted a force strong enough to aid in breaking and dissipating Lambert's army and opening the way for Monck's advance southward.

With wars over and peace restored, Wilkinson remained in Yorkshire, vainly endeavoring to maintain his family by ventures in business and other honorable forms of occupation, being unwilling, as he declared, to turn to the court for either place or pension. But his training as a soldier little fitted him for success as a money maker, and his undertakings, whether begun alone or in conjunction with others, not only proved unsuccessful in themselves, but actually involved him in serious financial losses. He refers to an obscure episode in Yorkshire history, when he says that he lost a thousand pounds at court in assisting Castillian Morris, son of Colonel John Morris, governor of Pontefract Castle, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered for his loyalty.

In despair at bettering himself by any form of honest and independent employment in the place where he had been born and which had always been his usual place of residence, he left York, probably about 1679, and with his family went to London. There he learned of the various efforts made to advance the settlement of Carolina and of the troubles that had come upon that section of the colony which lay north of Albemarle Sound. These troubles were well known in England, where the trial of John Culpepper for his share in the insurrection of 1677 against Thomas Miller, the King's collector in Albemarle, had been a conspicuous incident of the day. Culpepper was acquitted through the intervention of the Earl of Shaftesbury, but this settlement of the case did not relieve the Lords Proprietors of Carolina of their anxiety regarding the future of their northern colony. The prospects which they offered to all who would go out there to settle attracted Wilkinson's attention, and he resolved "to bid adieu to [his] own unkind country" and to cast in his lot with the emigrants to the New World. Hopeful of the outlook, he waited on the proprietors to see what were the "considerable encouragements" offered to such as would transport themselves and their families across the sea. As the result of many interviews, he became known to the Earl of Craven and the Earl of Shaftes-

bury, and was finally offered the governorship of the colony, an offer which he gladly accepted. The appointment was decided on definitely sometime before August, 1680, for in that month Wilkinson applied to the crown, but as it happened unsuccessfully, for the loan of a ship, *The Spanish Merchant*, in which to convey himself, his family, and servants, and any passengers that might be disposed to go to America with him. The petition was referred to the Admiralty, and undoubtedly rejected as we hear nothing more of it.

The reasons for the appointment of Wilkinson can be easily given. The Lords Proprietors were in great need at this juncture of a good and satisfactory governor for the northern colony. Affairs there had not been prospering for a number of years. Since 1676, proprietary plans for the establishment of a settled and peaceful community on Albemarle Sound had gone awry. The problem of a governor had proved difficult to solve. Eastchurch who had been sent back in 1676 never reached the colony; Miller who tried to be governor in 1677, without proprietary sanction, had brought upon himself the hostility of the inhabitants, had been seized and imprisoned, and with difficulty escaped to England; Seth Sothell, sent over in 1678, had been taken by the Algerines and carried into captivity; Harvey appointed in 1679 had died within a few months; and Jenkins, chosen in the colony as an *ad interim* governor, did not represent the proprietary interests. For four years, therefore, colonial affairs had been in a state of confusion, a condition that interfered not only with proprietary control but also with the collecting of the King's revenues.

To the proprietary mind, Wilkinson had many qualifications for the post. He was a stranger, in no way identified with the colony, representing no faction and unconcerned with recent rivalries and animosities. He was looked upon as a man who would probably manage affairs with moderation and do equal justice to all parties, bringing peace to the colony and returns to the King's Exchequer. Furthermore, he was a man of years and experience, married, with grown children, and one not likely to go off philandering, as Eastchurch had done in his search for a wife while on his way to the colony. He still possessed the remnants of a fortune and seemed to be a

steady and dependable person. He and two of his sons had served the King and were loyal to the House of Stuart, and the proprietors had reason to believe that such men would be faithful to themselves and their interests in the colony. One may not wonder that Wilkinson seemed to be eminently fit for the place, from the proprietary point of view.

Once having decided on the appointment, the Lords Proprietors proceeded to complete the necessary preliminaries. In February, 1681, they issued a patent constituting Wilkinson governor, and granted him blank deputations for councillors in case any of those named in England should prove unsatisfactory. They commissioned his youngest son register of the colony, and Sir Peter Colleton, acting on his individual proprietary privilege, appointed the eldest son, Robert, surveyor, and Shaftesbury named him his own personal deputy in the Governor's Council. Later, in July, the board as a whole vested Wilkinson with all the rights and powers of a cacique, as defined in the famous body of fundamentals drafted by John Locke twelve years before.

Everything thus seemed well under way for a successful consummation of the plans entered upon by Wilkinson and the proprietors. But within two months after receiving his patent, Wilkinson did two things that in the end were to prove his undoing. In March, he accompanied the Earl of Shaftesbury from London to Oxford, on the occasion of the meeting there of the court and parliament, when "the roads were thronged with lords and gentlemen that were going thither;" and in April, having made all the necessary preparations, he hired the ship *Abigail* of Colchester, of a hundred and thirty tons burden, victualled it for a master, ten men, and all such passengers as should embark, and put on board his household goods and other necessities, his wife, daughter, and three sons, twenty-eight men servants and four or five women servants, the former "of all sorts of different mechanick useful trades," with their utensils, and in addition several other persons and some families, who had contracted with him for freight and passage of themselves and their goods.

The hiring of the ship at so early a date, which he claims to have done at the encouragement of some who afterwards

failed him, was an unwise action in keeping with Wilkinson's past adventures in the business world. Delay followed delay, and one month went and then another, and still he was unable to get away. Some of the passengers decided not to go at all, others delayed their going and in so doing delayed the departure of the ship. From April to August, 1681, the *Abigail* lay in the Thames, maintained at Wilkinson's expense, a burden on his rapidly dwindling fortune and involving him in heavy indebtedness, which, added to that already incurred, kept him in a continual state of perplexity as to how to meet the claims against him and at the same time to supply himself, his servants, and passengers with their necessary sustenance. Finally, having to all appearances got through with most of the difficulties under which he labored, he resolved to sail without further delay, when one of the passengers, looking upon himself as injured by the long demurrage of the ship, brought about his arrest. Once down, Wilkinson was beset by other creditors, and at length thrown into the Compter in Wood Street, a city prison that lay just outside the walls and was used for all those arrested within the liberties of London. Though he endeavored to make terms, he was unsuccessful, his servants, though under bond to him, deserted, the passengers left the ship with their persons and goods, to his own exceeding great loss, not only of his goods and estate, but, and in this connection a much more important matter, of his place also as governor of Albemarle.

Wilkinson remained in the Compter from August until September, when by a writ of habeas corpus he obtained his removal from London to Westminster, where he was confined in the prison of the King's Bench. While there he was approached by certain persons searching for evidence against the Earl of Shaftesbury, who in July had been arrested in his house on Aldersgate Street, brought before the Privy Council, and finally thrust into the Tower for high treason, on the ground of having been implicated in a Presbyterian plot to seize the King at Oxford during the sitting of the late parliament. The only witnesses against Shaftesbury were "Irishmen and Papists," men whose information was not deemed sufficiently trustworthy to carry conviction at the time.

More substantial witnesses were sought. One of the charges against Shaftesbury was that he had ridden armed to Oxford, and as Wilkinson was one of those who had accompanied the Earl heavy pressure was put upon him to furnish incriminating evidence. But Wilkinson gave his questioners little satisfaction. He agreed that during the negotiations relative to the Carolina governorship he had had frequent occasion "to wait upon and become acquainted with the Lords Proprietors and amongst them with the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury," from whom he "had always a very kind reception," but he stoutly denied that he ever had "any other discourse than was occasional in relation to [his] intended voyage." Failing in this way to influence Wilkinson, Shaftesbury's enemies attempted to bribe him, offering him five hundred pounds a year or ten thousand pounds in money. To a man in Wilkinson's position such an offer must have come as a tempting opportunity to rid himself of his financial troubles, and his firmness in refusing to have anything to do with it bears witness to his courage and honesty. He rejected the bribe, declaring that he knew nothing of any plot or design against the King. Though he finally allowed himself to be examined by Secretary Jenkins and Lord Conway and even by the King himself, he adhered loyally to his position. According to his own statement, he was questioned also by Lords Halifax and Hyde and many others, who in their effort to involve Shaftesbury felt the need of an influential English witness to supplement the assertions of those already brought forward, who were Irishmen of little credit. Wilkinson in his own defence wrote an account of his experiences, which in the form of a printed folio sheet had a wide circulation and is mentioned by contemporary diarists. This "Information" is now a rare document: there are three copies in the Bodleian Library, two in the British Museum, and one in the Library of All Souls College, Oxford. There are none, as far as I know, in this country.

According to the "Information," Wilkinson was still in the King's Bench Prison on October 14, 1681. From Luttrell's *Diary* we learn that he was there as late as November 21. Unfortunately the Commitment Books of the prison are not

extant for this early period, and it is not possible to say how long Wilkinson remained confined. Nothing more is known about him. That he never renewed his attempt to go to Albemarle seems amply proven by his own statement that he lost "place and passage" when thrown into prison. There is no further reference to him in the minutes of the proprietors and no record whatever of his presence in the colony. Furthermore the sequence of events, as far as we have them, seems to preclude any later connection on his part with the colony. We know that Sothell, redeemed from captivity, intended as early as September, 1681, a significant date in view of Wilkinson's plight, to make a second effort to reach Carolina. When he actually sailed we do not know; the first intimation of his presence in the colony is found in a letter from the proprietors of November, 1683, addressed to him as governor. With Wilkinson in prison in November, 1681, and the date of his release unknown, and with Sothell governor in Albemarle before November, 1683, and the date of his sailing unknown, there remains very little available time for the execution of any project that Wilkinson may have had in mind. The only reason we have for thinking he tried again is his own statement while in prison that his troubles had "put a stop, at present, to [his] intended voyage." But he was an old man, discredited, and heavily in debt. It is hardly possible to believe that under the circumstances he could have made another attempt to go to the colony. Of such effort, if made, not a trace remains. Governor Swain, though he had at command but a small part of the evidence on which this paper is based, was undoubtedly right in his conclusion. Captain Henry Wilkinson was never a resident governor of colonial North Carolina.

The Gothic Spirit in Shakespeare

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD

Professor of English in the University of Washington

The creative spirit of Northern Europe, which had already found partial expression in epic and ballad, attained complete expression in the Gothic architecture. The society which took shape in the mediaeval cities, centers of democratic industry, inevitably sought to objectify its social ideals and its social enthusiasm in art, and architecture, ever the most social of the arts, provided the logical medium. With one common impulse, entire communities dedicated their best energies to the erection of noble public buildings. Every citizen contributed of his means and of his skill. The quarryman, the stonecutter, the smith, the mason, the carpenter, the wood carver, the sculptor, the poet, the musician, were all united in one brotherhood, inspired by one common purpose, to express the glory of the city and to immortalize its fame. It was this generous incentive that guided the hand as it swung the massive blocks into place, as it adorned the face of the stone with the pageantry of human life and of nature, as it carved the choir screen or the stalls, as it filled the great rose window or the lancets with a glory of colored light, or as it moulded the bells, that they might fill the air with their fragrance. Is it any wonder that in the pride of his heart man exclaimed, "It was as if the world had shaken off her old garments to array herself in a white vestment of churches."

Into this fair vestment was woven the complete picture of mediaeval life. If all other records had been lost, all chronicles, romances, poems, sermons, paintings, garments, utensils, the essential record of the life of these centuries could yet be derived from the architecture. Every phase of life is reflected therein: the life of men in the home, in the fields, in the market, in the cloister or in the church; the life of men on the highway or on the sea; also the life of nature, the life of animals and the life of plants.

But the time came when men wrought these fair vestments no more. Readers of Victor Hugo will recall the dramatic pic-

ture in "Notre Dame de Paris" where the gray haired Don Claude, archdeacon and alchemist, stands by the open window of his cell and stretching his right hand toward the printed commentary of St. Paul resting upon the table, and his left toward the vast church crouching in the heart of the town, its two towers outlined in black against a starry sky, with a melancholy glance from book to church, sighs, "Alas! the one will kill the other." By the king's physician the remark is taken as fresh evidence of the archdeacon's madness; by the monarch, who is present in disguise, the prophecy is understood.

And then the great romanticist steps aside from the story for a chapter to trace the fulfillment of the prophecy, and to show how architecture, which was indeed the Book in which the late middle ages wrote the story of its life, went into its inevitable decline, while the printed page grew ever more potent with the passing years:

"So, too, see how from the time of the discovery of printing, architecture decayed, withered, and dried away. How plainly we can see the water sinking, the sap drying up, the thought of the time and of the people withdrawing from it! The sense of chill is almost imperceptible in the fifteenth century; the press was still too weak, and could only draw off somewhat of the superabundant life of mighty architecture. But with the dawn of the sixteenth century the disease of architecture became apparent; it has ceased to be the essential expression of society; in distress, it becomes classic art; from being Galician, European, indigenous, it becomes Greek and Roman; from being real and modern, it becomes pseudo-antique. It is this decline which is known as the Renaissance, or revival. And yet it is a magnificent decline; for the old Gothic genius, that sun which is setting behind the gigantic press of Mayence, for some time longer pierces with its last rays all this hybrid heap of Latin arcades and Corinthian columns. . . . But what was printing doing? All the life which architecture lost, flushed its veins. In proportion as architecture degenerated, printing thrived and flourished. The capital of forces which human thought had expended in building, it henceforth expended in books. So from the dawn of the

sixteenth century onward, the press, grown to the level of the declining architecture, wrestled with it, and slew it."

Thus did the book of stone in which one civilization after another wrote the story of its deeds and of its dreams, give way to the book of paper.

As we regard the glorious monuments of the middle age, and reflect that in them the spirit of the North attained its full eloquence, we are led to ask, in how far has the genius of the great Gothic book reproduced itself in those books of a later day which man carries about with him, lightly beneath his arm, and which travel from ocean to ocean and to the uttermost parts of the earth with a speed that outstrips the flight of those airy visitants which have made their age-long summer home in the crannies of the cathedral towers.

It is another way of asking, to what extent have the traditional art impulses of the Teutonic spirit perpetuated themselves; to what extent, with the passing of time and the influx of fresh ideals from without, has the Teutonic spirit held to its racial art creed? The question is indeed a large one, and could hardly be answered in the compass of a volume, much less of a single essay. But it is perhaps interesting and worth while to try to answer it of the great poet who was the supreme figure in the first school of English artists after the decline of the cathedral builders, to produce art of a high order. The cathedrals and the Elizabethan drama soar, mountain ranges called into being by the creating mind of man; between them stretch the depressing plains, with only here and there some elevation to relieve the flatness.

What now is the art creed in obedience to which the Gothic architecture was built? I suppose the quality in this architecture that first commands attention is the very quality that gained for it the epithet by which it has come to be known, its savageness. This was partly an expression of the temperament of the builders; it was partly the result of the conditions of work that maintained among them. The men who built these stupendous churches came of a race that for untold generations had lived beneath frowning skies, had brooded in the gloomy forests of the north, or had grappled with wind and wave on the stern northern seas. "They dwell in a hidden

land," says Hrothgar in describing the haunt of Grendel and his dam, in the *Beowulf*, "they dwell in a hidden land amid wolf-haunted slopes and savage fen-paths, nigh the wind-swept cliffs where the mountain stream falleth, shrouded in the mists of the headlands." And the seafarer wails:

I can sing of myself a true song, of my voyages telling,
How oft through laborious days, through the wearisome hours
I have suffered; have borne tribulations; explored in my ship,
Mid the terrible rolling of waves, habitations of sorrow.
Benumbed by the cold, oft the comfortless night-watch hath held me
At the prow of my craft as it tossed about under the cliffs.
My feet were imprisoned with frost, were fettered with ice-chains,
Yet hotly were wailing the querulous sighs round my heart;
And hunger within me, sea-wearied, made havoc of courage.

It is indeed a different world from that in which the palaces and temples of Greece and Rome were reared, where the waveless plains spread themselves like a green sea bounded by the tremulous air, or the hills sprawled in comfort beneath the warm sun, or the blue Mediterranean lay, "lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams." And is it to be deplored that these sincere children of the north gave to their frowning walls something of the morose character of the wind-swept cliffs, to their buttresses something of the tense play of the lean muscle of the wolf, and to the vast stretches of nave and aisle something of the austere gloom of the forest!

But while the savage nature of the Gothic was in its larger features thus reflective of the racial mood, the rudeness that often maintained in the execution of details was due to the social conditions under which the work was produced. For while the architects of Asia and of Greece and of Rome held to a few simple details of ornamentation, such as the key design, or the egg and the dart, and trained slaves to a mean perfection in the carving of these unimaginative details, the architects of the north placed the chisel in the hand of every workman who was willing to use it and bade him cut in stone that which he saw revealed in the world about him. Consequently there was much crude design, but such design was the symbol of a glorious liberty, and out of this very imperfection of parts was wrought the noble perfection of the whole. There lies on my desk as I write a *miserere* from the choir of Ely.

The ark, a curious affair with three castellated towers, is tossing on a rough sea; Noah, who fits into the central tower as neatly as a nut into its shell, protrudes his body from an opening, and beckons to the dove which is bearing a branch several times larger than itself; while the raven, perched on the back of a carcass that floats upright, gorges itself with carrion, unregardful of the branch which floats forgotten beside it. Clumsy, you say; yes, uncouth. But the enthusiasm of it all, the joy of self-expression, the consciousness of the divine art instinct! Fancy a whole community engaged in a common undertaking, and everyone happy in his work and proud of what he is doing! And it is this happy sense of freedom which gives to the cathedrals that vigor, that audacity, that boldness, which today we strive for in vain. So these crudities in details are the price that was paid for the happiness of the workman.

This leads to a second characteristic of the Gothic architecture, its incompleteness. The cathedrals were often begun in a small way, and were often centuries in the building. Each generation took up the task bequeathed them, labored earnestly at it, and passed the unfinished remainder on to their children. But it is not this incompleteness of which I speak, but rather of that spiritual incompleteness to which the northern nature was poignantly sensitive, and of which this structural incompleteness is but the symbol. The classical architecture was satisfied to take a part of life and express that part perfectly; the northern architecture would be satisfied with nothing short of the whole of life,—and the whole of life included not only the visible, but the invisible as well.

Here again the architecture was true to long-standing racial traits. Despite the stern rebuffs of nature, the well-sinewed hearts of the primitive men of the north rose superior to discouragement and were ever moved by an insatiable desire to push out into the mysterious unknown. Theirs was the unquenchable spirit of romance, of adventure, the passionate longing to break through the trammels into some glorious beyond. So if we find the seafarer lamenting the hardness of his life, we also find him driven on by an eternal unrest:

Now my spirit uneasily turns in the heart's narrow chamber,
 Now wanders forth over the tide, o'er the home of the whale,
 To the ends of the earth—and comes back to me. Eager and greedy,
 The lone wanderer screams, and resistlessly drives my soul onward,
 Over the whale-path, over the tracts of the sea.

To this spirit of romance which was thus ever welling up, this hunger to find what lay on the farther side of the barriers of reality, Christianity gave divine approval and encouragement.

The cathedrals show on every hand this consciousness of the mystery of life, this pathetic reaching after the unattainable. One meets it in the ugly goblins and uncouth monsters—creatures with which the northern imagination had long peopled fen and forest, cave and headland—that lurk in the shadows of the cathedral or on occasion boldly confront one; one meets it in the rigid and anatomiless statues where the hand of the artisan confesses how far short it has come of revealing the dream that it struggles to express; one meets it in the great central motive of the church, where dashes of heavenly light from clerestory and lantern shoot through the vast and gloomy stretches of transept and nave. "It is this strange *disquietude* of the Gothic spirit that is its greatness; that restlessness of the dreaming mind, that wanders hither and thither among the niches, and flickers feverishly around the pinnacles, and frets and fades in labyrinthine knots and shadows along wall and roof, and yet is not satisfied, nor shall be satisfied. The Greek could stay in his triglyph furrow, and be at peace; but the work of the Gothic heart is fretwork still, and it can neither rest in, nor from, its labor, but must pass on, sleeplessly, until its love of change shall be pacified forever in the change that must come alike on them that wake and them that sleep."¹

A third characteristic of the Gothic is variety. Of the cathedrals of England, Salisbury alone can claim homogeneity of structure. Many of them, indeed, illustrate the whole history of church building from the Norman to the perpendicular. No generation felt that it must hold to tradition in building, but while it treated with reverence the work of the past, was ever seeking a more skillful solution of structural problems

¹ Ruskin, *The Stones of Venice*, The Nature of Gothic. Students of Ruskin will appreciate how much this essay owes to him.

and more beautiful and effective ornamentation. But aside from the fact that the cathedrals were the products of successive schools, how infinite is the variety of interest that they present! In the larger features, the simple cruciform outline is modified by additional transepts, echoing the motif of the main transepts, by towers of constantly varying proportions and designs, by porches of manifold grace and variety, by chapels thrown now to the east, now to the north, now to the south, all contributing to give to any particular cathedral an individual character. In the smaller features, the variation is limitless; at every step one is confronted with some fresh and charming detail. One stands before a single bay of a choir: here are corbels forming long, floriated cones; here are flowering vines in the recesses of the graceful shafts; here are trefoils and cusps in the small triforium arches; here are lovely bosses in the tympanum above them; here are angels, as if were arrested for the moment by the sweetness of the music; here is a malevolent imp, that snarls and bristles, as if impatient to be at his mischief again. It is the variety which the conditions of free workmanship made possible.

Another characteristic, somewhat akin to variety, is profuseness, that wealth of bestowal which sprang from unbounded enthusiasm. This fullness of expression, which contrasts sharply with the repression and selectiveness of the classical architecture, is to be explained in part by the liberty that was allowed the workman—for each workman wished his own thoughts to be made a part of the record of the great stone book, but quite as much by that desire to express the whole of life to which we have referred above. It bespoke the ruddy, vigorous nature of the northern peoples, their interest in life, their hold upon it. Yet if the Gothic remains suggest confusion and extravagance when viewed too closely, when viewed at a proper distance they appear symphonic, each individual note merged in the complex music of the whole.

A fifth characteristic is the nature element. In its larger and sterner aspects the Gothic has the feel of the elements, because it is the work of a race who focused and defined in the compass of the human spirit the tides and motions of the outer world. In decorative detail the forms of vegetation are largely employed, because the workman, thrown upon his own

resources, turned for his designs to the gardens and the hedgerows which he loved. The delicacy and tenderness with which such detail is wrought show how keen was his observation and how sensitive his feeling.

A final characteristic is grotesqueness. Sometimes the grotesque is used in a spirit of pure playfulness, to add a bit of comedy to the book, like the grimacing faces on the pendants of the chapter room at York, or the obscene figures of monks and nuns in many a good-natured bit of satire. Sometimes it arises from the attempt to picture those things which terrify the imagination, mythical creatures of air and earth and sea which lie in wait for man. Sometimes it results from the vain effort to express in visible form conceptions which are beyond the power of the struggling mind to compass.

Savageness, incompleteness, variety, profuseness, naturalness, grotesqueness, such in brief are the characteristics of the Gothic architecture. Moreover, these qualities are deep-seated, racial, for the architecture was communal, and therefore expressed the universal mind of the north.

Such being the case, in proportion as the qualities thus expressed in the great stone books written with the chisel, remained dominant in the national life and in the life of the individual, we should expect to find them in those later books written with the pen. That we do find them supreme in the next great outburst of creative genius, it is now my aim to show.

At first blush it may be thought that the conditions under which the drama was produced were so different from the conditions that maintained in the building of the cathedrals, that comparison must be quite artificial, for, as we have seen, the cathedrals were the product of the entire community, the plays, of a few individuals. But the objection is more apparent than real, for it must be remembered that the plays were dependent upon public appeal, and doubtless reflected most faithfully the popular taste. Thus one must never forget in studying Shakespeare that he kept his eye constantly on the public and was very sensitive to changes in taste. The sequential changes from one type of play to another that one observes when he reads the plays chronologically, were dic-

tated, not so much by changes in the dramatist's own spiritual life, as by fresh demands on the part of the public.

During the period that intervened between the days of the cathedral builders and the days of the Elizabethan dramatists, a great modification had of course taken place in the intellectual life of England, as of all Europe: the classical world had been recovered. But the sturdy native spirit of sixteenth century England was able to preserve itself even against the fascination and the authority of the ancients. English education was, to be sure, under the domination of the classics, but though the classics alone were thus turned into channels of education, the popular taste was too robust to be satisfied with the ancient literature, and found its satisfaction rather in the old romances and in those numerous collections of realistic and romantic tales of Italian, French, and Spanish origin, tales by Boccaccio, Cinthio, Bandello, and George de Montemayor, that, for those not able to read them in the original, early found their way into Elizabethan anthologies. And certainly readers were not lacking for the many books and pamphlets, such as Raleigh's "Discoverie of Guiana," that dealt with voyages and the strange life in new lands.

Now the sturdy Elizabethan drama, obedient to the native taste, remained true to the racial conceptions of art. Not that it held to the crude drama inherited from the mediaeval city life, the mystery and morality plays, but that, while it was ready to borrow from the classics and the literature of the south, it transformed everything that it touched, and put the native stamp upon everything that it produced. Thus, it was quick to recognize the superiority of the Latin comedies of Plautus and Terence, comedies of situation and of manners, with such characters as the penurious pantaloon, the spendthrift son, the resourceful parasite, the conniving courtesan, the braggart soldier, and the shrewish wife, but from "Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle" to the last play that clung to the boards while the Puritans were battering at the doors, there was scarcely a play of the Latin type that does not have the feel of England; the characters are English characters, and social atmosphere is the atmosphere of England.

The Elizabethan drama was quick to see the possibilities in the enchanting fields of romance that lay about it, Celtic fairy lore, tales of knights and their gestic, the colorful love stories of the late Greek romances, the tales of classical mythology, pastoral romances imitated from Theocritus, vivid Italian tales of love and exploit, the breathless stories of the freshly landed sailor or explorer, but all of this material, when submitted to the crucible, came forth transformed.

We shall now see, then, in how far the characteristics of the Gothic art are the characteristics of the Elizabethan drama as revealed in Shakespeare.

If a Roman familiar with the practice of his native stage could have been translated to an Elizabethan playhouse, the aspect of the plays that would have surprised him most would doubtless have been the variety of episodes, situations and characters packed into one play. If the play were a comedy of intrigue or of manners, he would recognize certain familiar situations and he would also find certain characters more or less familiar to him. But he would be surprised at the number of characters employed, at the scenes introduced purely for diversion, and at little minor plots that ran along more or less parallel to the main plot, but often only slenderly connected with it. Thus if he had chanced to attend a performance of "The Comedy of Errors," he would have detected the familiar plot of the "Menechmi" of Plautus, wherein two brothers, who looked so much alike that they could not be told apart, after years of separation found themselves in the same city. But he would have been astonished at the daring ingenuity of the writer, who not only made the two brothers alike, but their two servants as well, thus increasing the possibilities for confusion not by arithmetical, but by geometrical proportion. Again, he would have been surprised at the allowance made for the nonsensical antics of these servants. Moreover, he would have wondered at the introduction of a romance of adventure in the persons of the father and mother of the brothers, who, after a separation of half a life time, due to shipwreck, discover one another in the closing scene of the play, incidentally saving the father from a sentence of death placed upon him in the opening scene. Nor would this Roman

spectator have been any less surprised at the interweaving of a love situation, wherein the one brother falls in love at first sight with the sister of the other brother's wife. Romance of adventure, love romance, pure buffoonery, all thrown for good measure into a play that had already out-Plautused Plautus by greatly increasing the opportunities for confusion. Now why did Shakespeare introduce such variety into this one play? Simply because he and his public liked it. They wanted any given work of art to afford the maximum number of sensations. They felt that the time to weep and the time to laugh, the time to mourn and the time to dance, the time to love and the time to hate, were one and the same time.

Similar variety is to be found in every one of the plays, be it comedy, history or tragedy; one need only make a mental survey of the plays to see how uniformly this canon is observed in Elizabethan art. Thus, "The Merchant of Venice" has for its main plot a love situation, but this is reinforced by another love plot of a more romantic type, and relieved by a sensational plot that constantly hovers on the verge of tragedy. In addition, one scene is given over to the buffoonery of two inimitable clowns, a blind old father and a scandalous son. Think for a moment of the sequence of brilliant and highly differentiated scenes that the play presents: the easy mingling of gentlemen upon a Venetian street; scenes where lovers stake all upon the chances of a casket; the sound of the lute, the tripping of masquers, the stealing away of a bride; an irate Jew ranting through the streets, stung by the loss of his ducats and his daughter; a court scene of brilliant resource; and a final romantic scene at an Italian palace, with all the witchery of youth and love and moonlit banks. Or think of the variety that is secured in a delicate fantasy like "A Midsummer Night's Dream:" love scenes; scenes where fairies dance to airy music; scenes given over to the antics of clownish dolts; and scenes where lovers and fairies and clowns are woven into one playful distraction. Or think of "The Tempest" with its novelties: a shipwreck, a masque, an orgy of drunken sailors, and all the revelations of a wizard's wand.

But why weary the reader with such slow enumerations that flag far behind his own imagination as it flashes through

the plays! Enough that we appreciate how consistently the Elizabethans manifested the fondness of their forbears for ever-changing variety.

The plays also observe to a degree that profuseness, that fullness of utterance, which was a consistent principle in all Gothic art. Just as in the cathedrals the motif of the main transepts was sometimes repeated in smaller transepts thrown out farther to the west, or the design of the great towers was echoed in many a smaller tower or turret, or wave after wave of profuse ornamentation swept across the whole decorated front of a facade, so in the plays of Shakespeare a dominant motif is frequently emphasized and enforced by repetition. Thus in "The Merchant of Venice" the love motif of the main plot, the love of Bassanio and Portia, is repeated in the love of the supporting characters, Gratiano and Nerissa, and in the love of Lorenzo and Jessica in the secondary plot; in "As You Like It" the love motif so charmingly developed in the amours of Orlando and Rosalind reverberates pleasantly in the loves of Oliver and Celia, of Silvius and Phoebe, of Touchstone and Audrey; and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the troubles that the mortals experience in their affairs are paralleled by the quarrel of the king and queen of the fairies.

In the tragedies this repetition is employed to give the full measure of horror to the dominant motif, just as one is made more sensible of the soaring majesty of the western tower of Ely by first observing the tower of the Galilean porch. Thus in "King Lear" the treachery of Edmund is to accentuate the horrible inhumanity of Goneril and Regan, and the suffering of Gloucester to accentuate the colossal suffering of the hero. As Dowden has justly observed: "The treachery of Edmund, and the torture to which Gloucester is subjected, are out of the course of familiar experience; but they are commonplace and prosaic in comparison with the inhumanity of the sisters and the agony of Lear. When we have climbed the steep ascent of Gloucester's mount of passion, we see still above us another *via dolorosa* leading to that

Wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured,

to which Lear is chained. Thus the one story of horror

serves as a means of approach to the other, and helps us to conceive its magnitude. The two, as Schlegel observes, produce the impression of a great commotion in the moral world. The thunder which breaks over our heads does not suddenly cease to resound, but is reduplicated, multiplied, and magnified, and rolls away with long reverberation."

Now just as the endless detail and repetition in the architecture all contribute to a comprehensive unity, so that viewed at a proper distance a structure invariably appears harmonious and complete, so the finer of Shakespeare's plays are symphonic, every character and every episode contributing to a noble completeness, even the ludicrous motifs that at close range strike harshly upon the ear resolving themselves into a noble congruity. "As You Like It" is a charming symphony in lighter vein, the theme of which is the simple life. Two gentle lovers bred at court but forced by circumstance to take to the forest, an exiled group of courtiers who live a Robin Hood life, affected pastoral lovers, borrowed from a pastoral romance, a group of plain country bumpkins, a droll fool, a civet-laden dandy, a misanthrope, all contribute to working out the thesis that simplicity is not a matter of externals, of station or of environment, but is conditioned upon the inner life; that it consists in an equipoise of mind and heart, and a proper adjustment to the world. With infinitely delicate satire Shakespeare disposes of the claim to reality of the nonsensical pastoralism of romance, shows up the actual stupidity and vulgarity of untutored country dolts, exposes the hollow satisfactions of globe trotting, and demonstrates that he who would enter into the life of nature and be purified by its companionship, must take the heart of nature with him to the woods and fields. Without going into further details to show how this fine harmony is secured, the manner in which the part of Touchstone, who is one of the gargoyles of the play, is made to contribute to the unity of the general theme, may be taken as characteristic. Touchstone is the official satirist of the comedy, and his special office is to expose the absurdity of pastoralism. Thus, no sooner has Silvius finished telling Corin of his passion, than Touchstone lapses into reminiscent mood and details the tender history of his wooing of Jane Smile with

the peascod. With like mock gravity he encourages Corin, the aged shepherd, to give his notions of life, and then sagely brands him as a "natural" philosopher. He grieves that Audrey knows nothing of Ovid, the poet of shepherds, and when Rosalind discovers the verses of Orlando, written after the conventional models, he reels off an unblushing burlesque that strips love down to its primitive instincts. Thus is it that this clown, apparently introduced to amuse, by "pricking romantic extravagance with the rough-hewn bolts of his dry brain," actually does make an important contribution to this play symphony.

I need not dwell further upon this aspect of the plays since it has become so familiar through the studies of such scholars as Ulrici, Gervinus, Moulton and Dowden.

Upon the decline of cathedral building, the craving for the ludicrous was satisfied by the mystery and morality plays, and thus the grotesque was brought in an unbroken tradition to the Elizabethan stage. The dramatist might complain of the low taste of the groundlings who could ill abide the serious plot in their greed for the antics of the clown, but he did not venture to leave buffoonery out of his play. Shakespeare indulged this fondness for the ludicrous to the full and, beginning with *Armado*, "mighty potentate of nonsense" and *Holofernes* and *Nathaniel*, "prodigious specimens of learned vocabules," in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," and ending with *Ariel*, creature of air and fire, and *Caliban*, "gnome and savage, half demon and half brute," in "*The Tempest*," created grotesques with unfailing resource. What cathedral was ever so rich in grotesques as these plays of Shakespeare's: The mischief loving Puck, prankster of the English hearth; Bottom, donkeyism humanized; Launce, unbridled whimsicality; Malvolio, cross-gartered and cross-grained; Sir Andrew, spindle-legged and spindleheaded, a very dog at a catch; Sir Toby, madcap rowdy and toper; Falstaff, exuberant mountain of flesh and prince of bluffers; Dogberry, apotheosis of pompous officialdom, with whom comparisons would indeed be odorous; and the list is but begun.

Nor did Shakespeare confine his grotesques to these playful offshoots of fancy, for in the tragedies he employs the terrible grotesque with consummate art. Who has not shuddered

at the drunken jargon of the porter, in the fearful moment that awaits the murder of Duncan; at the brutal jesting of the grave diggers, the skull of Yorick resting on the fresh-turned sod; or at the mumblings of the faithful fool of Lear, soul of pathos in the rags of motley, launching waifs of truth into the horror of the night, while the terrible tempest flashes and thunders without, and within thunders and flashes the tempest of a breaking mind!

Equally in line with the Gothic tradition is Shakespeare's use of nature. Here are flowers, observed with the tenderness of the Gothic sculptors, and lovingly woven into the structure of the plays; sometimes bright clusters of flowers, as in the songs; sometimes a single flower that articulates an emotion else unvoiced: "pansies, that's for thoughts." Again, as in the cathedrals one feels the kinship of the elements, so there is scarcely a play but reveals the harmony existing between the works of nature and the passions of men. In the fantasies the thoughts of men become embodied in nature's forms, as Prospero creates his magic world with Ariel, a creature of the elements, as the ministrant of his wishes; in the comedies, a beautiful and healthy kinship exists between nature and man, as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the enchantment of the moonlit night is the reflex of the mystery of love; while in the tragedies, there ever seems to be a dark and malevolent conspiracy between the powers of nature without and the powers of the spirit within. The foulness of Macbeth's unholy ambition finds its reflex in the foulness of the day; and the tumult in the spirit of Lear is invited, and then accompanied, by the wild tumult that reverberates through the heavens.

There is a curious analogy between the physical incompleteness of some of the cathedrals and the incompleteness that one feels in certain of the plays. Just as the cathedral builders did not see the end of their work from the beginning and therefore often introduced features out of harmony with the ultimate design and that remain as interesting anomalies, or as they changed the character of a structure after the work was well under way, so Shakespeare in the haste of production, writing against time, allowed incongruities to remain embedded in the plays, or changed the bent of a play as the writing progressed. Thus in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" Julia

unadvisedly delivers to Sylvia a letter that was apparently from the faithless Proteus to Julia; now this letter would naturally be used in exposing the profligacy of Proteus, but as the writing of the play advanced Shakespeare evidently forgot about this letter and therefore made no further use of it, allowing the episode to remain in the play as a false lead. Hamlet, again, gives evidence of a partial reworking of the character of the hero from an earlier play; if Shakespeare had taken time to complete the revision of the character along the lines that he established as the writing of the play progressed, the conflicting impressions that the character now gives might well have been obviated.

But as the real incompleteness of the cathedrals is the consciousness of the incompleteness of life itself, so in Shakespeare we feel this same incompleteness, this same passion to express the totality of life and to fathom its mystery. The poet directs our eyes down many a vista, but he does not say what we would ultimately find, had we the opportunity or the power to traverse it. Each play prompts its own puzzling and not-to-be-answered questions. Thus, what of Lear? "What of suffering humanity that wanders from the darkness into light and from the light into the darkness? Lear is grandly passive-played upon by all the manifold sources of nature and of society. And though he is in part delivered from his imperious self-will, and learns, at last, what true love is, and that it exists in the world, Lear passes away from our sight, not in any mood of resignation or faith or illuminated peace, but in a piteous agony of yearning for that love which he had found only to lose forever. Does Shakespeare mean to contrast the pleasure in a demonstration of spurious affection in the first scene with the agonized cry for real love in the last scene, and does he wish us to understand that the true gain from the bitter discipline of Lear's old age was precisely this—his acquiring a supreme need of what is best, though a need which finds, so far as we can learn, no satisfaction?

"We guess at the spiritual significance of the great tragic facts of the world, but, after our guessing, their mysteriousness remains."²

It is the dark brooding of the Germanic mind in the pres-

² Dowden, *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*, 242-3.

ence of the mystery of life, and, as students of philology know, a thousand years had not changed it.

It remains to speak of Shakespeare's savageness. The eighteenth century writers upon Shakespeare had been thoroughly schooled to classical standards of taste, but the abler of them, though sensitive to the faults of the poet, were yet alive to his genius. They may have erred in being over-precise in their judgments, but they at least escaped the extravagant and uncritical adulation of the romanticists who followed them. Indeed, I am not sure but the ultimate judgment will prefer Pope and Johnson to Schlegel and Coleridge as critics. The truth undoubtedly lies between the attitudes of these two schools, but our present inclination to regard a play as a *play*, is but a recurrence to the attitude of the eighteenth century scholars.

Be the final estimate of these scholars what it may, they had been long enough schooled in the principles of a regulated literary art to detect the rudeness of Shakespeare. We may differ in our notions of the artistic merit of the savage element in Shakespeare, but we can have little inclination to quarrel with their insistence that it is there. "The work of a correct and regular writer," says Johnson, "is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air; interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals."⁸

Even more apposite to my thesis is the concluding paragraph in Pope's introduction to his edition: "I will conclude by saying of Shakespeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his Drama, one may look upon his works, in

⁸ Nichol Smith, *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare*, 135.

comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestik piece of Gothic Architecture, compar'd with a neat Modern building. The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allow'd that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the Whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the Parts are childish, ill-plac'd, and unequal to its grandeur."⁴

Every reader of "Hamlet" or of "King Lear" must have felt the rude strength, the vehemence, with which the material is handled. The characters and situations seem to be torn from life and thrown into place, as the eager workman tore the rude rocks from their sleep amidst the hills and reared them into walls, and the towering spectacle of the play rises before our amazed eyes, thrusts itself far into the heavens, and frowns upon the pettiness of our dull world. Or if we look rather at the execution of the detail than of the mass, we see the chisel hurrying on with its fierce, bold strokes to relieve the overcharged mind which drives it.

Shakespeare was, indeed, a true child of the north. In him the spirit of the Gothic builders was reincarnate, reincarnate because it was more than the spirit of these builders,—it was the spirit of a race. It pushes with grand assurance down into the very Renaissance, and claims the poet for its own. Through him it speaks afresh, and makes its lasting appeal to the modern man.

It would, indeed, be interesting to follow this Gothic spirit down through the centuries, to see it searching here and there and placing its hand upon the men whom it would claim. We should see it touch the shoulder of Carlyle, and then see it engrave itself upon the lines of his noble face, as through the passing years he wrought in its manner. We should see it touch Browning, and then behold "The Ring and The Book," that supreme modern expression of the Gothic, taking shape in the very heart of the culture of the south. And if we could look through the years to come, doubtless we should still see it brooding here and there, and building grandly as of old.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 62.

Disraeli's Doctrine of Toryism

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Early in his parliamentary career Benjamin Disraeli, speaking in defense of the Chartists, declared, "the aristocracy are the natural leaders of the people, for the aristocracy and the laboring population form the nation." Later in the same year, 1840, he wrote in a letter to Charles Atwood, "I entirely agree with you that a union between the Conservative party and the Radical masses offers the only means by which we can preserve the Empire. Their interests are identical; united they form the nation."

Disraeli stood as Tory candidate for Buckingham in 1847. Addressing the electors of the county he said: "In the great struggle between popular principles and liberal opinions, which is characteristic of our age, I hope ever to be found on the side of the people, and of the Institutions of England. . . . It is unnecessary for me to state that I shall support all those measures, the object of which is to elevate the moral and social condition of the Working Classes, by lessening their hours of toil,—by improving their means of health—and by cultivating their intelligence."

These passages indicate the characteristic political philosophy of the Jewish adventurer who became prime minister of England and Earl of Beaconsfield. To his contemporaries the doctrine of a natural affinity between the privileged classes and the working masses seemed a bit fanciful, and even the name its author gave it, Popular, or Democratic, Toryism, was thought to hide a paradox. Yet this idea was the inspiration and secret of Disraeli's extraordinary career. It appears, in one guise or another, in his novels, his speeches in Commons, and his public acts. To the end he went on the theory that workingmen are naturally conservative, and his judgment was strikingly vindicated in a number of instances, notably in the election of 1874. His own sympathy for and faith in the people was genuine and active. It did not confine itself to spoken pledges or to protests against the miseries of toilers such

as are found in *Sybil*, "the sincerest of his novels," but found embodiment in Factory Acts and the Reform Bill of 1867. He further maintained that property and privilege could be justified only by the disinterested performance of public duty. He himself assumed prerogatives of the aristocrat. Though party leader and opportunist, he never lacked the higher courage which marks the statesman, the courage really to lead, and at times to defy, even at risk of personal elimination, both his colleagues and his constituents.

Democratic Toryism was a creed and a constructive program. At the same time it was a protest. It was introduced by Disraeli as a revolt from the Toryism of reaction and stagnation, against that perverted view which regards the Conservative party as the instrument of a propertied class and a brake on all progress. Even more sharply did his political doctrine make Disraeli dissent from the middle-class Liberalism which dominated in his day, and still does to a large extent. He contrasted popular principles with liberal opinions. By the former he meant respect for precedent and antiquity, the maintenance of institutions, the interests of the poor, the liberties of the people, and the harmony of classes. By liberal opinions he meant the whole philosophy of the bourgeoisie. He had a strong distaste for a government of moral abstractions, or a society run by the rules of political economy. He shared Burke's intolerance of "*a priori* systems of politics," and "new constitutions on the abstract principles of theoretic science." Whiggism, he thought, for all its talk about progress and human welfare, resulted in an unimaginative compromise between the economic interests of various classes, leavened by a few sentimentalities in policy. Of this he would have none. To it he opposed his idealized Toryism, aiming at the cooperation of all the Estates of the Realm, as a surer engine of progress and a truer symbol of the social structure.

II

What then is a conservative, and what does he wish to conserve? At the present time in America, with an arrogant radicalism aggressive in politics and ascendent in published discussion, conservatism is painted in unflattering colors. The radical, who wants to proceed rapidly, is not contrasted with

the conservative, who wishes to proceed slowly. The conservative is depicted rather as one who does not wish to move forward at all—a “standpatter,” or as one determined to move backward,—a reactionary. The conservative party is “the stupid party,” the party of immobility, without a program or an aspiration, manned by the holders of privilege seeking to perpetuate their advantage, the tool of Big Money and predatory business. Conservatives are conceived as desperately struggling to preserve the *status quo*; changelessness is their one idea; they would, in the phrase of Paul Louis Courier, have besought the Creator, on the day of creation to preserve chaos.

Such a picture is of course a caricature. It has been sketched for us by progressives making capital out of an enemy's mistakes. Nevertheless, even when current political thought purports to be impartial it carries this same insinuation of self-interest. The possessing classes are assumed to be inevitably conservative. The less prosperous strata of society are instinctively in an attitude of opposition. This view, it must be admitted, holds an element of truth. Conservatism tends to relapse into a policy of reaction, just as radicalism threatens constantly to drift into demagoguery. May it not be that conservatism in America has stultified itself by seeming to represent vested interests? Disraeli attributed the success of Liberalism in his day to the collapse of conservative principles. His party had deserted its historic traditions, and proved false to “the original and genuine character of Toryism.” It had fused its interests with those of a class, the landed gentry. But Disraeli understood by conservatism a temper of mind and a way of thinking, not class selfishness.

He was, that is to say, of the species which may be called the philosophic conservative, a species more numerous than may upon the surface appear. The conservative bias inclines a man to an historical interpretation of society. He does not wish to preserve the past but to guide progress by the light of the past. He is hospitable to all reforms looking to the improvement of the human lot, but he is skeptical of schemes which promise sudden or vast changes in conduct. He thinks in terms of persons rather than in formulas and catchwords,

and he has a sense of what can and what cannot be done through legislation. Usually he stands obdurately against attempts to make men good by authority, since he knows that these experiments, tried a thousand times, have deprived men of liberty and left their nature unimproved. He distrusts doctrinaire reasoning and easy solutions in human affairs, for he has a notion of the complexity of the problems, and the need of humility in approaching them. Such a man does not seek to halt the car of progress. He resembles the careful chauffeur who refuses to plunge down every road which shows a specious signpost, but selects both his route and speed with some care. Do we find the rate of progress retarded or accelerated when a man of this conservative temper gets actually into control of affairs? Say, a Beaconsfield, a Chatham,—or a Hamilton?

III

Possibly racial inheritance was responsible in part for Disraeli's conservative bent. "All is race," he declared. In the long struggles of a career which finally found "Dizzy" the best beloved of English ministers and one of the most powerful statesmen in Europe, nothing hampered him more than the prejudice aroused by his Jewish origin. But he never showed shame for his blood; he wore the stigma like a plume. In *Tancred* he wrote of the Jews: "They are a living and most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man. . . . Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy."

This idea of a natural aristocracy lies at the centre of Disraeli's political beliefs, and gives to them their inner significance. He never, it is true, revealed precisely whom he meant by "the natural leaders of the people." At one time they are prefigured by the Throne, at another by the country gentlemen, at another by the Peers and Commons. Much of Disraeli's political theory lies embedded in vague romanticism; his thought does not show the logical clarity of Plato or the speculative precision of Burke. His philosophy of society must be dug out of his novels and speeches and pieced to-

gether, and even when so disclosed must owe something to interpretation. His official biographers, Monypenny and Buckle, have rendered in this direction an admirable service. Yet the doctrine of Democratic Toryism is none the less valuable because it never was reduced by its author to a logical system. When viewed broadly and pushed a bit beyond its literal forms, it takes on aspects of universality.

A few quotations from widely different chapters of Disraeli's utterance will serve to make clear his theory of aristocracy,—always remembering that he never erected phrases into idols. He contended that it is the first duty of the holders of power "to lead, to guide, and to enlighten; to soften vulgar prejudices and to dare to encounter popular passion." Again he says, "The liberty of England rests on the fact that there is a class which bids defiance alike to despots and to mobs, and round which the people can always rally." The leaders must be disinterested, and in *Coningsby* he inclines to the view that such leadership can be supplied only by the King. "The only way to terminate what, in the language of the present day, is called Class Legislation, is not to trust power to classes. . . . The only power which has no class sympathy is the Sovereign." It is an interesting commentary on this declaration that Disraeli, when he had come to supreme power, made no effort to restore the prerogatives of the Crown. He did better, he governed England himself. And the result of his administration was to give a tremendous impetus to popular rule.

The democracy which Popular Toryism contemplated was not of the leveling and destructive sort, but elevating and constructive. The aristocracy must be broadly recruited. A career open to talent would insure a healthy selective process. "The aristocracy of England absorbs all other aristocracies, and receives every man in every order and class who defers to the principle of our society, which is to aspire and to excel." This lifting process is again emphasized in *A Vindication of the English Constitution*. The aristocracy and the ruling orders, Disraeli says, "however highly privileged, are invested with no quality of exclusion; and the Peers and Commons of England are the trustees of the nation, not its masters. The country where legislative and even executive office may be constitu-

tionally obtained by every subject of the land is a democracy, and a democracy of the noblest character." Emerson put the same thing epigrammatically: "English history is aristocracy with the doors open."

What Disraeli aimed at, then, was quite literally the rule of the best. His aristocracy, ultimately, would be chosen by selection, drawing into itself all who had claims to distinction. On the plateau of power any man might walk who proved his worth. The aristocracy, the leaders of the people, the elite,—these were to be identical.

IV

A union between aristocrats of quality, born to the hereditary service of the state, and the laboring masses does not appear fantastic. Men who are high-minded, sensitive in feeling, above personal or class aggrandizement, and filled with a sense of public duty, have by nature a sympathy with the heavy-laden and the disinherited. Such a sympathy was vital in Disraeli. Looking about him and back over English history he was convinced that the poor had always fared well at the hands of the privileged and powerful. This conviction was shared by the enthusiastic Cambridge men who joined him in the Young England movement. For did not the Tory gentry understand the needs of their working people, and had they not exercised from ancient time a kindly supervision? Young England proposed to bring "back joy to the sombre and monotonous lives of the laboring poor" and to restore "the harmony between classes that had been one of the characteristics of the 'Merrie England' of the past." Somewhat idyllic, this sentiment, but not without fruit. Disraeli found among the haughty Tories more insight into the conditions and needs of the industrial population, more readiness to make legislative concessions to them, than among the canting and prosperous middle class.

That this sympathy would be reciprocated by the laboring man Disraeli never for a moment doubted. He expected harmony and co-operation between classes; he usually referred to the Tory as the "national" party. The goal was not mere patrician condescension, typified by county gentlemen giving largess at the doors of baronial halls. The centre and circum-

ference of the social order were to be united by mutual respect and by identity of political views. "Of all men, workingmen should be most conservative. It is no light thing to belong to a nation where liberty and order co-exist in the highest degree." (Speech after returning from Berlin.) "I believe, the wider the popular suffrage, the more powerful would be the natural aristocracy." (*The Spirit of Whiggism.*) The people, he thought, would recognize and follow their true leaders. The masses are at least good judges of men. Their discriminations are native and sure; they do not wear the blinders which obscure the vision of the phrase-ridden bourgeoisie. Disraeli as usual compressed his faith into an epigram: "Truth after all is the sovereign passion of mankind."

Of course a political alliance such as Democratic Toryism projected had a practical aim and a fighting purpose. It marshalled its forces against the arch-enemy, Liberalism. It was Liberalism which put political economy above patriotism, and humanitarianism above human nature; it was Liberalism which had capitulated to the cash standards and uninspired ideals of the employing and commercial classes; it was Liberalism which had betrayed the people and exploited their passions with plausible catchwords. All that was distasteful to Disraeli the social philosopher and man might be summed up in the word mediocrity. He warned his country against a decline of statesmanship and the suppression of genius. "Instead of these you will have a horde of selfish and obscure mediocrities, incapable of anything but mischief, and that mischief devised and regulated by the raging demagogue of the hour." His conception of both the rights and duties of aristocracy was stiffish. The ruling orders were to be conscious of their worth and bold to assume their privileges, bolstered by all the props of prescription and dressed out in the pomp of power and position. He never indulged in maudlin talk about governors being merely instruments and servants of the people. The rulers were to rule and the leaders to take the initiative. Government was an active and inspiring principle, the essence of the State. "The feudal system may have worn out, but its main principle—that the tenure of property should be the fulfillment of duty, is the essence of good government. The

divine right of kings may have been a plea for feeble tyrants, but the divine right of government is the keystone of human progress, and without it governments sink into police, and a nation is degraded into a mob."

V

The letter of the Disraelian doctrine may be disregarded, but the spirit is permanently important. There is something in the ethics of this higher Toryism which powerfully grips the imagination, and appeals to the historical sense. In reality the doctrine is not new, for it has been followed consciously in many a national polity. In Rome a patrician party frequently put itself at the head of the plebeians. During the feudal ages King and Commonalty often combined against the nobles. In Germany state socialism has found its strongest ally in the aristocratic agrarian party; the opposition is the National Liberals. In England the masses owe the slow amelioration of their lot as much to Tory leaders like Ashley, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and their supporters, as to their own efforts.

Nothing, it is probable, would so clear the American political air as a sturdy reassertion of conservative principles, and a rehabilitation of the conservative party under great leadership. At present conservatism has allowed itself to be swamped by an amateurish progressivism. Outside of a few eminent champions like Mr. Root, enlightened Toryism stands dumb and voiceless. We do not even know where conservatism of the better sort lies in this country: how much among the laborers, the farmers, the professional men. There is reason to suppose, from both American tradition and character, that a conservative party of principle would find a vast following. But it has been long years since it has heard a clear rallying call.

Obviously we have little approaching to a natural aristocracy in America. There is no landed gentry or propertied class which regards itself as the backbone of the state. There are few if any great families of ability whose members consecrate themselves to the service of the state and stand ready at all times to defy despotism, "whether exercised by an indi-

vidual or a mob." Our selective forces for bringing the best men into public life appear ineffective; indeed as a class the intellectual elite openly and unashamedly avoid politics. The creation of a natural aristocracy of genuine leadership is one of the deeper problems of American democracy. We have followed the democracy of Jefferson and it has given us a disguised plutocracy. Whether we shall have the courage to return to the republicanism of Hamilton remains a question.

Mark Twain

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Mark Twain's authorized biography by Albert Bigelow Paine represents him as a great humorist, a philosopher, a wise critic of life and the foremost American writer of his day. There is no doubt that Mark Twain was the most popular author that America has so far produced, for no other American author's writings have ever approached the enormous sales of Mark Twain's books. The sales of his first important book, *Innocents Abroad*, were unprecedented, reaching the 100,000 limit within three years after its publication; and some of his other books did not lag far behind this record. No other American has ever reaped such a golden harvest from his prolific pen. But whether Mark Twain will continue the most popular author of American literature, it remains for time alone to determine. At present, more than five years after his death, his star shows no indication of waning brilliance and his vogue is as universal as during his lifetime. The reason for this lies in the universal appeal of his writings.

Though Mark Twain is generally conceded to be the greatest American humorist and, for the matter of that, to rank among the first humorists of the world, still he rather resented the estimate of himself as a mere humorist and was by no means content to be simply thus regarded by his friends and admirers. "I shall never be accepted seriously over my own signature," he remarked in the preface to his *Joan of Arc*, by way of apology for its anonymous publication. "People always want to laugh over what I write and are disappointed if they don't find a joke."

Nor, indeed, was Mark Twain a mere humorist. It is true that as a humorist he first made a name for himself, and it was the humorous side of his nature that appealed most widely to the world. Yet Clemens was unquestionably a moralist and a sage also; and he availed himself of his gift of humor to enforce and drive home his moral teaching. The fact is, he entertained a genuine and profound contempt for all sham

and cant, for all illusion and affectation. Nothing more deeply stirred his indignation than pretence, injustice and wrong. As he advanced in life this characteristic of Mark Twain's became all the more pronounced; and he waged an unwearied crusade with all the earnestness of his moral nature against the various forms of injustice and oppression. Witness the zeal and ardor with which he championed the movement for the reform of the municipal government of New York as well as his vigorous protest against King Leopold's atrocities in the Congo and England's treatment of the Boers in South Africa. During the latter part of his life Clemens really became more and more a moralist. His biographer records of him in this matter, after his return from his tour around the world: "He (Clemens) was no longer essentially a story-teller. He had become more than ever a moralist and a sage. Having seen all the world and deeply suffered at its hands, he sat down now as in a seat of judgment, regarding the passing show and recording his philosophies." And further on Mr. Paine adds: "A newer generation was willing to herald Mark Twain as a sage as well as a humorist, and on occasion to quite overlook the cap and bells." So much by way of introduction.

I

Mark Twain is a shining example of that distinctive American type—a self-made man. He never enjoyed the advantages of a college education. He was a product of the Middle West, having first greeted the light of day in a small Missouri hamlet, Florida, in 1835. The rudiments of his education he acquired in the neighboring village school at Hannibal. At thirteen he was apprenticed to the printer's trade which he prosecuted diligently, first in his own locality and afterward in the East, working his way as a journeyman printer. But the dream of his youth was to see life on a steamboat on the Mississippi, and in 1851 he came into the realization of his ambition as a cub pilot. This passing whim gratified, he located in Nevada as the private secretary to his brother who had been appointed Secretary of the Territory of Nevada. While here Mark Twain found employment as a reporter on a local newspaper for a time and then engaged in an unsuccessful

ful mining adventure. The rover next found his way to San Francisco where he again secured work as a reporter on a local paper; and in this capacity he visited the Sandwich Islands, spending six months on the trip.

Mark Twain's frontier life abounded in adventure and excitement of a varied sort. Before leaving his native State of Missouri he followed the checkered life of a Confederate soldier, but his heart not being enlisted in this cause, his career as a Confederate was soon ended. In Virginia City, while serving on the staff of the local *Enterprise*, he met Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne), then at the zenith of his fame, and the two humorists became boon companions. With the encouragement Artemus Ward gave him, Clemens decided to extend his audience eastward and was soon writing sketches for the New York Sunday *Mercury*. It was during those Bohemian days in '64 and '65 that Mark Twain made the acquaintance of Bret Harte, being associated with him on the staff of the *Californian*, then the leading paper of San Francisco. Those were the days when the incident of the famous "Jumping Frog" story actually took place. It is interesting to observe in passing that the tale of that wonderful Calaveras frog originally appeared under the title "Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog" in the *Saturday Post* of November 18, 1865. As Paine records, this story brought the name of Mark Twain across the mountains, bore it up and down the Atlantic coast and out over the prairies of the Middle West.

Mark Twain now conceived the idea of going upon the lecture platform. His maiden lecture, "The Sandwich Islands," which proved a complete success, was delivered in San Francisco. The story of this first lecture is detailed in *Roughing It*, that entertaining book describing frontier life in those days. After a successful lecture tour extending through his former happy hunting ground in Nevada, Clemens decided to make a trip to New York by ship, but not the old prairie schooner. He was eager to visit that metropolis again after an absence of thirteen years; but he stopped only long enough to arrange for the publication of his book of sketches including his celebrated "Jumping Frog" and then left for St. Louis to visit his old friends and relatives. In St. Louis he saw an announcement of the noted "Quaker City" excursion to the

Holy Land and at once wrote to his California paper, the *Alta*, proposing that the management send him on this trip as a sheer business proposition. It is to be said to the credit of this enterprising western sheet that it considered Mark Twain a sound investment and accepted his proposition, with the understanding that he should contribute weekly letters of travel to its pages. He also made a contract with the New York *Tribune* to furnish that journal occasional letters.

However, before sailing for Palestine, Mark Twain delivered to a crowded house at Cooper Institute his lecture on the Sandwich Islands and saw through the press his first book—*The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. James Russell Lowell had already pronounced the "Frog" story "the finest piece of humorous writing yet produced in America." But he could not have bestowed this word of praise upon the remaining stories that made up this small volume, for the title sketch is the sole redeeming feature of the collection, the others being of little merit and hardly mediocre.

The fifty-three letters to the *Alta* and the six letters to the *Tribune* which Clemens wrote on this trip to the Holy Land in 1867 carried the name of Mark Twain far and wide throughout America and served to establish his place as first among American humorists. It is interesting at this juncture to note how Clemens hit upon his distinctive *nom de plume*. "It was first signed to a Carson letter," says his biographer, "bearing date of February 2, 1863, and from that time was attached to all of Samuel Clemens's work." The expression is "an old river term, a leads-man's call, signifying two fathoms—twelve feet," and on the Mississippi River it always indicated to the pilot safe water. This pen-name was adopted by Clemens upon the death of Captain Sellers, an old pilot who had previously used it in his occasional letters to the New Orleans *Picayune*.

Upon Clemens's return to America he revised and re-wrote some of his letters to the press in which he had satirized the excursion party and published the collection under the happy caption *Innocents Abroad*. The book proved an immediate and marvelous success, and one year from date of its publication the sales reached the unprecedented figure of 67,000 copies. It approaches history more closely than any of Mark

Twain's travel-books except *Following the Equator*. The material for *Innocents Abroad* was collected of course on the trip, on the spot, and there was a plenty of fresh experiences and new incidents to impart to the book spontaneity. It had, too, an abundance of exaggeration and incongruity, two essential elements of humor, and was irresistibly funny and diverting. It was a burlesque Pilgrim's Progress in which the author held up to mild ridicule the sham sentiment, the sham love of art, and the sham adventures of the American globe trotter. By his extravagant burlesque and good humor as exhibited in this book Mark Twain laughed away the sentimental and romantic book of travel, as, in the phrase of Byron, "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." To be sure, he errs on the side of irreverence in his quips and jests about the saints and is too realistic and too frankly Philistine and in his effort to shock our sensibilities goes manifestly too far. Yet this was his method of combating pretence and cant.

The language of the *Innocents Abroad*, however, especially the Syrian chapters, is permeated with the poetry and legendary beauty of the sacred story. During the entire trip through the Holy Land Clemens was a constant and untiring student of the Bible narrative, not, we may rest assured, from any special love of his for the Scriptures, but to enable him to appreciate more fully the manners and customs and institutions of the country he was visiting. Incidentally, he was greatly improving his literary style, enriching and embellishing his manner of expression. It is small wonder therefore that the critics note a marked improvement in the style of the *Innocents* as compared with the author's earlier writings. But the book itself is so familiar and so universally read even today as to render it superfluous to speak in detail of its contents. Apart from the broad humor of the book, there are some fine descriptive passages in it that will always rank high as genuine literature, especially those passages dealing with Venice, Rome and the Sphinx. Where can one find a more restrained and beautiful passage, in all the voluminous literature about the Holy Land, than the final paragraph beginning: "Palestine sits in sack-cloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies." Etc.?

During this Mediterranean trip one incident occurred that had an important bearing on Clemens's entire subsequent life. He found a friend in a fellow passenger, Charles Langdon, and became interested in a photograph of his sister, Miss Olivia Langdon, of Elmira, New York, that beautiful character who was destined to become Clemens's companion for life. Their marriage took place in 1870 and the happy couple located in Buffalo, where Clemens engaged in newspaper work, buying a third interest in the Buffalo *Express*. From this time Clemens's nature seemed to undergo a radical change and he became entirely "de-Southernized," as Howells expressed it. Though of slave-holding stock and a quondam Confederate soldier, Clemens now became a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, a rampant abolitionist, and a champion and defender of the weak and oppressed. He was no longer a humorist simply, though humorist he still remained even to the end.

Journalism was not to Mark Twain's taste and he soon abandoned it, selling the *Express* at a considerable loss and canceling his engagement to furnish monthly articles to the New York *Galaxy*. This was no doubt the part of wisdom for his journalistic work was considerably below the standard of the *Innocents Abroad*, and was of the nature of a retrogression. He now turned his attention to the writing of *Roughing It* and changed his residence from Buffalo to Hartford, attracted thither by the congenial literary atmosphere of the place as well as by his sincere regard for his life-long friend, the Reverend Joseph Twichell, who married him and finally buried him.

No sooner had Clemens settled in Hartford in proximity to his friends, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Stowe and other literary personages, than he projected an extensive lecturing tour with the "Reminiscences" and selections from his forthcoming book *Roughing It* featuring as his drawing cards. He reveled in the triumphs of a platform tour and soon made enough money to pay off his indebtedness. As a lecturer he was exceptionally successful, and yet he affirmed that he loathed the drudgery of the platform. Certainly it is true that from this time on he resorted to lecturing only as a ready way of making money whenever he was in straitened cir-

cumstances, and as soon as the financial burden was lifted, he retired from the platform.

Roughing It had a large advance sale, and its earnings promised to rival those of *Innocents Abroad*. Though possessing less charm than its predecessor, *Roughing It* enjoys the advantage of a wider interest, dealing as it does with life on our western frontier and narrating its author's experiences in his trip through the alkali desert to the Pacific coast. It presents a faithful picture of the overland pioneer days, when the prairie schooner was the best means of transportation. The book of course abounds in humor. Where can you find a more classic example of a humorous sketch than "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral" and the purchase of the "Mexican Plug?" The picture the book presents of those frontier conditions has all the freshness and vividness of a novel. Indeed on close analysis the book appears to be rather fiction than history anyway—a picaresque novel. It is fiction founded on fact and the author, while disregarding the truth of detail, has produced the atmosphere of those vanished times with astonishing vividness. But somehow the book failed to awaken as wide an appeal to the reading public as *Innocents Abroad*, for while the *Innocents* attained to the one hundred thousand mark in three years, it required ten years for *Roughing It* to reach that limit. Still any book which sells up to 40,000 copies within the first three months after its publication, as *Roughing It* did, cannot be held an ordinary production.

Though Hartford was his winter home, Clemens's summer home was in Elmira, New York, and here he did most of his literary work. After the publication of *Roughing It*, Clemens became keenly interested in the question of copyright,—a question in which he continued actively interested till his death. The practice of international piracy, then a recognized institution, rendered a trip to England imperative to protect his rights as an author. Accordingly, Clemens sailed for England, intending at the same time to make a study of its institutions with a view to a book he had in mind—a book, by the way, which was destined never to be written. He was received with marked cordiality and returned after a brief stay, delighted with the people and the country. On his return he wrote conjointly with Charles Dudley Warner a novel, the *Gilded Age*. Not

very long after this Clemens decided to make a prolonged visit to England, taking with him his family. On this second visit he was received with greater enthusiasm and enjoyed a succession of triumphs as a lecturer. After returning home he settled down at Quarry Farm, his summer home near Elmira, to write that marvelous boy's story, *Tom Sawyer*.

Tom Sawyer was a notable success. In it there is much thinly disguised fact growing out of Clemens's own boyhood experiences and some invention, too, such as the graveyard scene with the murder of Dr. Robinson and the adventures of Tom and Becky in the cave. Brander Matthews said of the cave incident: "I have always thought that the vision of the hand (of Indian Joe, Tom's mortal enemy) in the cave in *Tom Sawyer* was one of the very finest things in the literature of adventure since Robinson Crusoe first saw a single footprint in the sand of the sea-shore." *Tom Sawyer* is a masterpiece. It is widely read by boys—old no less than young—and will continue to be read as long as people find any pleasure in reading. No author was perhaps ever better equipped by native endowment and experience to write a book for boys than Mark Twain. For few men have ever seen the world from so many different angles or in such a variety of aspects. Moreover, his heart never grew old and his interest in young life never waned. If ever a writer understood boy nature in general, that writer was Mark Twain, and much that is recorded in his books for boys such as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* is produced out of the author's own experiences. For these books are realistic pictures of Mark Twain's own boyhood spent in the Mississippi Valley and are redeemed by their engaging realism from the commonplace detail of boyhood and are in fact possessed of a positive value. In the characters of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* Mark Twain has presented the world with such a study of the American boy as no other author has ever approached and thus has placed us under a lasting debt of gratitude for this exceptional service to our American literature.

William Dean Howells then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* was not slow to recognize the pecuniary value of Mark Twain as a possible contributor to the pages of his magazine, and Clemens himself had long aspired to appear in the *Atlantic*.

So Mark Twain soon enjoyed the distinction of his first appearance as the author of "A True Story" in the columns of this very select literary journal. This brief and simple story of negro slavery was the forerunner of many contributions Mark Twain henceforth was to make to the *Atlantic* as well as to several others of our leading monthlies. For it was through the *Atlantic* as a medium that Mark Twain first gave to the reading public his *Old Times on the Mississippi*, publishing it as a serial. This series of reminiscences constituted its author's best exhibit of literature up to that date and it is still as vivid and as fresh a picture of the phases of life described as if just written. On the appearance of the first instalment of the series Howells wrote Clemens: "You are doing the science of piloting splendidly. Every word interesting, and don't you drop the series till you've got every bit of anecdote and reminiscence into it."

Mark Twain's next literary undertaking of importance was a story suggested by Charlotte M. Yonge's *Prince and the Page*, in which Edward I and his cousins, Richard and Henry de Montford, are portrayed as under disguised personalities. This story made a strong appeal to Clemens's fancy; and so he conceived the idea of representing a prince as a beggar and a beggar as a prince by exchanging the infants, at some fortuitous meeting, in their cradles, so that each might come to know from experience the burdens of the other's life. Clemens set himself energetically to work out the elaboration of this conception and the result was *The Prince and the Pauper*, a story entirely unlike anything its author had done before. Here Mark Twain entered the realm of romance and worked out a fine and consistent tale in which the illusion is never sacrificed to the burlesque and through which there runs a delicate vein of humor. Some of the splendid scenes in this story deservedly rank among Mark Twain's finest work as literature,—notably the picture of Old London Bridge, the vagabond's retreat, and the jail episode, with its revelation climax. The story has a coherent plot, is carefully thought out and exhibits excellent workmanship and withal possesses a rare charm. In short, *The Prince and the Pauper* is generally rated by the critics, as it deserves to be, Mark Twain's most perfectly constructed story.

Yet many, however, were disappointed in *The Prince and the Pauper* because they failed to find a joke in it. On the other hand, some were disposed to accept the story in its entirety as a huge joke, supposing that Mark Twain had intended actually to create a chapter in English history out of his own fancy. This false interpretation or misunderstanding, needless to say, was a source of keen regret to Clemens and made him sorry that he had not published the book anonymously, as he once was inclined to do. *The Prince and the Pauper* therefore proved a disappointment to its author and at best only a qualified success.

Between the inception of this book and its completion a considerable space of time elapsed. Meanwhile Mark Twain made an extended tour of Europe, visiting various countries and spending a winter in Munich. In 1880 he published an account of that tour and of those halcyon days under the engaging title *A Tramp Abroad*. This volume was on the general plan of his first travel-book. But *A Tramp Abroad*, while highly entertaining and abounding in satire and humor, lacks the spontaneity and archness of the *Innocents Abroad*, with which it naturally invites comparison. The witty essay on the German language contained in *A Tramp Abroad* is one of Mark Twain's classic chapters of humor. It is in its author's best manner and is quite unique. The German Emperor, it is alleged, has found in this essay on his native speech an unfailing source of entertainment and amusement.

Mark Twain was a man whose active brain teemed with ideas and projects—some of them very whimsical, as for instance his project to erect a monument to our first parent Adam. Clemens also undertook many enterprises, some of them to his lasting chagrin and sorrow. Of the unceasing stream of plans of one sort or another pouring through his mind many engaged his attention only for a short while, others of the nature of reform enlisted his active interest permanently. Not a few of the papers he prepared on subjects of a transitory interest were never permitted to appear in print. His biographer informs us that Clemens buried in pigeonholes many a manuscript never to be brought into the light of print. As for his strictures and criticisms Clemens is reputed to have written most of these simply to relieve his mind. One of these

unprinted papers on the matter of postage rates began with these blunt, uncomplimentary words: "Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I respect myself." One of his more serious undertakings—an excellent idea—was a collection of writings which he entitled a *Library of American Humor*. No one was better qualified to judge of the qualities of humor than Clemens and he performed the task of editing his library well.

One of Mark Twain's books that hung fire a long time, for some reason or other, was *Life on the Mississippi*. But the critical estimate of this book well repaid its author for his long-drawn-out effort and unwearied patience. For *Life on the Mississippi*, it is generally conceded by the critics, ranks among its author's highest achievements, and as one critic has expressed it, the book constitutes a literary memorial seemingly as enduring as the Mississippi itself. Somehow, this book especially commended itself to Clemens's German readers, and the German Emperor once assured its author that it was his favorite American book. *Life on the Mississippi* more than any other of its author's books served to establish and solidify foreign opinion of Mark Twain's capacity and importance as a man of letters. It bids fair to live as long in the memory of men as anything Mark Twain ever accomplished.

Mark Twain's next literary achievement was an important and pretentious volume, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, which he produced after a silence of five long years. The book was seriously enough intended as a plea or brief for human rights and human privileges and was written to show up the seamy side of the age of chivalry—how King Arthur and his spotless and valiant knights, while spending their lives in the righting of imaginary wrongs, at the same time were perpetuating a system of shocking cruelty and oppression. But, unhappily, Mark Twain, in writing the book, was inadvertently beset by his ever-present demon of the burlesque and so the lofty purpose of the *Yankee* was miserably marred. For the coarse and extravagant burlesque the author injected into the book served simply to dispel the illusion and almost destroyed the serious appeal against the wrong-doing and oppression of the age of chivalry Mark Twain designed the *Yankee* to register. The volume contains some exalted passages and with-

ering satire and was intended as a vigorous protest, but the effect is rendered nugatory by that imp of the burlesque. The result is that the *Yankee in King Arthur's Court* remains a supreme example of Mark Twain at his literary best and worst. Though the public appetite had been whetted by Mark Twain's long silence of five years, the *Yankee in King Arthur's Court* failed signally to satisfy that craving and turned out to be a bitter disappointment. By its grotesqueness and extravagant burlesque the book offended the national sensibilities of the English people and by its flagrant violation of good form it offended not a few of its author's American readers. The English frankly called it "a lamentable failure" and "an audacious sacrilege." Yet the chorus of adverse criticism was not universal. Here and there a note of praise was sounded. Howells may have been biased by his friendship, but his verdict was that the *Yankee* was entitled to be placed among its author's highest achievements of the nature of a greatly imagined and sympathetic tale.

Most of Clemens's books had been issued through his own publishing house under the name of Charles L. Webster and Company. This firm also published other notable books such as the Stedman and Hutchinson *Library of American Literature*, and *Life of Pope Leo XIII* and Grant's *Memoirs*. (It is affirmed that these publishers paid Mrs. Grant about \$450,000 royalty, one cheque being for \$200,000 reputed to be the largest single royalty cheque in history.) Clemens would have spared himself a world of financial worry, had he confined himself strictly to making books rather than to publishing books. But the fact is, he had a passion for adventure and speculation as he himself admitted, and no small part of the fortune he lost was squandered in enterprises of a speculative nature. It was his innate spirit of adventure that induced him to engage in the publishing business as well as in the typesetter invention, "that remorseless Frankenstein monster" upon which he spent his own private fortune in backing up his vacillating faith in the new venture. As a result Clemens became entirely dependent upon the resources of his pen for a support for himself and family. It was a heroic struggle he made to regain by his facile pen the fortune he had lost by adventure. To retrench expenses he even gave up his fine

home and went abroad for an extended sojourn in Berlin, Florence and England, all the time writing most diligently to furnish copy for his publishers. To this period of financial care and trouble belong *Pudd'nhead Wilson* and *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, first published serially in the *Century Magazine* and *St. Nicholas*. Upon his return to America with despair staring him in the face, Clemens decided to make an assignment and begin anew, though he was now well-nigh three score years old. His friends generously came to his relief, but he resolutely refused their proffered pecuniary aid and determined upon a world lecture tour, in order to pay his creditors one hundred cents in the dollar. This showed quite clearly the mettle of the man. The lecture tour proved a series of triumphs and he speedily recouped his lost fortune and re-established his impaired credit, having paid his creditors in full. This chapter in Mark Twain's life narrating his heroic struggle to pay back every dollar he owed his creditors reads like a romance and evinces a pluck and determination on his part quite the equal of Sir Walter Scott's.

Two books were directly indebted for their inspiration to this *Wanderjahr* in Mark Twain's career,—*Following the Equator* and *A Trip Around the World*, which, as their titles indicate, grew out of his lecture tour. There was also a third book closely associated with this period in Mark Twain's life and published about that time, though it was the result of twelve years of study and preparation, at home and abroad. This important work is *Joan of Arc*. Mark Twain did not like the French people especially. It is all the more surprising then that he should have selected a character of that nationality as the heroine of his best book, and the book above all others, as he himself said two years before his death, that "furnished him seven times the pleasure afforded by any of the others." As he once expressed it, he regarded the personality of Joan of Arc, "the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable child the ages have produced." It hardly admits of any doubt that *Joan of Arc* is its author's supreme literary expression. Its freedom from grotesqueness and burlesque is one of its salient features in contrast with the workmanship of the *Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. Furthermore, the majestic dignity and matchless workmanship of *Joan of Arc* are sus-

tained throughout from the quaint phrasing of the "Translator's Preface" to the final chapters detailing the execution of the martyred maiden in Rouen. Though the entire story is permeated with realism, still it is bathed in an atmosphere of romance. Yet, after all, *Joan of Arc*, unlike some of Mark Twain's tales, is convincing and almost compels credence. Nowhere else has Mark Twain shown such delicacy of feeling and refinement of expression as in his portrayal of this heroine who challenges our admiration and enlists our sympathy. The character of Joan of Arc, we are informed, was his favorite character in the world's history. The public, however, did not at first accord this superlative achievement of Mark Twain its due meed of appreciation. The world, strange to say, was slow to accept *Joan of Arc* at its face value as a masterpiece of art without scarcely a trace of its author's characteristic burlesque and cynicism.

This book served greatly to enhance Mark Twain's reputation as a literary artist, both at home and abroad. So when he went abroad again for a prolonged visit in Vienna, he was the lion of the Austrian capital and wherever else he went. Despite the heavy tax his social engagements made upon his time, nevertheless he found opportunity to write a number of short stories that were eagerly sought after by our magazine editors. One of these stories—"The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"—is a classic and deserves to rank with our finest specimens of the short story, such as Hale's "The Man Without a Country," Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" and Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King." Another noteworthy story Clemens wrote about this time is entitled "What Is Man?" which, though fine, is not up to the level of "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." Mark Twain has a considerable collection of short stories to his credit, but in this field he was surpassed by Poe and O. Henry of our American practitioners of that genre. During this European sojourn Mark Twain also published some articles on Christian Science, afterwards expanded into a book, in which he poked a plenty of fun at the formulas and teachings of the sect. His article "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," published in the *North American Review*, was a scathing arraignment of the missionaries and provoked a storm

of protests and adverse criticism. The pathos of his short story, "Was It Heaven? or Hell?" made an appeal all the more pointed to the reader because the drama of the tale was so soon to be enacted in its author's own household. For Clemens had had the misfortune to lose his daughter during his absence on his lecture tour of the world and now, during his foreign residence in Florence, his beloved wife died in 1904.

Upon his return to America, Clemens, to divert his mind from his loneliness and grief, occupied his time in writing a fantastic story of the nature of satire, entitled "3,000 Years Among the Microbes." This was a quasi-scientific revelry purporting to be the autobiography of a microbe that in a previous state of existence had been a man. After the manuscript had attained the proportions of a book, Clemens grew tired of the idea and never completed the book. This, like not a few of his manuscripts written by way of diversion, he relegated to the limbo of his discarded ideas and abandoned projects.

Mark Twain was now approaching his seventieth milestone, and it was proposed to celebrate the event. His hosts of friends did so and made it a memorable occasion when the flower of American writers gathered round the festive board at Delmonico's to do honor to the Nestor of their craft. From this time forth Mark Twain garnered but few sheaves, his literary harvest being wellnigh finished. He published an occasional magazine article and issued in book form his so-called *Gospel* originally written in Vienna some years before, but augmented from time to time. However, he did dictate his *Autobiography* to Albert Bigelow Paine who acted as his Boswell. Honors continued to be heaped upon the great humorist in his declining years and his interest in life did not abate, despite his failing health. In 1907 he was invited to England to receive the degree of Doctor of Literature from Oxford and was given a royal welcome with every mark of honor. On his return home his own nation delighted to honor him and he was not infrequently called upon for a public address. But his days were now numbered and death put an end to his career in April, 1910.

II

In his latter days, as has been said, Mark Twain came to be recognized as a sage. It is true that he dispensed much philosophy of life in his public and private utterances. But he had, also, previously given to the world not a little wisdom here and there in his various writings. Much of his philosophy is condensed in his aphorisms which it was his practice to place at the head of the chapters of some of his books, such as *Following the Equator* and *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. Among *Pudd'nhead Wilson's* maxims may be cited the following which burn themselves in the memory: "When in doubt, tell the truth."

"Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

"The old saw says, 'Let a sleeping dog lie.' Right. Still, when there is much at stake it is better to get a newspaper to do it."

"There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate; when he can't afford it, and when he can."

"Make it a point to do something every day that you don't want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring the habit of doing your duty without pain."

"Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live."

"Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits."

"The Autocrat of Russia possesses more power than any other man in the earth; but he cannot stop a sneeze."

"The man who is a pessimist before he is forty-eight knows too much; the man who is an optimist after he is forty-eight knows too little."

"The man who is ostentatious of his modesty is twin to the statue that wears a fig-leaf."

"There isn't a Parallel of Latitude but thinks it would have been the Equator if it had had its rights."

"The very ink with which all history is written is merely fluid prejudice."

Most of these aphorisms are culled promiscuously from *Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar* which is a choice collec-

tion. It is replete with words of wisdom and its perusal furnishes delightful entertainment.

There was very little in Mark Twain's mental pabulum that indicated the philosopher in him. His reading was not especially along the lines of philosophy, except that he did not read novels. He was, however, very fond of biography. It is recorded that he read Saint Simon's *Memoirs* no less than twenty times and greatly admired his frankness. Among Mark Twain's favorite books which he read repeatedly, we are told, were Lecky's *European Morals*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Francis Parkman's *Canadian Histories*, Pepy's *Diary* and Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*. He used also to enjoy reading Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Plutarch's *Lives* and, remarkable to add, Suetonius. Poetry did not appeal to him, though he rather liked Kipling's poems. He once wrote: "I like history, biography, travel, curious facts and strange happenings and science, and I detest novels, poetry and theology." Once he undertook to read Sir Walter Scott, if perchance he might find the secret of the Wizard's popularity, but he gave up the task in disgust, exclaiming: "Lord! It's all so juvenile, so artificial, so shoddy; and such wax-figures, and skeletons, and specters!"

Mark Twain's religion seems to have afforded him but scant comfort. He did not believe in the Bible as the inspired word of God. His wife was an orthodox believer when he married her and he passively accepted her creed, even conducting family prayers in his household at first. But he soon informed her of his determination to discontinue the practice, saying:

"You may keep this up if you want to, but I must ask you to excuse me from it. It is making me a hypocrite. I don't believe in this Bible. It contradicts my reason. I can't sit here and listen to it, letting you believe I regard it as you do, in the light of gospel, the word of God."

His wife, too, later ceased to believe in the Bible; and years after, in their family bereavement, Clemens remarked to her: "Livy, if it comforts you to lean on the Christian faith, do it;" and her pathetic reply was: "I can't, Youth; I haven't any." It is related that it was a constant source of regret to Mark Twain even to the day of his death that he had destroyed his wife's illusion without offering her a compensating solace.

As Carlyle said of Voltaire, Mark Twain had a torch for burning, but no hammer for building. He had the power to tear down and destroy, but he lacked the faith and resource to build up and establish. In a word, he was a destructive, not a constructive force in the realm of religion.

The truth is, Mark Twain seemed to lose faith in human nature, especially after the death of his wife, and to grow more bitter and cynical. Indeed, at times he appeared to be a veritable pessimist without faith in man or God. It became almost a common practice with him to "damn the human race." "Byron," he once observed, "despised the race because he despised himself. I feel as Byron did, and for the same reason. . . . I have never greatly envied anyone but the dead. I always envy the dead." But such is the sad effect of the tragedy of human bereavement upon one who has broken with the Christian religion and abandoned hope and faith in God. He once made a confession to his lifelong friend, Reverend J. H. Twichell, in the following words:

"I don't believe in your religion at all. I have been living a lie right straight along whenever I pretended to. For a moment sometimes I have been almost a believer, but it immediately drifts from me again. I don't believe one word of your Bible was inspired by God any more than any other book. I believe it was entirely the work of man from beginning to end—atonement and all. The problem of life and death and eternity and the true conception of God is a bigger thing than is contained in that book.

"The Bible is a portrait of a man, if one can imagine a man with evil impulses far beyond the human limit. In the Old Testament he is pictured as unjust, ungenerous, pitiless, and revengeful. It is the most damnatory biography that ever found its way into print."

Mark Twain's conception of God varied with his moods. But he always believed in God the Almighty. He appears not to have believed in a personal God, or in special provinces. He held that the universe is governed by strict and immutable laws. Nor had he any deep and abiding conviction in the immortality of the soul. Eternal punishment he rejected on the ground that no good could be accomplished by it. As to

annihilation he reasoned that if annihilation is to follow death, he should not be aware of the annihilation and therefore should not care a straw about it. He held that the world's moral laws are the outcome of the world's experience and that if he should break all of those moral laws, he could not see how he injured God by it, for He is beyond the reach of injury from man. To quote his own words, "I could as easily injure a planet by throwing mud at it. It seems to me that my misconduct could injure only me and other men. I cannot benefit God by obeying these moral laws—I could as easily benefit the planet by withholding my mud. . . . Consequently I do not see why I should be either punished or rewarded hereafter for the deeds I do here." This is a resumé of his "gospel"—a gospel of despair. It must be admitted that it offers scant comfort or solace to a troubled heart. As to the Gospel of the New Testament he maintained that "It is all a myth. . . . a fairy tale, like the idea of Santa Claus." To subscribe to such a doctrine is, to say the least, to be an arrant pessimist. The papers once called him a pessimist, to which he replied: "Pessimist—the man who isn't a pessimist is a d— fool." It is to be deplored that Mark Twain the sage, the humorist, as well as the Nestor of American men of letters should have given expression to such shocking sentiments. But it was characteristic of the man to take unfeigned pleasure in shocking the sensibilities of others.

After all has been said, however, we must weigh and estimate Mark Twain as a writer not by his so-called "gospel" teachings, but by his achievement as a man of letters. For in the final estimate it is by his literary accomplishment that we must judge him as an author. No one would think of turning to him for spiritual uplift. But all of us instinctively, as it were, turn to him for innocent fun and pure amusement and he never fails to entertain us with his wit and humor. Certainly he has produced books that will make his name live in American literature because they are themselves genuine literature. Moreover, he has placed us under lasting obligation to him for the rich and generous contribution he made to American letters, which would be inexpressibly poorer but for the products of his genius.

"The Right to Life" in Modern Drama

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"What is the good," asks Mrs. Vockerat, in Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives*, "of describing such dreadful things?" And her son answers her with another question: "We can't always be laughing, can we mother?"

Like Mrs. Vockerat, scores of modern readers find the modern drama, and particularly that phase of it which deals with *The Right to Life*, disquieting, distressing, and questionable aesthetically, morally and ethically. They have been troubled by the honesty of the modern drama, its deviation in subject matter and in treatment from the drama of the past. English and American playgoers and readers, especially, have been slow to accept the new school of playwrights and their prophetic advocacy of *The Right to Life* principle in literature.

"Just as the English dramatists of the late sixteenth century," says Sheldon Cheney in *The New Movement in the Theatre*, "had to break through the shackles of a double limitation of church heredity and a revival of classicism, so the English dramatists of the end of the nineteenth century had to struggle, on the one hand, against a prevailing dry convention of thought, and on the other against a cut-and-dried standard of 'the smoked glasses of a conventional prudery,' which required artificiality and a happy ending.

And even today, despite the persistency of the modern drama in establishing its place, there are still many who regard it with a certain resentment; they do not like to have their ideals displaced even though these ideals are very often easy-going and inconsequential; they do not like to have their tranquility disturbed by works that trouble as much with their iconoclastic statements as with their problems, indecision, and Pythia-like solutions. These opponents of the modern drama have one stock response for all arguments:

"What good do these works do? Even if we do struggle through all their unpleasantness, where do they get us?"

To these perpetual, caviling questioners who, like Pilate, perhaps, ask for the Truth without waiting for an answer, one dramatist replies:

"You may say that my play 'doesn't get you anywhere.' Well, so far as anything ultimate is concerned, Life never gets you anywhere. Life itself, by all human measurements, has practically no end at all. Lives end, but life goes ruthlessly and triumphantly forward. . . . Art is to make the truth of here-and-now dramatically, and movingly clear to you! And the epitaph of the librarian in the *Spoon River Anthology* reads:

Choose your own good and call it good
For I could never make you see
That no one knows what is good
Who knows not what is evil,
And no one knows what is true
Who knows not what is false.

"This is the fact," Hauptmann seems to say, "good or bad, as you choose to take it, but a demonstrable fact. . . . Repose is the property of dead things. With the living it is only a passing accident. . . . It is in this sense that modern dramatic literature takes its rise from facts. Facts are diverse, unordered, only partially related. We become their masters not by fitting them into a classification, but by becoming conscious of them. A dramatic author becomes impressed with this or that fact, an anomaly in the marriage relation or in the war of labour and capital, and casts it into the dramatic form in order that it may better come to consciousness."

The issue, stated more dogmatically, is as follows: the altruistic conception of life, which, in the end, must be the highest and most exalted conception of life, implies a willingness to aid one's fellow men efficiently. But efficiency which is helpfully beneficent and scientific cannot be exerted for one's fellow men without a thorough knowledge of their ills and limitations, their needs and their desires. The real altruist then, must seek for such knowledge where it can be found, and where it has been "cast into a form" through which "it may better come to consciousness."

Modern drama has tried to supply this knowledge and

thus, concerned with the presentation of the absolute Truth, it discloses us to ourselves as we are, interdependent on each other and consequently mutually obligated to each other; obligated to right mutual wrongs whenever possible and wherever they exist. Eager for the Truth, the *Right to Life* drama has been ubiquitous in its search for it. Brieux has said that his method consists of crying out against every abuse of power and all authority; for he believes that "men are too frail to sit in judgment over their fellow beings." "We must have an idea in our plays," he continues, "taken from the life about us, from among the sufferings of our fellow beings." With this idea in mind, he boldly attacks society, "because it will not give young girls an opportunity of earning an honest living by teaching; he lays bare the evils of the political system; of charity and its abuse; of science and its abuse; of marriage arrangements; of the attitude of secrecy concerning the nature, effects and care of the so-called unmentionable diseases and renovates and brings to light the truth of the matter: for he shows how certain parts of the legal system are inherently bad . . . declares war on those who fail to regard motherhood as sacred, something to be protected for the good of the race."

That which is typical in modern literature is inspired by this very desire to penetrate into life, in behalf of humanity at large, for the well-being of the individual as well as the group to better society, mentally, morally, physically and politically. That which is typical is actuated by the desire to discover absolute Truth, regardless of where it may be, on the heights or in the depths. And this Truth, once found, is a great leveler:

"There's no difference here," says Luka, in *A Lodging for the Night*, in the midst of the squalor of a one room Russian lodging house, "we're all of us level: nothing but the bare, naked man."

This diversity of subject matter and purpose is characteristic of all the important modern dramatists. Barrett H. Clark in *Continental Drama of Today*, gives many noteworthy examples of the fact.

Ibsen believed in the individual, in his right to live, in accordance with his personal creed, in spite of all obstacles; he

says time and time again, that a man, in order to realize the best that is in him must have the courage, the will to be himself. . . . Ibsen is determined to bring to judgment most of the social prejudices of his time. . . . Bjornson was the first to employ the new drama for a free discussion of the individual's rights and personal liberty, moral and intellectual. . . . Gorki essayed realistic portraiture of the largest class in Russia, the serfs and the lower classes of the city. Checkoff, though, "not seeking to enlist our sympathies for individuals," shows us "merely the spectacle of humanity as he sees it." . . . Andreyev adopting a transcendental outlook, treats normal and abnormal people. . . . In him that disquieting question of the end of life, that attempt to unveil the meaning of the Universe, that pessimistic struggle with overwhelming force, are so strongly felt that nothing else is of much importance." Wedekind "is of no school, he recognizes no established laws. He sets at defiance morality and accepted belief; some of his plays contain scenes that would sicken a police reporter. "Donnay treats the relation of the sexes." In *The Return from Jerusalem* he discusses intermarriage. "Hervieu comments and criticizes those phases of life that seem to need correcting—the law chiefly and its relation to man and woman in the married state."

Commenting on a group of Strindberg's plays, L. Lind-Af-Hageby says:

"In these plays we have the eternal questions of the human mind, the joys of illusion, the sorrows of knowledge, the fruits of sin and hatred, the rise through pain and suffering, the soul's battle with the relentless fate, the awful mystery of existence, and the ultimate hope of something better to come cast into the weird and haunting shapes of the people of Strindberg's inner world."

Many other prominent writers show similar tendencies and purposes: Granville Barker's *The Madras House*, has been praised as "one of the best statements of Feminism, from the personal standpoint, that has ever appeared." Maeterlinck has given these topics a totally new treatment by lifting them to the world of the spirit, "an excursion," says Dukes, in *Modern Dramatists*, "out of place and time, into castles and dim for-

ests, where, remote from life's institutions the issues lie between soul and soul."

"The keynote to the great majority of Sudermann's plays is," says Heller, "the tragic struggle between the old and the new, between the pious clinging of the soul to long-recognized creeds and the imperious claims of a nascent era."

The movement includes many more important writers; Lionel Monkhouse, Stanley Houghton, the late St. John Hankin, Masfield, St. John Ervine, Percy Mackaye, a recent recruit, Henry Arthur Jones and "Ibsenite malgre lui" Giacosa, and Echegaray, and Shaw with his attacks on what he considers "our false ideals and illustration of scientific national history."

"Right to Life" principles are voiced by various characters in well known plays. In Sudermann's *The Fires of St. John* and Schnitzler's *Light O'Love*, the complaint is made against sacrifice to the morals which "happen for the time to rule the world." In Henry Arthur Jones' *Michael and His Lost Angel*, Love is discussed:

"But love is love, and whether it comes from heaven, or whether it comes from the other place, there's no escaping it. I believe it always comes from heaven."

Views of ethics and religion are as varied as they are original. Indicative of this is the following from *The Madras House*:

"Religion is a pretty hymn tune to keep us from fear of the dark."

The unwed mother who does not regard marriage as a reparation, and the outcast have received particular attention. Nastya, in Gorky's *A Lodging for the Night*, says "It's the life that's made her a beast." Fanny, in Houghton's, *Hindle Wakes*, remarks "I don't see how marrying a blackguard is going to turn me into an honest woman!" while Janette, in St. John Hankin's, *The Last of the De Mullins*, declares, "My dear Aunt Harriet, women had children thousands of years before marriage was invented. I daresay they will go on doing so thousands of years after it has ceased to exist."

Sin and its punishment have somehow taken on a new character; as Maeterlinck says in *Sister Beatrice*:

"There is no sin that lives
 If love have vigil kept;
 There is no soul that dies
 If love but once have wept."

Emma in Schnitzler's *The Legacy* says:

"You speak of forgiving? What have you—what, on the whole, has one man to forgive his fellow man? That is pure arrogance. We may punish and revenge for aught I care as long as it concerns only ourselves as it were. But no one is good enough to forgive."

The family, as an institution, has also been discussed in plays like *Rutherford and Son*, *Hindle Wakes*, and *Know Thyself*. Thus Philip, in Granville Barker's *Waste*, queries:

"What do you think parents gain by insisting on respect and affection from grown-up children?"

The appeal for a frank knowledge of the facts of life is stated in Wedekind's *The Awakening of Spring*, Cosmo Hamilton's *The Blindness of Virtue* and similar plays.

These critical comments on the personal aims of the individual dramatists, and extracts from their works are evidences of the sincerity, penetration and depth of the modern drama and its nearness to life itself. And thus organized, the modern drama has had a tremendous influence in making people broader, more charitable and perhaps more self-critical. Perhaps too, its purpose may even be an exalted one, in the highest sense of the word.

"Why men live for the better men, dearie," declares the visitor in *A Lodging for the Night*, "carpenters and the rest, masses, people. . . . And then out of them a carpenter's born . . . a carpenter such as never was in all the world; above 'em all; never was his like for a carpentering. 'E stamps himself on the whole carpentering trade . . . shoves the whole thing twenty years forward. . . . And so for all the others. . . . Locksmiths then, bootmakers and other working folks . . . and all the agriculturals, and even the gentry . . . they live for the better man. Each thinks 'e's livin' for himself yet it turns out, its for that better man. A hundred years . . . and maybe longer, we 'as to go on livin' till the better man."

Of course the movement, though conceived for great purposes has already degenerated, and turned upon itself, *à rebours*. But all literary movements degenerate eventually, be they idealistic or realistic, and it is then that their honest purpose is debased and changed. *The Right to Life* drama should be evaluated in its purest form, as Hauptmann describes it, in *Lonely Lives*:

It is a great age that we live in. That which has so weighed upon peoples' minds and darkened their lives seems to be gradually disappearing. . . . On the one hand we were oppressed by a sense of uncertainty, of apprehension, on the other by gloomy fanaticism. This exaggerated tension of fresh air is blowing in upon us from—, let us say from the twentieth century."

Lopsided Realism

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What is wrong with present-day American fiction? It will scarcely be disputed, I think, that now, after more than a century of constant effort, we Americans are without a novelist equal to the greatest Victorian English writers of fiction. Indeed, we may go a step farther and assert that we have failed to improve upon the work of our own nineteenth-century fiction writers, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain.

And why? Surely, if we analyze the situation we shall see many reasons why American fiction today should surpass the best fiction which the English language has produced in the past. Our growth from national youth to national maturity, our ever widening field of material, the many lessons of the past, the greatly increased facilities for the study of literary technique—these and a score of like circumstances should give us greater fiction than we have ever had before.

Yet where are our twentieth-century American Dickenses, Thackerays, and George Eliots? What novel written in this country within the past fifteen years bids fair to take its permanent place beside "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "Adam Bede," or—to go back two or three generations further—"Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," or "Tom Jones?" What four living American novelists can vie with such British contemporaries, even, as John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Hugh Walpole? The most optimistic admirer of present-day American fiction will, I dare say, fear to attempt an answer to these questions.

An excuse frequently offered for our dearth of important novels is that public taste is bad—in other words, that the work of such writers as Gene Stratton Porter, Harold Bell Wright, Robert W. Chambers, Edna Ferber, Anna Katharine Green, and others of their ilk easily outsells the most meritorious fiction on the market. But this is not nearly so good an excuse as it might at first seem to be. Public taste has never been a whit better than it is now. Witness, as proof of this,

the tremendous vogue of Mary J. Holmes, Augusta Evans Wilson, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, "The Duchess," Charlotte M. Braeme, May Agnes Fleming, E. P. Roe, James Payn, and numerous other American and English best-sellers of half a century ago.

A second and more plausible excuse offered for the failure of American fiction is that the past twenty-five or thirty years has seen the production of altogether too much commonplace realism. And those who advance this excuse are doubtless prepared to train their most deadly guns against such writers as Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, Miss Alice Brown, and the late Sarah Orne Jewett. In the final analysis, however, can it be claimed that these charming writers have retarded the progress of American fiction? Doubtless they have done much that was hardly worth doing. Doubtless they have often caused us to exclaim: "Very true and very beautiful! but what of it?" On the whole, however, these so-called "commonplace realists" have done so much that is fresh and new and human, have wrought so artistically, that any apologist who cites them as stumbling-blocks in the way of the great American novel is treading on dangerous ground. Indeed, he is inviting a challenge to the difficult task of pointing out better contemporary American fiction writers than the ones whom he condemns.

In response to this challenge our apologist will surely offer the names of Edith Wharton, Robert Grant, Theodore Dreiser, and Robert Herrick. Probably, too, he will speak a good word in behalf of such books as Reginald Wright Kauffman's "House of Bondage" and Louis Joseph Vance's "Joan Thursday."

And here we arrive at the most vital point in the whole situation! The Wharton-Grant-Dreiser-Herrick school is frankly a revolt against what critics have been pleased to call "Mid-Victorian prudishness." With Turgenev, Ibsen, Dostoevski, Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Sudermann, and other Continentals as their models—not to mention those most un-British of Britishers, Thomas Hardy and George Moore—these later American realists have sought to jar us out of all the self-complacency we ever had. Aided and abetted by such dramatists as Sir Arthur W. Pinero, Henry Arthur

Jones, and our own Eugene Walter, they have labored right valiantly to convince us that ours is not a sweet, bright land at all; but a land of crime, adultery, white-slavery, industrial oppression, suicide, domestic infelicity and infidelity, and well-nigh everything else that is bad. Our grandfathers' Colonel Newcomes and our grandmothers' Agnes Wickfields are too absurdly innocent, too hopelessly unsophisticated, if you please! The Reverend Septimus Harding may have lived and moved and had his being in the rarified air of mid-Victorian Barchester; but, bless you! he is far too angelic for twentieth-century America. Dinah Morris may have graced Loamshire a century ago, but the atmosphere which we are called upon to breathe would undoubtedly poison her instantly. Such heroes and heroines as these have no place in our sterner realism. Instead, we are treated to a much more stirring spectacle: the sinful mistress of a drunken, bestial consort; a loathsome inebriate beating and kicking his pregnant wife, with hideous consequences to the offspring; a silly girl who wakes to find herself a prisoner in a house of ill fame; a miserable bastard hounded to suicide by the slings, and arrows of a convention-bound society; a social climber eager to sell herself body and soul for a little more prestige; a scheming financier who robs his employer and violates the chastity of that employer's daughter; a man who finds it better to die with another woman than to live with his invalid wife; a nurse who calmly puts a suffering rival out of her misery.

And alas for the chicken-hearted reader who is nauseated by this spectacle! Alas for him who cries out with poor old Lear, "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!" This generation, we are told, is a truth-loving generation, and must have the whole truth, however much it may hurt.

But here let us pause and proceed to satisfy ourselves on one point. As regards this stern truth, is it, in the largest sense, truth at all? If I photograph Farmer Brown's pig-sty and label it "a typical scene on Mr. Brown's farm," am I altogether just to the good farmer? If I publish a photograph of Whitechapel or Houndsditch, and place under it the inscription, "A representative London thoroughfare," am I more truthful than if I had done the same with Piccadilly or

Regent Street? Has an ash-pile or a garbage-heap necessarily more artistic value, even in prose, than a lilac-bush or a pansy-bed?

Before we attempt to answer these questions let us remind ourselves that the foremost Victorian novels are nothing if not typical. They are great because they are broadly human, and they are broadly human because they present in a comprehensive manner that which is truly representative. From them we learn not simply one phase of Victorian life, but all of the most characteristic phases. We learn that the typical Victorian had some foibles—and a great many good qualities. We learn that he was sometimes given to inebriety and gambling, snobbishness and false ambition, immorality and crime; but that more frequently he found pleasure in the more wholesome occupations of hunting and fishing, coaching and driving, tea and cribbage, balls and operas. We learn, above all, that he was a highly domesticated being, generally pure and chivalrous in his relations with women.

The question arises, now: Are we so much baser, so much more degraded than the Victorians were? Let us see. With an annual divorce rate of about seventy-five per hundred thousand population; with an annual illegitimate birth rate of not more than twenty per hundred thousand population; with a yearly suicide toll of perhaps fifteen thousand; and with a total prison population well under the two hundred thousand mark, we may well protest that we are not nearly so black as some of our foremost realists would paint us. In other words, it is the exceptional American, not the average American, who is desperately bad or hopelessly unfortunate.

Some of the captious, of course, will complain that I am deliberately misconceiving and misinterpreting the purpose of art; that art is, above all, a teacher; that the greatest lesson man can learn is that the wages of sin is death; and that we can best teach this lesson, in art as in law, by holding up horrible examples. Someone may even remind me that the most remarkable theologian of our Colonial period had a great deal more to say about sinners in the hands of an angry God than about harps in the hands of angels.

In this connection, we may, I believe, obtain an impressive object lesson from one of the most marvelous of paintings,

Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper." Easily the two most striking figures in this wonderful painting are, or course, the Christ and Judas. The face of the one is ineffably sublime; of the other, unspeakably contemptible. Each has tremendous artistic and ethical value. Yet I wonder how many good deeds in a naughty world have been prompted by the revolting spectacle of Judas. I wonder whether it is not true that for every soul turned from sin by the unlovely picture of the betrayer, a hundred have been inspired to noble deeds by the countenance of the Master. Is not art, after all, more positive than negative? Is not this thing which some of us have been terming "Victorian prudishness" more properly termed "Victorian wholesomeness?"

Let us have done with this lopsided realism which has floated northward across the English Channel, and westward across the Atlantic during the past generation, and has made many wiseacres think that no other realism is genuine. Let us refuse as steadfastly as ever to turn our backs in good old Hopkinson Smith fashion against all manner of unpleasantness. Ay, let us continue to be frank. But let us also be sane. Let us have true perspective. Give us a few Little Em'lys and Hetty Sorrels—even as life gives them—but keep these unfortunate creatures as wisely in the background as the broadly comprehensive Victorians kept them.

In turning from the sordid, narrow realism which has straitened American fiction too long, we naturally look for signs of something bigger, broader, better. Depressed by incessant gloom, we look eagerly for a patch of blue sky. We look for a type of narrative art which, while facing courageously and honestly the disagreeable facts of life, yet feels that life is, in the final analysis, eminently worth living—that God's in His heaven and all's right with the world. We seek for an art which is neither mean nor commonplace, neither putrid nor sappy. And we do not seek in vain.

True, all of the American novelists whom I would name as auguries of a bright, new day have their pronounced limitations. Mrs. Deland, for instance, shows too much artistic sameness—seldom wanders far enough away from her beloved Old Chester. Mr. Tarkington, until the advent of that admirable piece, "The Turmoil," has always been a bit too trivial

and much too melodramatic. Mr. Churchill is ever too diffuse and sometimes intolerably didactic. And Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison tries so hard to be clever that often he is not clever at all. Yet this notable quartet have the true gift and the true spirit. And there are others worthy of serious consideration. James Lane Allen, George W. Cable, Dorothy Canfield, John Fox, Jr., Zona Gale, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Will N. Harben, Mary Johnston, the late S. Weir Mitchell, Arnold Mulder, James Oppenheim, Thomas Nelson Page, Georgia Wood Pangborn, Georg Schock, Mary S. Watts, and Owen Wister—each of these has contributed something, in a sanely catholic way, to modern American realism. The situation is far from hopeless. If one but looks in the right direction, what an abundance of good story-telling one finds! What a wealth of vivid background, clearcut characterization, and dramatic power! Above all, what a broad, wholesome, life-like blending of the pleasant and the unpleasant, the joyous and the sad, the noble and the ignoble!

The stage is well set for the entrance of the Great American Novel. The lesser Thespians, Trivial Realism and Sordid Realism, have well-nigh done with their strutting. The half-gods are about to go. And right well have they played their little part. They have taught us candor and technique, at any rate. The player who is about to enter will be more concise and precise than the Victorians were. Indeed, the too-copious sentimentalism of Dickens, the over-subjectivity of Thackeray, and the clumsy circumlocution of George Eliot have already made their exit. Our new player will be guided by the artistic economy and straightforwardness of the Continentals and Mr. Hardy and Mrs. Wharton. But for scope and perspective and philosophy of life, he will revert to those good old side-whiskered prigs and hoop-skirted prudes whom we have despised too long.

BOOK REVIEWS

MADAME DE STAËL AND THE SPREAD OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By Emma Gertrude Jaeck, New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1915.

In France, England, and America, study of German literature, and especially of Goethe's *Faust*, led to gradual assimilation of that German spirit "which has become the gospel of our century, the apotheosis of activity and of service to humanity, the cheerful performance of duty and the renunciation of selfish desires and, above all, the development of personality." Since Madame de Staël's *Germany* first introduced *Faust* to the world, to her belongs credit for having initiated the spread of German culture. Such, in effect, is the thesis of Dr. Jaeck's suggestive monograph. In developing the exposition of her theory, the author presents first a biographical and historical account of the origin and content of Madame de Staël's masterpiece, *De l'Allemagne*, and second, in twice as many pages, a record of the "Effect of the Message of *De l'Allemagne* upon the World."

On the whole, the first book is in its narrative portions compact and commendably precise but in its treatment of theories and influences vague and not infrequently unconvincing. The effect, for instance, of the opinions of A. W. Schlegel upon those of Madame de Staël concerning German books, authors, and tendencies is first minimized to prove the Frenchwoman's intellectual originality and then emphasized to show her sympathy with the Teutonic temperament. Testimony of Henry Crabb Robinson concerning Madame de Staël's constitutional inability to comprehend German philosophy, is disregarded in this connection. The inspiration of Rousseau, too, is slighted in favor of occult transfusion of the spirit of German romanticism into the soul of Madame de Staël.

The second book, while not a definitive discussion of the literary influence of German culture in France, England, and America, does sketch the general subject in no insignificant fashion. The central figure is no longer the brilliant con-

versationalist of a Parisian salon; she has given place to the world-shaking genius of *Werther* and *Faust*. Indeed the chief structural defect of the monograph is that Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* remains ostensibly the center of interest. The chapter on "Germany and France" is, to be sure, frankly devoted for the most part to remarks on Goethe's French fame. But in the bulky succeeding chapter almost every new object of German influence in English-speaking countries is introduced by some mention of *De l'Allemagne*.

This chapter on "German Literature in the English-speaking Lands" is a real contribution in the field of comparative literature. The influence of German thought upon about thirty-five writers of English is presented suggestively, if somewhat incompletely. Carlyle and Emerson are, of course, important figures. Here the reader finds also fairly extensive notes concerning a considerable number of poets and learned ladies who are classed as German scholars along with William Taylor of Norwich, Crabb Robinson, and Coleridge. Yet one might wish that more than a fraction of a sentence apiece had been devoted to George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, and two critics who wrote of Madame de Staël, Professor John Wilson and William Hazlitt. Of Americans, however, in addition to the Transcendentalists German thought is copiously shown to have affected several, among them George H. Calvert, the biographer of Goethe.

This same second chapter, valuable as it is, illustrates well the principal logical fault of the book, failure to prove that Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* was the cause or even the chief agent of clearly demonstrated influence of German ideas. Calvert, for example, seems never to have heard of the *Germany*. In many other cases, notably that of Shelley, connection between the *Germany* and interest in German literature is of the slightest. On the other hand, Sir James Mackintosh, one important writer whose interest in German letters was directly due to the personal magnetism of Madame de Staël and who read at least a part of *De l'Allemagne* not "as soon as" it appeared in print but before, Miss Jaeck mentions only casually. Four of the five most notable German scholars among British men of letters began studying German liter-

ature more than ten years before the appearance of the great book. And to one of the four, Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, far from being "very potent" in strengthening his predilection for German literature, was an object of considerable dislike.

A work full of interest, then, Professor Jaeck's monograph is rather a tentative statement of the literary debt of the English and French peoples to Germany than a carefully confined demonstration of the influence of Madame de Staël's treatise *De l'Allemagne* as a disseminator of German culture. Like many another scholarly dissertation, this is valuable as a collection of important facts but not as a perfect proof of the truth of its main contention.

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THE REVOLUTION IN VIRGINIA. By H. J. Eckenrode. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—311 pp. \$2.00 net.

Dr. Eckenrode has made a valuable contribution to the history of Virginia. While there is considerable literature relating to certain phases of the revolutionary movement in Virginia—principally essays and biography—it is characterized by a controversial tone. In contrast the spirit of Dr. Eckenrode's work is interpretative, its scope comprehensive. Another feature is the use of manuscript as well as printed materials. The conclusions have the force of originality, sympathy, and constructiveness.

Typical is the attitude toward the old tradition of a cleavage between Patrick Henry and a faction favorable to England in 1765. "As a matter of fact," he says, "no English party existed in Virginia at that time or afterwards. . . . In fact it was not Henry who influenced the conservative leaders so much as it was the conservative leaders who furnished him with thunder." (Pp. 18, 22.) Likewise the origin of the revolution in the colony is attributed to political rather than economic causes. "It was the effort of a community singularly tenacious of its rights and jealous of the broadening shadow of the British Empire across the world to secure positions for its own safety; it was the determination of a proud,

easy-going, liberty-loving community, conscious of its importance in America and of its small importance in English eyes, to maintain its old independence and increase it." (Pp. 39, 40.)

Of especial interest are the chapters describing the movement for local democratic reforms, Jefferson's career as governor, and the activity and treatment of the loyalists. The limitations of the volume are the failure to treat the state finances and the absence of a bibliography. The style is clear and readable.

W. K. BOYD.

MODERNIZING THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Charles H. Sherrill. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, xiv, 203 pp. \$1.25 net.

At the present time the thoughts of the American people are turning to South America more than ever before. Hence, a work which gives the result of many years of successful experience in the conduct of our commercial and diplomatic affairs in Latin America is especially timely. Mr. Sherrill was formerly United States Minister to Argentina, and he is now Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Chambers of Commerce of the United States. The object of his book is to explain the economic situation in the South American republics, to describe our opportunities for trade expansion, and to discuss the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal as they affect our South American relations.

An interesting chapter of the volume deals with the A. B. C. mediation between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Sherrill believes that this mediation has had the result of establishing a high court of opinion for the Western Hemisphere, and also that it has made the Monroe Doctrine continental. It has made South America realize the altruism of our point of view in regard to that essential feature of our foreign policy, and, on the other hand, "our people have come to appreciate the immense practical value of South American public opinion in questions affecting the welfare of nations in our hemisphere."

Mr. Sherrill also includes in his work a suggestion that the United States exchange the Philippines for the European colonies to the south of us possessed by England, Denmark,

Holland, and France. He says that in case of war the Philippines would prove a sadly weak link in our defenses. For us to withdraw from the Philippines and guarantee their independence would place even a greater responsibility upon our army and navy than does our present control of those islands. The Philippines are administratively convenient to the English in Australia, Hongkong, Shanghai, and the Straits Settlements, to the French at Tonkin, to the Dutch in Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. "To those nations the Philippines would prove additional assets in the Far East, while to us they are but an unending problem. . . . All those nations have successfully conducted colonies in those seas, and may be trusted to administer the Philippines with equal success." Mr. Sherrill gives scant consideration to the plea "that it is our duty to train and free the Filipinos," maintaining that in the case of this asset won in war, we should consider our own interests and safety first.

CAMP FIRES IN THE YUKON. By Harry A. Auer. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Co., 1916, x, 204 pp. \$1.75 net.

Mr. Auer's well-illustrated volume brings to mind the approach of the season of vacations and out-of-door life. The author tells the story of a hunting expedition for big game in the wilderness of Alaska and the Yukon. Readers are given a liberal supply of practical and useful information with regard to the equipment needed for such an expedition and the methods likely to be most successful. Among the animals hunted were mountain sheep and goats, caribou, and moose.

The work is written in an unpretentious, narrative style, but its account of the experiences of Mr. Auer's party on the trails of the northern wilderness will doubtless prove most attractive to other adventurous spirits. It also brings the charm and freshness of vigorous out-of-door life in large measure to pent-up dwellers in cities and towns who may never visit in person the wide spaces of Alaska and the Yukon. The numerous photographs obtained by the author have been adequately reproduced and give the reader an excellent idea of Alaskan scenery and animal life.

GERMANY VS. CIVILIZATION. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—238 pp. \$1.00 net.

THE RULING CASTE AND FRENZIED TRADE IN GERMANY. By Maurice Millioud. With Introduction by Sir Frederick Pollock. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company,—1916, 159 pp. \$1.25 net.

Immediately after the Great War began, numerous volumes about it appeared in which, naturally, exaggerated and intemperate assertions were made and half-baked theories were offered the public. Fortunately that period in war literature has about ended, and some better books are now appearing. Real scholars, however, are beginning to realize more and more clearly that a long time must elapse before satisfying and just discussions of the many problems leading up to the war will be possible. It is, therefore, with surprise and disappointment that we read Mr. Thayer's *Germany vs. Civilization*, for the author's high reputation based on his former works leads us to expect a very different type of book from this undignified and ephemeral discussion in which no new light is thrown on the controverted questions and in which he allows his bitterness to blind his eye and lame his hand. The truth is, the volume has made a belated appearance; it belongs to that list of forgotten books poured out in the heat of the beginning of the war, and it actually seems to have been written at that time. The world is weary of hearing of Bernhardi, Treitschke, and other supposed originators of the present German spirit.

Except for its widely proclaimed effort to establish an economic cause for the war, Mr. Millioud's *The Ruling Caste and Frenzied Trade in Germany* calls for little more attention than does the volume by Mr. Thayer. The first essay on caste is neither new nor original in theory, while the second essay on German Business Methods and Foreign Commerce does not strike one as either very comprehensive, or penetrating in judgment. Much of it certainly might be equally well said of American big business.

Such books as these possess some merit, but they run the great danger of almost completely concealing it by their failure to observe the bounds of calm and scholarly consideration of

facts. However difficult it may be to write dispassionately and impersonally about the present war, readers certainly have the right to expect calm judgment and dignified language from those who have established reputations as writers. Such books as these sow with their wheat a great quantity of tares that must bring forth an abundant crop in the form of misunderstanding, false ideas, prejudice, and national hatred. From such work true scholarship should deliver us.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

EUROPEAN POLICE SYSTEMS. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: The Century Company, 1916,—xii, 442 pp. \$1.30 net.

Police problems are among the most difficult ones met with in American municipal government. Corruption and incompetence in city administration are likely to be felt in this department perhaps more than in any other. Hence, American city officials have great need of authentic and detailed information as to the methods which are most successful in the police departments of other countries. Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, who was formerly Commissioner of Accounts in New York City, has recently published under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene the results of a careful personal study of the police departments in twenty-two European cities. His volume deals with the relation of the police force to other organs of government, with the internal organization of the department, with the methods of training and appointing patrolmen and detectives, and with the actual performance of the various functions of this branch of the public service. The book is furnished with many valuable statistical appendices and with charts showing the organization of the police and detective forces in such cities as London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

Though Mr. Fosdick's study brings out many facts of value to those who would improve American police service, he leaves the applications to be made by his readers. One important point of difference between our own large cities and those of Europe is in the position of the police commissioner. In Europe he is a man who has been trained to his work as a distinct profession. Mr. Fosdick gives particulars as to the

system of training and promotion for police executives in various European countries. The tenure of the European police commissioner is usually indefinite, though he may be removed for inefficiency or dishonesty. Only rarely is he sacrificed to a clash of political interests.

The book also contains much information as to the police training schools in which the members of the uniformed force are instructed. The discussion of the sources from which the force is recruited is especially suggestive. Salaries are generally lower than in the United States, but the low salaries are to some extent offset by the fact that the men are drawn from a class with a lower standard of living, and further by the painstaking provisions made by the departments to enable their men to live economically and comfortably.

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Fosdick discusses the special temptations of the police and the general integrity of the members of the force in European cities. He believes that corruption is diminished because of the more liberal character of European laws dealing with public morality. There is some interesting information regarding the practice of "tipping" as it affects the European police.

As a whole the volume is one which will be exceedingly useful to all who are engaged in enlightened effort to improve American police conditions and to build up the force in efficiency and integrity.

W. H. G.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE LOGIC OF HIS CAREER. By Charles G. Washburn. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—245 pp. \$1.50 net.

Former Representative Washburn is a friend and old college-mate, though not an implicit follower, of Colonel Roosevelt. He very justly estimates his own book when, in the introductory chapter, he states that it is neither a history nor a finished sketch, but a record of personal impressions fortified by such facts as would seem to warrant his conclusions. He believes that Roosevelt has never been a "politician," but that "his opinions, regarded by many as radical and even revolutionary, were carefully considered for many years before they found expression." The keynote of the book is found in the

statement, contained in the first chapter: "The qualities I knew in the boy [Roosevelt] are the qualities most observed in the man, and of all men I have known for as long a time he has changed the least."

As characteristics of young Roosevelt are mentioned his variety of college interests, his general popularity and close friendships, his high standing in his classes, his intensity and extraordinary power of concentration, and his love for outdoor life. His youthful career in the New York legislature is reviewed to show the close resemblance between his attitude then and since toward party measures and party leaders. His voluntary withdrawal from politics to engage in literature and ranching offers another striking parallel to the activities he chose for himself upon leaving the Presidency. The circumstances of his career in the offices of Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor, and Vice-President are outlined to show his lack of ambition for political advancement. Mr. Washburn also devotes an important section of his book to maintaining that Colonel Roosevelt, in his attitude toward great public questions, has remained consistent with views expressed as a speaker and writer earlier in his career. For example, Mr. Washburn says, "the arguments used by Roosevelt in 1908 are the arguments which in 1915 are being urged from every platform where 'national defense' is discussed. . . . The policy now advocated by Roosevelt is what it has always been."

After discussing Roosevelt's relations with Congress and the incidents of the African and European trips, the author comes finally to his re-entry into politics. He recalls Roosevelt's realization that he had all to lose and nothing to gain, that in regard to popularity he was "like Peary at the North Pole": he could travel only south. The book closes with the admission by Mr. Washburn, as a political opponent in the contest of 1912, that Colonel Roosevelt, in following his inclination and fighting for what he believed in, was pursuing the only course natural to him and probably rendering the country a service he could not have rendered by merely regarding his own interests and "resting upon his accomplishments, secure

in the position of first citizen of the Republic, and idolized by his countrymen."

HOLLAND HOLTON.

SAMUEL W. MCCALL, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS. By Lawrence B. Evans. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—342 pp. \$1.25 net.

The appearance on the eve of the nominating convention of the biography of a man frequently spoken of as a probable nominee for the presidency by a great political party, very naturally creates the impression that it was issued for political effect. A careful reading of the book does not totally do away with this impression. However this may be, the fact still remains that the book is an interesting portrayal of the career of one of the most forceful and inspiring personalities in public life today. The author is a writer of note, and his biography is the outcome of a close friendship with Mr. McCall extending over many years.

It is very natural that the greater part of the volume should be devoted to the positions taken by Mr. McCall on the great questions which arose during the long period of his service as a member of Congress. Not only has Mr. McCall been one of the most virile and independent thinkers of his day on political questions, but he has been in a very real sense a man of letters as well. He is himself the author of two important biographies, which are included in the American Statesmen Series—Thaddeus Stevens and Thomas B. Reed.

Mr. Evans' volume is the life story of a man whose career as statesman, author, and cultured public citizen, combines the very best elements of our American life.

ROBERT L. FLOWERS.

THE DAYS OF THE SWAMP ANGEL. By Mary Hall Leonard. New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1914,—326 pp. \$1.20 net.

Miss Leonard has made use of the fighting around Charleston, South Carolina, as a background to portray several interesting characters and a bit of life in that state during the war between the North and the South. In these times of awful bloodshed and horror, the reader is relieved at finding in this

book no lurid descriptions of such things. The environment and life of one of the oldest and most interesting American cities are presented in unpretentious but effective descriptions. The Swamp Angel is the big gun set up in the marshes by northern army engineers to hurl bombs into the city.

While the book contains love stories, they are narrated in a fragmentary and indirect way. The work is rather a happy blending of war, privation, sacrifice, patriotism, love, and devotion to a fine sense of duty in the face of public opinion. Fletcher Boynton's determination to defend the cause of negro soldiers captured and condemned to death as insurrectionists makes of him a hero, though the step caused his social ostracism. It is this character in whom the chief interest of the book centers. Around him are gathered others that like him are not drawn with a master hand, but are not by any means devoid of lifelikeness. And the plot is a good one. With experience the writer could have made it more interesting. Its local color, attained through the utilization of negro dialect, familiar places, and scenery around the old city, adds to the attractiveness of the book and ought to assure it a welcome among readers of the South.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

THE FEDERAL EXECUTIVE. By John Philip Hill. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—viii, 269 pp. \$2.00 net.

HISTORY AND PROCEDURE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—xvii, 435 pp. \$2.00 net.

It is noteworthy that these two able books on the federal government should be issued at about the same time and by the same publishers. Mr. Hill has given a clear description of the various departments and activities of the federal executive in which much light is thrown upon the process by which its functions and influence have been gradually enlarged. The chapter on the Departments of War, the Navy, and Justice is especially timely. Here are presented some interesting and convenient tables giving the facts as to the naval preparedness of the United States in comparison with other sea powers. While Mr. Hill's book passes lightly over a great many im-

portant activities of the federal executive, his chapters will prove readable and informing to many citizens who desire a better understanding of the position and importance of the national government in our political system.

Mr. Alexander, for many years a representative in Congress from the State of New York, has from the fullness of his information and experience written a compact account of the organization and procedure of the House of Representatives. His work is one of altogether exceptional merit and interest. A fund of reminiscence and anecdote keeps dryness out of the volume. Another of its strong points is the inclusion of illuminating character sketches of American statesmen who have been members of the House of Representatives. There are authoritative discussions of such topics as apportionment of members, the speaker, committee appointments, creating and counting a quorum, contested election cases, committees and their work, and impeachment proceedings. This is a book that will be indispensable to serious students of the American government.

W. H. G.

NOTES AND NEWS

Many Americans owe their lives to the open air treatment of tuberculosis as carried out at Saranac Lake, New York, under the direction of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau. The heroic struggle and great achievements of this distinguished physician have been made the subject of a small volume by Stephen Chalmers, who was for years closely associated with him at Saranac. The narrative is one of unselfish endeavor that will bring a message of inspiration to many a reader. The volume has eight interesting illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass., \$1.00 net.

The Department of History at Smith College has commenced the publication of a series of "Smith College Studies in History." These studies will appear quarterly under the editorship of Professors John Spencer Bassett and Sidney Bradshaw Fay. The editors intend to publish monographs in the field of history and government which are too brief to be issued as separate volumes and too long or too specialized to find a suitable place in the existing general periodicals devoted to those subjects. The first number, bearing date of October, 1915, is an "Introduction to the History of Connecticut as a Manufacturing State," by Grace Pierpont Fuller. Annual subscription, \$1.50. Northampton, Mass.

"A Study of the Literary Tendencies in the Novellen of Theodor Storm" is the title of a brochure published by Mr. Leonidas Reuben Dingus, of Richmond College, Richmond, Va. The work was submitted by its author as a doctorate dissertation at the University of Virginia and is not therefore primarily intended for the general reader. Mr. Dingus investigates his author from the following viewpoints: *Stimmung* (which German word is used throughout the dissertation as if it were English), Deepening of Motive, the Development of the Purpose Story, Dialogue, Naturalism in Conversational Language, The Historical Story as a Realistic Story, Fatalistic Forms,

Decline of the Passive-Growth of the Dramatic, Nature in Early and Late Stories, People of Storm's Novellen, and Symbolism. The work is provided with full references and a bibliography and is carefully done. Out of the rather mechanical form here pardonable, Mr. Dingus could make a valuable essay that would appeal to a much wider circle of readers.

On October 12, 1915, occurred the dedication of the monument erected by Congress in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, in memory of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States. The principal address on the occasion was by Mr. Armistead C. Gordon. This address has now been published in pamphlet form together with the program of the ceremonies and an account of the action of Congress in providing for the monument. The pamphlet contains a picture of the monument and an engraved portrait of President Tyler.

A valuable essay on "The Problem of City Beautification as Observed in Europe," by George T. Hammond, has been reprinted from the Twentieth Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. The essay includes a discussion, with illustrations, of conditions in English, German and French cities. George T. Hammond, 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The attention of the readers of the *SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY* is called to the fact that it is one of the publications regularly indexed in the "Readers' Guide Supplement." Libraries and subscribers who have preserved their files will find the Supplement of great value in making easily accessible the many valuable articles which have been published in past numbers of the *QUARTERLY*. The Supplement also indexes a long list of other periodical publications of substantial merit. It is a great time saver to literary workers. Complete facts regarding this periodical index may be obtained from the publishers, The H. W. Wilson Co., White Plains, New York.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has recently published an interesting booklet, entitled "The Colorado Industrial Plan."

It contains an article on "Labor and Capital—Partners," written for the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, 1916; an address to the employees of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, delivered at Pueblo, Colorado, October 2, 1915; an address to the people of Colorado delivered before the Denver Chamber of Commerce, October 8, 1915; and the agreement between the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and its employees, with a plan of employees' representation. 95 pp., 26 Broadway, New York.

In February appeared the first number of a new publication entitled *The Searchlight on Congress*. This new journal is to be published monthly by the National Voters' League, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., "to acquaint the people with their law-makers." The first issue contains an interesting article on "Pensions and Politics," in which the private pension claim evil is exposed, and a list of the "pension statesmen" in the House is published. Another important article is devoted to the matter of "Reforming the Rules." The new publication contains a summary day by day of the business transacted by Congress. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, which includes membership in the National Voters' League.

The American Jewish Committee of New York City has published a report on "The Jews in the Eastern War Zone." This volume is a message of protest to the people of America against the cruelties and indignities to which the Jews have been subjected in the course of the European War. Its object is to appeal to the sympathy and conscience of the world in the cause of justice. The report is full of verified evidence of the sufferings of an unfortunate people, and it deserves the widest publicity. The American Jewish Committee, 356 Second Avenue, New York City.

Under the name of the Riverside Uplift Series the Houghton Mifflin Company is publishing a series of small books of interest and inspiration by well known authors. A recent volume is "Why I Believe in Poverty," by Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*. This is a striking expo-

sition of the advantages of poverty as a condition "to experience, to go through, and then to get out of." Mr. Bok believes that poverty is the richest experience that can come to a boy. Another volume in the series is an essay of great distinction written anonymously and entitled "Whither." The author raises the question whether the unexampled progress of the modern world is progress in the right direction. He is an idealist questioning the materialism of our time, one who expresses a "longing unutterable for righteousness, for faith in the spiritual, for enlarging and unending life." Price, each 50 cents net.

The city of Asheville has begun the publication of a monthly *Municipal Bulletin*. The first number appeared in January. This publication is the outgrowth of the Asheville *Health Bulletin*, which has been serving its purposes well for the past five years. The enlarged bulletin has as its purpose the giving of definite and detailed information to the public regarding the operations of all departments of the city government. It is delivered free to all taxpayers. Asheville is to be congratulated on this new evidence of the progressive spirit of her public officials.

Senator Elihu Root's important addresses and state papers on foreign affairs have been collected by some of his friends and published by the Harvard University Press. Other volumes of papers and addresses by Senator Root will later be published, the material for these being classified in such a way as to make them illustrative of Mr. Root's varied activities in public life.

A useful bulletin has recently been published in the University of Missouri Social Science Series entitled "The Monroe Doctrine: Its Origin, Development, and Recent Interpretation." This publication is the work of Frank Fletcher Stephens, Assistant Professor of American History. It gives a concise account of the history and development of the Monroe Doctrine and is especially valuable for the light it throws on the

recent interpretations of the Doctrine. A select bibliography is appended to this valuable bulletin.

The poetry-loving public will welcome the *Poetry Review*, a new monthly publication under the editorship of William Stanley Braithwaite, with Joseph Lebowich as associate editor. Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the home of the new review, the first number of which appeared in May. In general appearance the *Poetry Review* is similar to the *New Republic*. Many poetry magazines have come and gone in America. But the excellence of the first two numbers of the new enterprise gives promise that it will do much to quicken public interest in a noble literary art. Subscription price, one dollar a year.

The second issue of the *Richmond College Historical Papers* appeared in June. This is a well printed publication of 355 pages, filled with valuable articles and documents relating to the history of Virginia. The editor is Professor D. R. Anderson of Richmond College, and the present number is dedicated to J. Taylor Ellyson, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia. An especially interesting paper is that of Margaret Kean Monteiro on "The Presidential Election of 1860 in Virginia." The volume gives evidence of the commendable activity of Richmond College professors and students in research in the history of their state. Published annually at one dollar.

Dr. Henry H. Hibbs of Birmingham, Alabama, has recently made a statistical study of "The Present Position of Infant Mortality: Its Recent Decline in the United States." This has been reprinted from the publication of the American Statistical Association. It will appear as one of the chapters of a book on "Infant Mortality" to be published under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation.

Judge Walter Clark's paper, "Back to the Constitution," in which he opposes the prevalent exercise by American courts of power to declare laws unconstitutional, has been reprinted in pamphlet form from the *American Law Review*.

A valuable publication to all who are interested in more profitable farming and progress in rural life is the *Extension Farm News*, issued weekly to the press of North Carolina by the Agricultural Extension Service at Raleigh. The *Farm News* is a weekly broadside of agricultural science and economics which makes the results of study, laboratory, and experiment station practically available to farmer, gardener, and orchardist.

Captain Samuel A. Ashe delivered an unusually interesting address, October 19, 1915, on the occasion of the presentation to the Supreme Court of North Carolina of a portrait of George Davis, Attorney General of the Confederate States. The address is filled with valuable information on the career of George Davis and the history of North Carolina. It has recently been published in pamphlet form by Edwards and Broughton, Raleigh, N. C.

The addresses and reports presented at the Negro Christian Student Conference held at Atlanta, Georgia, May 14-18, 1914, have been published in a paper bound volume by the Student Volunteer Movement, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City. The volume is edited by Mr. A. M. Trawick. A useful appendix contains a list of some of the best books on the negro in America and Africa. 50 cents.

The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, issues many interesting books and pamphlets. A recent volume is "Pictures of Buddhist Ceylon," by F. L. Woodward, which contains a number of interesting illustrations. The same house is publishing a series of New India political pamphlets. Annie Besant writes on "The Future of Young India" and Amvika Charan Mazumdar writes on "The Separation of Judicial from Executive Functions." One of the latest publications of this house is Annie Besant's "Theosophy and Life's Deeper Problems."

The Atlanta University Press has recently published No. 20 of its series of publications. This is a compilation of papers

of especial use in the study of race problems. It is edited by J. A. Bigham, Professor of Economics and History in Atlanta University. Among the contributors are Franz Boas, W. E. B. Du Bois, R. S. Woodworth, W. I. Thomas, and others. Price, 50 cents.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford has added to his series of biographical studies, which have included "Lee, the American," and "Confederate Portraits," a new volume entitled "Union Portraits." In this latest book he does for the Northern side what he has previously done for the Southern, selecting as typical of the North Sherman, McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Thomas, Stanton, Seward, Sumner, and Samuel Bowles. This important collection of biographical sketches is reserved for later review. Houghton Mifflin Company, \$1.50 net.

Citizens of Cincinnati will certainly have their community pride quickened by the account of the history and municipal activities of their city contained in the "Citizens Book." This novel volume, published under the auspices of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce and edited by Charles R. Hebble and Frank P. Goodwin, presents a most valuable survey of the history, institutions, and public enterprises of that progressive city. The work is elaborately illustrated. It is full of information and suggestions for those interested in civic affairs in any community. Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati. \$1.25 net.

The *Training School Quarterly*, published by the students and faculty of the East Carolina Teachers Training School, Greenville, North Carolina, is one of the best journals of its class. The faculty editor is Miss Mamie E. Jenkins, who is assisted by a staff of student editors. Every number of this interesting magazine contains many short and practical articles calculated to stimulate progress in town and country life. Such a journal ought to help to make many communities better places in which to live. The *Quarterly* is edited with great care and is a credit to the institution which publishes it. 50 cents a year.

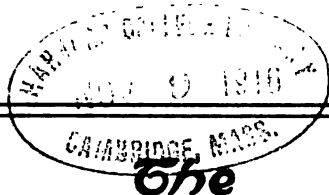
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The

South Atlantic Quarterly

EDITED BY
W. H. GLASSON AND W. P. FEW

OCTOBER, 1916

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This journal was founded in January, 1902, in order to afford better opportunity in the South for the discussion of literary, historical, economic, and social questions. It knows no sectional jealousy and aims to offer a publishing medium in which respectful consideration will be accorded to all who have some worthy contribution to make in its chosen field. The Quarterly was originally established by the "9019," a society of young men of Trinity College, but it later passed into the control of the South Atlantic Publishing Company, Incorporated. It is under the joint editorship of Dr. W. H. Glasson and Dr. W. P. Few.

For their journal, the editors and publishers solicit the support of thinking people in all sections of the country and especially in the South. The subscription price is two dollars per year. Communications in regard to articles, book reviews, and editorial matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor, South Atlantic Quarterly, Trinity College, Durham, N. C. If the return of manuscripts not accepted is desired, the required postage should be enclosed. Subscriptions and all communications relating to advertisements and business matters should be addressed to the Treasurer, South Atlantic Quarterly, Durham, N. C.

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The South Atlantic Quarterly

John Charles McNeill and His Work

HENRY B. HARMAN, LITT. D.

Author of "A Bar of Song", "Dreams of Yesterday", etc.

"The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes,
O, month of memories!
Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of,
Old joy, dead hope, dear love.

Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf
To blind the eye of grief;
Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit
That sorrow may be mute."

In the above lines, quoted from his famous poem *October*, John Charles McNeill perhaps reached the height of his brief career as a writer; and yet this one poem possesses merit enough to enshrine his memory in the soul of every North Carolinian who loves the beautiful. In the opinion of many critics, it is the finest poem ever written by a native of the state, and, had he left no other literary legacy, this alone was enough to make him famous not only among his own people but to the world at large.

As I knew McNeill in the heyday of his early-won glory, he was one of the most lovable men and one of the most unpretending. Once when he paid me a personal visit in Atlanta, I somehow forced him to talk of his literary work in which I always took special interest. He told me how few things he wrote satisfied him, "and yet," he went on, "there are so many beautiful things in the world and these produce so many beautiful thoughts that I find myself writing more than I should. But, alas! the most beautiful songs escape me entirely. I am able only to catch and transcribe their faintest echoes." Then rising and walking the floor in some excitement, which was

unusual, he said, "Ah, if one could catch and hold the heavenly music and the words long enough to put them on paper, how different our songs would be. But these escape us, and what we write is only the faintest echo of what we feel."

And that was the key to all the beautiful poems of John Charles McNeill. He was a born poet and heard the divine call, and the inspirations that came to him were so strong and powerful that when he wrote the lines they were disappointing to him. He always felt that the human song he put on paper was unworthy of the divine music which had illumined his brain under the spell of inspiration. This feeling, this trait, and this characteristic in McNeill's work clearly marked him as a genius of uncommon promise, and one of the sad days for North Carolina was the 17th of October, 1907, when the brave young master of a thousand unsung songs passed beyond the great divide.

McNeill was the poet of Nature who could look across a landscape and see a poem on every hillside, in every meadow, and on the far stretches of every wooded mountain.

His listening ear caught the music of a love song in every breeze and in the winter's wind the echo of a dirge. To him all Nature was animate, living, breathing, saying things to man. In every pine top was the music of some invisible choir, and upon every landscape was laid the matchless reproduction of the painter's brush.

Each returning spring brought to him the scent of fresh violets, and his soul went back to the time when the world was young and when the poets filled all the woodland with nymphs for men to love and worship. In summer every lazy cloud that floated in the heavens was to him the emblem of liberty of which he so often sung. Each autumn brought him new colors of matchless glory, and these fired his young soul with that nameless inspiration which found a worded outlet in that sweetest of all his songs, *October*.

I knew his love for the springtime and I knew his love for the autumn. Of these he had often spoken and was unable to decide which left the greatest impress upon his soul. The reader will remember that in his earlier works is a poem *To Melvin Gardner, Suicide*, in which these lines appear :

"To have seen the sun come back, to have seen
Children again at play,
To have heard the thrush where the woods are green
Welcome the new-born day:
To have felt the soft grass cool to the feet
To have smelt earth's incense, heavenly sweet,
To have shared the laughter along the street,
And, then, to have died in May!"

To many of the admirers of McNeill's poetry these are the finest lines he ever wrote, and they do embody a wealth of tenderness and pathetic beauty. For in this remnant of his genius is to be found his great love of life and of springtime, and his pity for the unfortunate who should choose to leave it all in the month when

"In leaf and blade life throbs and thrills
Through the wild, warm heart of May."

Since our poet himself died during the glories of October, I have wondered what a poem in itself his untimely death was in the midst of all the autumn splendor.

During the years when John Charles McNeill did such splendid work on the *Charlotte Observer* that paper had on its staff a brilliant array of talent. The beloved "Joe" Caldwell was then at his best, and it was during this time that Caldwell's influence was so strongly felt by those who came in close touch with him. He encouraged "his boys," as they were called, to the highest literary work, himself leading the way at the time with the most brilliant editorials ever printed in North Carolina. His gentle manner, his kindness and his persuasive way of putting things, made the "old man," as he was known, a power among that little colony of shining lights who worked in the same office. The "old man," bless his memory, is gone, McNeill is gone, Avery is gone, and the other notables are scattered in other fields.

McNeill always felt and knew that Caldwell was responsible for what he accomplished in a literary way. Once I remarked that I sent my first poem, *When Day Light Breaks*, to *The Observer* and that Caldwell not only featured it but gave it editorial notice, to which McNeill replied: "He did even more for me. He not only published and commended my

poems but gave personal help and encouragement in all my work, until I was able to stand alone. To Caldwell I owe everything."

McNeill knew of his impending fate. But he was as brave as he was brilliant and lovable. The knowledge that death had found in him a shining mark did not lessen his hold upon life, nor slacken the work of his pen. Far into the year of his passing, his soul was aglow with new aspirations and new work to be done. This came, doubtless, from the peculiar malady which was already sapping his physical nature but leaving the brain strong and unclouded. In his last letter to me, he emphasized the inspirations which filled his heart. This letter follows:

"MY DEAR HARMAN:—Your charming poem in Sunday's *Observer*, *In Some Sad Hour*, has touched me deeply. It expresses a thought which has come to me a thousand times of late, for somehow I feel my hold upon life gradually slackening. And yet with this thought of going, before me all the time, I do not feel any lessening of the inspiration to write, nor a lack of interest in my future work and plans. I have many things to write which haunt me every day and many seemingly worth while things to do. But I hope to tell you about these in person, and until then, adieu."

That was John Charles McNeill up to the time of the fatal summons, which came October 7th, 1907. Visions of the yet unattained flitted before him and awakened inspiration for more and better work. What he had already done was simply an urge to greater tasks—even the hand of death, which he must have felt upon his head, not being able to discourage the brave young spirit. It is said of Shelley, when writing his famous poem, *The Cenci*, that his hand trembled from weakness, and yet that picture is not more inspiring than the one of McNeill doing wonderful literary work, even while the hand of death was beckoning him to come. And this recalls to mind that other notable picture of our own beloved Lanier writing *Sunrise*, what he believed to be his best poem, when he was burning with fever brought on by sheer weakness.

The strength of McNeill's poetry must rest upon its native flavor. His finest lines deal with the simple things of North Carolina rural life. He knew these quiet, unpretending folk;

he knew the wonder of the meadows, the rivers, and the wealth of wild-flower life. To him the springtime resurrection was a wonderful poem, and the subdued autumn was like a divine service, with mingled prayer and praise. Once he said to me: "I look upon nature as but another world, full of intelligent individuals, whose language we fail to understand. Each tree is a boon companion, strong, full of character, and worthy of our love. The woodland is a peopled city. The flowers are our poets and the stars our preachers, their silent constancy being more eloquent than the most powerful sermon ever preached by man. The sea is a demi-god, sad and disappointed, because of his half-power. Each dawn to me is a new glorification of the wonderful sweetness of youth, and each blessed twilight a symbol of life's ending. The spirit of the wind is the spirit of lost souls. There is all the mystery and silence of death in the stillness of the midnight hour."

His was the poet's soul. His well-trained mind grasped all the wonder and mystery of life, and his heart overflowed with a longing to be its interpreter. Nature was full of a living existence, and he ardently desired to understand her varied secrets and give to these a language intelligible to man. It was this which gave his nature poems their nameless charm, to the dark Lumber river of his boyhood days a halo of romance, and to the hedges and by-ways of eastern North Carolina a fame which will live forever.

The study of his own people and the interpretation of their simple lives, formed, perhaps, the best part of McNeill's work. In these natives of the lonely country farms, with their few wants and ignorance of the world's restless ways, he found a type, whose very simplicity and isolation appealed to him strongly. Some of his tributes to these home people deserve a place along with Gray's famous *Elegy*. The uneventful lives of these people impressed him,—their aspirations, their unsatisfied ambitions, their wearying toil, and the monotony with which one day followed another. He saw keen intellects sacrificed by sheer want, great souls smothered by uncongenial surroundings, and many a Milton, Wesley, or Wellington find unknown graves because of cruel poverty. No one could know these people better than he, for his early life had been

spent among them, and from first hand he knew them—their joys, their ambitions, their sorrows and disappointments, and the many tragedies which were theirs.

In the domain of writing songs that belong to North Carolina, his native state, McNeill's *Away Down Home* is perhaps the truest in which every note rings clear to the "manor born." It is a poem that will live so long as the literature of the state shall live. It will be taught and read and recited in the schools of the state. Simple and unpretending from every viewpoint, it is nevertheless a classic. I quote only these verses to show its real beauty:

"'Twill not be long before they hear
The bullbat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whippoorwill.
A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam
And star the lanes with buttercups
Away down home.

"Knee-deep! from reedy places
Will sing the river frogs!
The terrapins will sun themselves
On all the jutting logs;
The angler's cautious oar will leave
A trail of drifting foam
Along the shady currents
Away down home."

How well he understood the honest yeomanry of his state, how fully his sympathy entered into the very life of the great mass of people who live on the farms of North Carolina, is touchingly portrayed in what, by some, is considered his best poem, *Home Songs*, the first verse of which is:

"The little loves and sorrows are my song:
The leafy lanes and birthstead of my sires,
Where memory broods by Winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys, and ghosts of ancient wrong;
The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair, and strong."

In the minor tone of McNeill's writing there are few notes, and yet these few are intense and touch the very innermost chords of the soul. This minor chord is found in *October*, already quoted from, but perhaps the one poem in which it is most perfect is *Gray Days*—a very picture of sorrow writ upon the white page of his little book that will live forever :

"A soaking sedge,
A faded field, a leafless hill and hedge,
Low clouds and rain,
And loneliness and languor worse than pain.
Mottled with moss,
Each gravestone holds to heaven a patient Cross.
Upon the stone,
Of each in turn, who called this land his own
The gray rain beats
And wraps the wet world in its flying sheets
And at my eaves
A slow wind, ghostlike, comes and grieves and grieves."

In brevity and artistic finish few, if any, of McNeill's poems equal his *Dawn*. It embodies, at once, a beautiful picture and a soul-longing, which few poems of its brevity in the English language possess. I remember Caldwell sending it to me and calling it "a crystallized gem, embodying a wealth of thought." The verses are :

"The hills again reach skyward with a smile.
Again, with waking life along its way,
The landscape marches westward mile on mile
And time throbs white into another day."

Such vivid beauty illumined most of McNeill's serious poems that when his *October* was published Dr. C. Alphonso Smith wrote: "I had rather be the author of those lines than to have the finest monument North Carolina ever erected." In *Oblivion* appear these striking verses :

"At dawn will go
New ploughmen to the fields we used to know.
Then none will think
What chalice life had offered us to drink."

And in his remarkable poem *Protest* we read:

"Are we grown old and past the time of thinking?
Is ardor quenched in art,
Till art is but a formal figure, bringing
A money-measured heart?"

When I Go Home contains this wonderful picture of beauty:

"When I go home the dogwood stars will dash
The solemn woods above the bearded ash.
The yellow-jasmine, whence its vine hath clomb
Will blaze the valleys with its golden flash
When I go home."

But one could quote page after page from John Charles McNeill's "Songs Merry and Sad" and never weary. That was his first book, his second being "Lyrics from Cotton Land." The first contains his serious work, the latter his dialect poems. These two small volumes are the gift of his short life, cut off at the age of thirty-three.

And yet these two little books contain verse as rich in literary value as anything ever written in the South, where the best American poetry has been produced. For this reason the South, and especially North Carolina, owes to this lamented Shelley a debt of recognition which should not be forgotten. He sleeps among his native Scotch ancestors, in the section he loved so well, but the work he did in the few short years of an uneventful life will live as long as English books are made.

The Coming of the Budget System

CHARLES WALLACE COLLINS

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The most radical and revolutionary reform ever undertaken in the public affairs of this country is now proposed for the National Government. Our financial operations are to be conducted and controlled by means of a budget system. A definite stage in the progress of this movement has already been reached as is evidenced by the fact that a plank in each of the Progressive, Republican and Democratic platforms pledges its ultimate enactment into practice. The cumulative effect of years of criticism of our financial methods by practically all students of public finance and publicists has at last begun to bear fruit.

It is thus apparent that this reform—like our preparedness program—has the distinction of being non-partisan. The leaders of each party have seen the necessity for action and, what is more to be considered, they agree, in general terms at least, that a budget system will meet the need.

What then is a budget system and what are its necessary implications? And exactly why do we need it? What is wrong with our present system of raising revenue and spending it?

The weaknesses of our financial methods are conceded by all who have studied them. Some of these we shall now set forth in outline before proceeding to discuss the remedy—a national budget system. The government of the United States now raises by taxation, direct and indirect, the enormous sum of more than a billion dollars a year to meet the current needs of its various departments. The machinery for handling these vast sums is not provided for in the constitution, nor is it patterned after the system in vogue in the days of Alexander Hamilton and his immediate successors. It is a growth which in recent years has taken on important and far-reaching changes. Simplicity and unity have given way before a scattered and decentralized responsibility.

The first step in our financial procedure is the preparation

by the governmental department heads of the estimates of what their expenditures should be for the coming year. Each department, without taking into consideration the governmental expenditures as a whole, and having in mind only its own needs and desires, sets down in itemized form the sums which it hopes to get. They usually ask for more than they actually expect, feeling sure that Congress will make the usual cuts.

These estimates are next, according to law, transmitted to the Treasury Department. The Secretary of the Treasury is required by law to bind them in book form and to transmit them to Congress at the opening of the session. The Treasury has no supervision over the preparation of the estimates. When they are sent in, the Secretary has no authority to criticize or revise them on the whole or to suggest the reduction or elimination of any of the items, although he knows the condition of the Treasury will not permit of the spending of all of the money for which the estimates ask. His duty toward Congress is purely clerical. He has nothing to say as to financial policy. The President, as chief executive, and head of the executive departments has also no voice in the preparation of these estimates of expenditure. His criticism comes at the end of the program if any criticism he has. After Congress has enacted an appropriation measure into law, the President can veto the entire measure. On the other hand he can not strike out any item, or reduce any item, of which he disapproves. The whole appropriation must stand or fall in its entirety. So far as financial policy is concerned the President's hands are practically tied.

On the other hand a President may by virtue of a strong and dominant personality, and in his position as party leader, exercise, extra-legally, a powerful influence on financial legislation. This is sometimes done but it is too accidental and uncertain to be relied upon. All Presidents do not exercise this influence over their party and there have been some who were even quite subservient to party leaders in the House and Senate.

The estimates in book form are transmitted to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury just as they come to him—without co-ordination or criticism. The Speaker of the House per-

functionarily divides them up and assigns them to the several committees that draw up the appropriation bills. But these committees do not have to follow the estimates in making the appropriations. In fact they ordinarily make numerous changes.

In addition to these regular estimates Congress receives also, directly, estimates for river and harbor improvements from the army engineers. Other money bills may be drawn up entirely upon the initiative of a private member without any recourse to the executive departments. Each session of Congress sees many financial measures of this character acted upon, dealing with public improvements, expansion of the public service and the like.

In drafting a money bill for a given department, the committee usually holds what are called hearings. They call before them the departmental officials and subject them to an examination as to the proposed expenditures for the department. Outside experts may also be called in. The bill is then drawn up often in disregard of the opinion of the executive officials. The judgment of the committee governs. It must be borne in mind that there are no members of the committee who have an expert knowledge of the department in question, unless by accident as when Mr. Hobson was on the Naval Affairs Committee of the House. They are usually men of no special training—in many cases country or village lawyers—excellent men but in the main strangers to the field of public finance.

Money bills are drawn up and reported by the following committees, namely: The Appropriations Committee, which at one time drafted and reported all appropriation bills but now only the bills for the legislative, executive and judicial departments, sundry civil appropriations, fortifications, District of Columbia, and the deficiencies appropriations; the Committee on Foreign Affairs, the diplomatic and consular service appropriations; the Committee on Military Affairs, the military establishment appropriations; the Committee on Naval Affairs, the naval establishment appropriations; the Committee on Indian Affairs, the appropriations for the Indian Service; the Committee on Pensions, the pension appropriations;

the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, the postal service appropriations; the Committee on Agriculture, the appropriations for the Department of Agriculture; the Committee on Claims, appropriations for claims against the Government; the Rivers and Harbors Committee, appropriations for improvement of rivers and harbors. In addition the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds authorizes the amounts to be appropriated for public buildings which amounts are later reported out in the sundry civil or the deficiencies bills by the Appropriations Committee.

At the same time that these committees are drafting the bills for the annual supply of the government, the Committee on Ways and Means is considering the problem of raising the revenue to meet them and is drafting a bill for that purpose.

Thus we see that the nation's finances are handled by twelve House committees working independently of each other and independently of the executive branches of the government for which the money is appropriated. They are, to say the least, controlled by amateurs in respect to the technicalities of the services which they have under consideration.

From time to time, without any settled order or sequence, these bills are reported to the House, some of them providing for the expenditure of above a hundred million dollars. On the floor of the House they are subject to amendment, the judgment of the committee being frequently overruled by the House on matters of great importance. Any private member in the House may offer an amendment and if sufficient support is mustered it will be adopted.

After these appropriation bills have all passed the House, the process is not yet half complete. They go to the Senate and are there referred to the corresponding Senate committees. The work now begins almost *de novo*. The Senate committees, following the same procedure as the committees of the House, rewrite the bills. Many radical changes are made and usually the amended bills carry much larger appropriations than when they left the House. On the floor of the Senate further amendments are allowed, provided a member can secure the necessary support.

After passage by the Senate the bill goes into conference,

that is to say a joint committee of both Houses composed of three men from each house. Here, in secret sittings, the great battles over the people's money are fought out. What the conferees agree on is ordinarily adopted by both Houses; The Senate ordinarily wins on the most of their increases. The bill then goes to the President who, as we have seen, approves the whole bill since he has no power to reject or modify any of the items which he disapproves. It is rare for a President to veto an appropriation bill on this account.

Fifteen or more money bills go through this lengthy and laborious process every year. At the beginning of the new fiscal year, July 1st, some of the bills are still being considered and emergency legislation has to be enacted to keep the department concerned in operation. Sometimes, as with the third session of the Sixty-third Congress, the session comes to an end before all of the supply bills are passed, making necessary the continuation of the old appropriation for another year.

Such is our system of public finance—loose, haphazard, wasteful, unbusinesslike, unscientific and inexperienced. Congress controls the financial policy, lays out the program, if such it can be called, ratifies it, in fact does everything but spend the money.

On the other hand, Congress does not exercise any systematic control over the expenditure of the money granted. It has no organization to keep a watch over the executive departments to report extravagance or loss of efficiency. There is no one responsible to Congress who examines every item of expenditure each year and compares them with the original grants.

The evil which is so often before the public eye—that of “log-rolling” and “pork barrel” methods—is due to the weaknesses of the system rather than to the lack of integrity of members of Congress. As long as it is possible for members to have public money spent within their districts by bargaining with other members, the practice will continue. Mr. Smith agrees to vote for a river improvement in Mr. Jones' district if Mr. Jones will vote for the building of a post office in Mr. Smith's district. So the Smiths and Joneses get to-

gether—on a purely non-partisan basis—and pool their collective influence to loosen the strings of the public purse. It is possible, it is not forbidden, it is desirable to many, therefore it is done.

Any other country in the world, less loaded with material wealth than we, would have long ago been driven into national bankruptcy by the terrific and often unforeseen onslaughts on the public treasury. Other governments have to practice economy, to live within their incomes, to use the most expert and scientific methods known in order that the treasury may meet the needs of the government without laying unduly heavy burdens of taxation upon the people. In other countries than ours where the national wealth is not so great, the people recognize more clearly than we do that it is they who pay for inefficiency and extravagance. We are coming to recognize that a halt must be called. Our loose jointed system will eventually break of its own weight. A nation of business men must now become more business-like in dealing with the people's money. This does not mean that we should spend less. It is quite probable that the contrary will be true. But we should spend it all for the public interest alone and under the proper safeguards.

What then is this budget system which is proposed as a remedy for the evils which inhere in our financial system? All of the civilized countries of the world, great and small, have the budget system. It is not an experiment. It has stood the test of more than two hundred years in England, and England today has the most efficient, the most economical and the most democratic system of dealing with her public moneys.

The budget system is in vogue, with certain variations from each other, in France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Switzerland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Scandinavian and all other European countries. Our system of government being more nearly akin to that of England we shall take her budget system as a basis for our discussion.

The first essential of a budget system is executive responsibility. The head of the executive branch of the government takes complete responsibility to the people for the financial policy of the nation. The legislative branch of the govern-

ment, retaining its original power of control over the public purse, yields to the executive the legislative initiative in matters of finance. He must prepare and introduce all measures making a charge upon the Treasury. The legislative branch refrains from adding any amendments by way of increasing any of the items or changing their purpose or adding any new items, without the consent of the executive. They may offer amendments to reduce, but these are rarely carried because the executive is supposed to control a majority.

The whole budget—which is in fact one great itemized appropriation bill for the entire annual expenses of the government as well as a revenue bill for meeting these expenditures—is passed as a unit without change, except by the executive. The opposing party is given ample opportunity for public criticism of the executive in relation to any items of the budget. The legislative body furthermore exercises a close watch over the expenditures to see that there are no deviations from the items as ratified. This is done through an appropriate organization with access at all times to the public accounts.

What a revolution the adoption of a budget system for our government would accomplish! The whole committee system of appropriating money would be abolished. The President as chief executive and party leader would shoulder complete responsibility for the nation's finances. He would, with the advice of his cabinet, settle all matters of financial policy including what should be spent on the army and navy. In this he would be exercising many of the functions of a prime minister.

The Secretary of the Treasury, acting always under the President, would become the finance minister of the United States. He would be responsible to the President for the unity and balance of the budget. That is he would see that the moneys asked for were applied in the proper proportion to the public service as a whole and that the total sum to be appropriated did not exceed the estimated revenues for the coming year. Should it be necessary to exceed them, provision must be made in the budget for additional taxation to meet the excess.

Assuming that we adopted a budget system as the term is

ordinarily used and as foreign nations practice, in general, the system, what would then be our method of procedure? Leaving out minor adjustments, action, in the main, would be as follows: The Secretary of the Treasury would, several months before the session of Congress, call on the spending departments for their estimates for the coming fiscal year. The Treasury would exercise a strict control over their preparation to prevent waste, and loss of efficiency. All new items or new projects would have to gain the Treasury's special approval. The completed, itemized estimates would be reviewed, criticized, revised and probably reduced, by the Treasury. Here also they would be classified, co-ordinated, a summary made, and the whole scheme of annual expenditures presented as a unit, department balanced with department, project with project, and the total balanced with the apparent revenues.

At the same time that the estimates are being prepared the Treasury would be estimating also the revenues. This would not be a serious undertaking as the revenue departments operate entirely under Treasury supervision.

Over the estimates of the War and Navy Departments the control of the Treasury would be only nominal on account of the questions of high policy involved and the technical skill required to criticize the various projects. The policy would be decided by the President and Cabinet, a provisional total expenditure agreed upon and the technical details worked out by the organizations of the military and naval establishments respectively. In any case the Treasury would be expected to clearly represent its position as to the possible sources of revenue. The influence of the Secretary of the Treasury would thus be felt at such a conference and would in effect be an indirect control over army and navy expenditures.

The total estimates having been prepared and the revenues proposed to meet them, the whole scheme would be approved by the cabinet. It would then be printed and bound and submitted to Congress by the President at or near the beginning of the session. The public would be given all the facts before any legislative action was taken.

Here is where the great change comes. These budget estimates would not be parceled out to several committees.

All the work which the House and the Senate committees now do would have already been done by the executive—and in a far more efficient and scientific manner. Details of the method would have to be worked out, but the President or some member representing him would lay the volume of estimates before the House as a project of legislation. It would be treated as though it were one great appropriation and revenue bill combined which had already been reported out with approval by a joint committee of the House and Senate. It would be considered as a unit in the House sitting as a committee of the whole.

Congress, by adopting a self-denying rule, in both houses, would prohibit any amendments increasing or changing any item without the consent of the executive. This would protect the Treasury from any sudden loosening of the strings of the public purse due to sudden feeling, or the pressure of local interests. Any such amendments would derange or destroy the unity of the budget. Congress would retain the right to reduce any item but would rarely practice it.

Open and public criticism would be freely allowed on all matters which the opposing party would be disposed to attack. This would form a check of great value to the public.

The whole plan would go through both House and Senate practically without change, except amendments made with the consent of the executive. The ratified estimates would become the budget law to be executed by the spending departments.

The logic of a budget system demands one other revolutionary change for its effective operation. The executive would have to be allowed the privileges of the floor of the House and the Senate. The cabinet officers would be given seats but not votes. They could not vote, not having been elected to their seats. Their presence, however, would be necessary to explain the various items of the budget and to defend themselves and the administration from the attacks that would naturally be directed against them. These criticisms would range from matters of policy to the details of administrative acts in the departments. While they are necessary and valuable as a check on the party in power, it is equally necessary and valuable for the public to have prompt explanations from

those leaders of the party in power who are directly responsible for the policies and acts concerning which complaint is made.

In order the more rigidly to enforce the provision of the constitution that "No money shall be drawn from the Treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law," Congress would establish a system of definite control over the expenditure of the budget items. They would, by minute examination of the accounts as well as by checks on the method of payment, see that the executive branch of the government in no way exceeded the authority given by the budget. This would prevent the shifting of items or the spending of any of the money for a purpose other than that specified.

The adoption of a budget system would eliminate "log-rolling" entirely. Invisible government would disappear. The whole financial system of the government would be run for the public benefit alone. The procedure would be open and aboveboard, democratic and business-like. The people would know where and how the money was going. The budget would give them a concrete plan for criticism and discussion. It would bring their public business home to them. What is now a mystery to the average man would become a topic of daily conversation. The sovereign citizen would be in a position to keep a closer watch on his public servants. Efficiency and economy would be practiced and democracy furthered on its way.

American Drama and the European War

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While the leading nations of the world are rocked in a giant catastrophe beyond the power of man's imagination to grasp, while war and its mortal devastation ensanguine the fields of Europe, it were well for the United States to hold firm to that sense and vision of the future which the conclusion of the European cataclysm will inevitably herald. There hang in the balance stupendous interests beyond calculation—monarchies, thrones, principalities, powers; the commercial destinies of nations; territorial integrity and territorial aggrandizement; the permanent alteration of boundary lines, the erection of new governments, and the destruction of established powers; the partition of existent nations; the abolishment of the ethic of militarism and barbarism; the rule of Europe, and perhaps the ultimate rule of the world. But over and above all these things hovers the shadow of a greater issue—an issue which underlies and interpenetrates all the others. This war must not result solely in destruction, be it the destruction of material wealth, of art treasures, or even the radical curtailing of armaments. The result of the war must be a great task of construction. Civilization must be rebuilt upon more stable and humane foundations. The leading men of today, of all nations, must formulate for future guidance and action the principles of a new world-civilization.

The principles of this new world-civilization can only be dimly surmised. Yet it cannot be doubted that its fundamental basis will be a larger sense of human brotherhood, a development upon a cosmic scale of practical principles of social solidarity. Little can be expected at this moment from the nations now at war. The supreme task of forming the league of a new humanity is a responsibility which rests upon the non-combatants. And it is to the United States of America, above all other countries, that the nations of Europe will inevitably turn, sooner or later, for the colossal work of mediation, of peace-making. Assuredly this country will not

be content with merely this; for the future of the world depends less upon the conclusion of the war than upon the issues which shall be settled as the consequence of the war for the future governance and guidance of civilized nations. The pacific temper of the United States, her isolated geographical location which removes from her the suspicion of ulterior national designs, her position of acknowledged leadership in peace movements in the world during the past decade, her superbly unselfish conduct in her dealings with Cuba, the Philippines, and Mexico, and above all the lofty ideals of world-politics of her great President, Woodrow Wilson—all of these considerations decisively prophesy that the United States shall play the leading rôle in the final settlement and disposition of the terms of peace of the European war. It will rest with American statesmen themselves as to whether the rôle played by this country shall stop short with mere mediation. It is scarcely to be doubted that a country which can offer for the great task of the reconstruction of civilization such world-figures as Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Elihu Root, William J. Bryan, and others of almost equal repute as international publicists—it is scarcely to be doubted that this country with such a galaxy of great figures will measure up to the full responsibility of the cosmic task which will be imposed as the inevitable result of the European war.

In the meantime, it were well for America to realize the stupendous opportunities in other fields now afforded by the vicissitudes and changes of the European war. The opportunities in the fields of commerce and industry, in ship building and merchant marine have already begun to monopolize the attention of the country to the exclusion of higher and more ideal interests. I refer to the great opportunities in the fields of literature and of art. Generations of the youth, the talent, the genius of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and Russia are perishing under the deadly rain of the mitrailleuse, the machine firer, and the siege gun. Art is by no means an excuse from military service; and it is to the glory of the countries at war that their artists, literators, and musicians

have flocked to the battle front to fight the supreme battle of the hour.

For the art world of Europe, the result is already deplorable in its tragedy. Art seeks sanctuary in cellars, or flees to countries remote from the seat of war. The only literature for which the populace is avid is the literature of warfare. The art of peace succumbs to the science of war. The delicate essayist is displaced by the war correspondent who can describe realistically, graphically, brutally, the actual scenes of warfare, devastation, misery and ruin upon the blackened fields of Europe, or paint with ruthless hand the lurid picture of the slaughtering of human beings by regiments and by battalions. One of my friends, editor of a representative magazine in England, writes me: "A new vision has come into life altogether. At this moment drama is dead in this country. Intellectualism itself is dead. We have become a nation of warriors, strategists, and patriots."

In literature the present moment is pregnant with possibilities for America. I do not doubt that, as the ultimate result of the European war, there will be a great outflowing of creative genius, especially in drama and poetry, in England and the European countries. History abundantly shows that the periods when the drama flourished most abundantly were periods consequent upon some immense outburst of national feeling. The individualistic temper became united to a sense of social solidarity in the face of a common foe. The social consciousness, thus nationally awakened, gave rise to a great expression of national solidarity. And this quickened sense of patriotism, this fortification of the national will, found expression in the creation of great dramas. The battle of Salamis, the destruction of the Armada, the Spanish conquest of the New World, the victories of Frederick in Germany, the glorious era of Henry IV in France—all heralded great outpourings of energy in the drama, in Greece, in England, in Spain, in Germany, and in France, respectively. It has not been generally recognized, hitherto, that the great revival of dramatic art in Scandinavia in our own time has a similar association. In the middle of the last century, Ibsen and Björnson in Norway, closely followed by Strindberg in

Sweden, are succeeded today by the Danes of the younger generation, Bergstrom, Lange, and Wied. This spontaneous and wholly unexpected emergence of great dramas among the Scandinavian people, according to Edwin Björkman, was consequent upon a development of the social consciousness, a stiffening of the national will; and this sense of social solidarity was brought into being by the sense of pressing dangers from without—the threatened aggression of Germany and of Russia.

Even if we accept this interpretation of dramatic history, it must be recognized that for a decade, certainly, and in all probability for the next quarter of a century, the drama will present a phenomenon of arrested development in Europe without a parallel in centuries. Countries impoverished by the gigantic financial demands of modern war have no time for the arts in the early decades immediately following the conclusion of peace. The claims of agriculture, the pressing demands of business, industry, and commerce, the tasks of reorganization of the instrumentalities of civilization—all successfully militate for a time against active participation in or preoccupation with literature and the arts.

It is in just this period of arrested artistic development in England and Europe—the period of the next two or three decades—that now looms up the greatest opportunity for American genius in her entire history. Up to the present moment, even up to the very outbreak of the war in Europe, America was artistically dependent upon England and Europe, for an enormous proportion of her dramatic entertainments. America went to England for the comedy of manners and the society play; to France for the drama of intrigue and domestic infelicity; to Germany and Austria for the best musical comedy; and in general to England and Europe for the greater social drama of the day—Pinero, Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy in England; Brieux, Hervieu, Rostand and Bernstein in France; Hauptmann, Sudermann, Schnitzler, Straus and Lehar, in Germany and Austria; Maeterlinck in Belgium; etc., etc. Translations and adaptations still continued to furnish a considerable share of the dramatic spectacles and dramas annually presented to American audiences.

In a moment, as if by magic, this supply suddenly ceased. Europe could no longer furnish American managers and impresarios with the eagerly desired dramatic wares. The supply was exhausted. And so a man like Mr. Charles Frohman, accustomed for many years to secure something like sixty per cent of his theatrical attractions abroad, is brought face to face with the realization that war has struck a mighty blow at dramatic commerce. Yet surely this very state of affairs argues the very brightest prospect for the immediate future of dramatic art in America. The swing of the pendulum had already been observed before the outbreak of the war. Mr. William Archer some time ago informed me of his satisfaction in noting that while the contemporary British dramatist excelled his American cousin in technic, the last recent American plays showed a greater vigor, a more eager sense of animation, than those produced in Great Britain. The first sign of a great change he observed some ten or eleven years ago; and today he is outspoken in his conviction that America has reacted characteristically to the extraordinary impulse toward the criticism of life in dramatic form which dates in Europe from about a quarter of a century ago. Prior to 1899, it can scarcely be doubted that our plays were, as a representative *New Yorker* expressed it, of two classes: American plays, and plays which came to us from Europe, mainly from France. The native plays were, for the most part, crude, unpolished and formless. The plays which came to us from France in especial were the best to be seen upon our stage. The very best in our native drama was as unhesitatingly attributed to French influence.

Only eight years later, the conditions were largely reversed. The preponderance of influence had decisively shifted from the foreign to the American playwright. The English plays were almost entirely displaced by American plays. The American advance during the past decade, in my opinion, has been much more pronounced and decisive, relatively, than the British advance, in drama. The Englishman, even the English dramatist, is still more or less insular in his taste. He prefers anything English, though second-class, to anything foreign, whether American or European, which is first class.

The American, who has not yet developed any sense of genuine pride in native drama, has showed a wholesome cosmopolitanism in dramatic entertainment. Frequent performances of foreign plays in America, many of them given in foreign languages, have had the good result of keeping the American critics and, in a lesser degree, the American public, well abreast of the European movement. I have striven, with others, to popularize the European drama in this country; and perhaps I may lay claim to some of the credit for the fact that Bernard Shaw was at home on the American stage long before he had won any sort of success in England.

Only yesterday, abundant evidence of the growing self-sufficiency of America in the domain of the drama began to come to light. More than a year ago, Sir Charles Wyndham outspokenly said that America was producing the best play-writing talent in English-speaking countries. And Mr. Winthrop Ames of the Little Theatre, after visiting England and Europe in the spring of 1913, was driven to the same conclusion. The opinion of the great English actor and that of the distinguished American manager, set beside the opinion of Mr. Archer, are significant of the truly phenomenal advance which America has made in the past decade.

The European war now throws open to American dramatic art the greatest opportunity it has ever enjoyed. For the next two or three decades, England and Europe will eagerly turn to America for dramatic entertainments of every description. America now stands to England and Europe in much the same position as a tributary province might have stood to the Roman Empire after the fall of Rome. The parent trunk was destroyed; but the life of the ancient stock and parent trunk, the offshoots of its energy and power, still flourished in luxuriance and richness. So today, while the dramatic art of England and Europe is suffering a deadly wound under the bludgeonings of a relentless militarism, American dramatic art, fresh, vigorous, animated, survives and flourishes—ready, if need be, to replenish the exhausted foreign field.

There are today two great impulses in the American drama which promise greatly for its immediate future. The first, an academic impulse which goes to the root of the problem, arises

from the distinction now enjoyed by America of studying in its colleges and universities the best modern drama. Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and Shaw are studied as seriously at Yale, Harvard, Minnesota and North Carolina as are Sophocles and Aristophanes at Oxford and Cambridge. From other academic ranks have graduated a large number of young playwrights, notable among them being Percy MacKaye, Edward Sheldon, and the late William Vaughan Moody, whose work is of the highest class, I daresay, that has been produced at all in the United States. The Drama League of America is fostering this academic impulse, and ministering as well to the great public in a progresssional helpful way through its business-like efforts to create an educated public for the better types of dramatic entertainment.

The second impulse in the contemporary American drama is the commercial impulse. On the whole, this is, for the first time in our history, a sanely beneficial one. For it is now at last true, in a large measure, that the American playwright is no longer the slave of the dramatic syndicate. The "star" system in acting, now steadily waning, no longer lays its arresting hand upon the fine and spontaneous expression of American dramatic impulse. The American playwright at last has a fair field and free competition in the disposal of his dramatic wares; and only the other day a beardless youth mounted to something like fame in a single night through an original drama.

The situation is immense. It flings a superb challenge to the dramatic genius of America. It is a ringing call to Augustus Thomas, to Eugene Walter, to Edward Sheldon, to Percy MacKaye, to George Broadhurst, to George Middleton, to William Gillette, to Rupert Hughes, to Rachel Crothers, to Josephine Preston Peabody, to J. Hartley Manners, W. C. DeWitt, Richard Harding Davis, Bayard Veiller, Paul Armstrong, J. M. Patterson, Edward Knoblauch, Charles Renn Kennedy, Margaret Mayo—to the American dramatist of to-day, whether in being or in promise. The higher interest is astir; communities are at work for the drama in their midst; dramatic critics of European calibre are at last developing in America; and, above all, American talent is experimenting

largely and freely in the dramatic medium. The characteristic American vigor, energy, spirit and animation are these. A little surer technic, a widening of the social horizon, a deepening of the intellectual problem—these, too, are coming rapidly. With their coming will come the assurance that America can meet the needs of England and Europe, and can take her place as one of the great drama-producing nations of the world.

The Teacher of Jefferson and Marshall

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When Chancellor Wythe of Virginia died in 1806, Jefferson wrote of him: "he was my antient master, my earliest and best friend; and to him I am indebted for first impressions which had the most salutary influence on my life." Henry Clay, who was for four years Wythe's amanuensis, whom Wythe taught and introduced into helpful society, as late as 1851 concluded a short sketch of his old friend "by an acknowledgement, demanded of me alike by feelings of gratitude, that to no man was I more indebted, by his instructions, his advice, and his example, for the little intellectual improvement which I made, up to the period, when, in my first year, I finally left the City of Richmond." St. George Tucker, author of Tucker's Blackstone, President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, spoke of his predecessor at the "University of William and Mary" as "the gentleman to whose advice and friendly instruction" he was indebted for whatever talent he might be supposed to possess. And according to Hugh Blair Grigsby, college president, historian, and biographer of the famous Governor Littleton Waller Tazewell, Tazewell's "reverence for Mr. Wythe passed all words." A whole host of the most eminent thinkers and leaders in the history of America, might rise up and call him blessed—among them Chief Justice Marshall and President James Monroe, both of whom knelt at Wythe's footstool. For Wythe was the first professor of law in America, the second in the English speaking world, the teacher of nearly all the able public men from Virginia who were trained during the last half of the eighteenth century,—a glorious period in national life. How large his influence on American History one can only guess, when one runs over the long list of men who gained from him the inspiration and training for their leadership in American political thought.

And yet to one outside of the Old Dominion it will be surprising that no biography of any sort—not even a pretense of a "Life"—has ever attempted to set forth in detail the story

of this great teacher, statesman, judge, moulder of thought and of men. To Virginians, however, it is not surprising, for despite our boast of ancestry and pride in the contribution of the "grand old Commonwealth" to national greatness, we have not been forward in setting forth our claims in works of convincing scholarship. We have allowed "aliens" to write the history of our great men, and then, in the way of the world, complained of the "aliens" because they have not done it to our satisfaction. We are so justly confident of our place, that we see no reason why monuments should not everywhere be erected to our great characters whose reputation, of course, must be part of the subconscious accumulations of heathen New Englanders. But we should not be blamed too much for our unwillingness to sweat over the prosy task of giving evidence for the faith that is in us. For we have had, since 1865, to work without faltering for our very living, and have had little time or money for that painstaking scholarship demanded by the historical public. Now we are glorying in material victory, and find it necessary to make material victory greater.

But a new day is dawning, a new scholarship is developing, and the future will see many attractive and well wrought biographies and histories written south of the Potomac by men, who, unfortunately, have neither time nor money, only love for the truth—and ambition.

About Chancellor Wythe, there was an absence of the dramatic, apparently; of the spectacular; of the opportunity for advertisement. For he was not conspicuous as a soldier. The eminent soldier—sometimes the soldier that is not eminent—draws the biographer like a magnet. And although Wythe knew politics deeply, he was in no sense a skilled politician. Although, too, he was truly a great statesman, great in the estimation of his contemporaries, and not less than great in his influence on state and national institutions, he left no volumes of orations and kept himself out of the stilted newspapers of his day. His supreme greatness shone as a judge and as a teacher, and great judges—unless they be at once great politicians—and great teachers have not been favorites with those who help to increase the endless multitude of

books. In Wythe one must find a quiet, dignified, very learned, lovable and loving man who will live to fame as an able and virtuous jurist and as an inspiring teacher of the law. His chief aim, as he wrote in 1783 to his dear friend John Adams, was: "to form such characters as may be fit to succeed those which have been ornamental and useful in the national councils of America."

Most readers have not over-much friendliness to biographical details. But I am sure if they read this article at all, they will expect the author to save them the trouble of looking up the catalogue of dates and names which we seem to associate with a biographical study. For such readers one must say, in the conventional way, that George Wythe was born in 1726, in Elizabeth City County, Virginia, and that he was the son of Thomas Wythe, delegate in the House of Burgesses; grandson of Thomas Wythe, one of the first trustees of Hampton; and great-grandson of Thomas Wythe, the immigrant of 1680. And one may add that his mother was Margaret Walker, daughter of George Walker and Ann Keith, and for those of clerical interests, report that Ann Keith was the daughter of George Keith, Quaker preacher, mathematician, the first missionary to America sent by the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts." The three "R's" he learned at school; his first acquaintance with Latin and Greek he received from his mother, who, however, knew of Greek only the alphabet and how to hold the dictionary; and a little finish he put on during a short stay at William and Mary College. Wythe, however, was preeminently a self-educated man. He had a passion for knowledge, scientific and classical, and an industry which hesitated at no labor to acquire knowledge. To all he was the "learned judge," or the "learned" Mr. Wythe. He studied law in the usual way of those days, in the offices of lawyers, and, in a manner not beyond imitation in our own time, married the daughter of one of his teachers, Ann Lewis, daughter of John Lewis of Spottsylvania County. He went through a few years of dissipation, much exaggerated in all probability by those who have written their little homilies on him, for in 1748 he was clerk of the Committee of Privileges and Elections of the House of

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Burgesses, in 1754 he was Attorney General of the Colony during the absence of Peyton Randolph in England, and in 1758 member of the House from the College of William and Mary. From that time on till 1778 he was associated with the House of Burgesses and its successor, the House of Delegates, almost continuously as member from Williamsburg or Elizabeth City County, or as clerk protecting the journal from the Governor, or as speaker in 1777, put in by Jefferson, to help through reform legislation. In the course of this period, he was delegate in the Continental Congress and as such friend of John Adams, advocate of free trade and a Confederation, and signer of the Declaration of Independence. In 1776, likewise, he took an important part in framing the first Constitution of Virginia, and helped design the seal of the state. It was he who brought home from Philadelphia the draft of the Constitution which Jefferson had made, and among his papers it was found. It was Wythe, too, who induced John Adams to write his "Thoughts on Government" and Wythe was the "friend" to whom it is addressed.

He was one of the three authors of the famous report of the revisors in 1779, famous because of its advanced suggestions for the promotion of education, the abolition of entails and primogeniture, the gradual emancipation of slaves, and the establishment of religious liberty,—a report described in glowing terms in all the biographies of Jefferson. The same year that the report of the revisors was made, he became, under Jefferson's plan of reorganization for the college, the Professor of Law and Police. The year before saw him installed as one of the Chancery Judges of the State. The position of Chancery Judge, or at one time, sole Chancellor, he held till his death in 1806.

In 1787, he accompanied his friends, Washington, Madison, Edmund Randolph, Dr. James McClurg, George Mason, John Blair to Philadelphia to help frame a national constitution. And the following year he gave his great influence to the work of defeating the plans of Patrick Henry for delaying the ratification of the constitution until amendments had been tacked on. Wythe presided over the Committee of the Whole in the Convention that met in Richmond in 1788; and when victory

was won he brought in the list of amendments desired by Virginia at the earliest moment. The amount of Wythe's influence in this or any other body is hard to compute—for he did not make speeches or attempt political sleight of hand. But in the computation one must not omit these factors: that he was considered the most learned man in the state, that he was surrounded by his old pupils and friends; that he was cherished with a deep and tender affection such as few could command.

The rest of Wythe's life flowed along quietly and simply—in study, in teaching, in grave attention to deadening chancery papers, in undeviating idolatry of Jefferson, whose will he did; in charity, in love and harmony with his neighbors, except his lifelong rival, Edmund Pendleton; until finally he fell a victim to the poisoning hand of a grand-nephew on June 8, 1806. These are the simple annals of the learned, the wise, and the virtuous Mr. Wythe—or "Dr." Wythe, for he, like Benjamin Franklin and James Madison, honored the degree of Doctor of Laws from William and Mary; the degree could do them no honor.

Bishop Meade in his "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia," quotes another preacher, Rev. Lee Massey, as saying Wythe was the only "honest lawyer he ever knew." One may, however, suspect the good preacher of exaggeration; a loyal Virginian would find difficulty in admitting the unique claim, because it would doom every other man of the period to the reputation of dishonesty. In Wythe's day, as in the days "before the war" Virginia was a state of lawyers. Many of them, too, were men of genuine ability and of incorruptible honor. Some may not have been. But of one thing we may be certain that there was never a breath of scandal about the legal career of George Wythe from the time he began to practice in 1746 till 1778 when he became Chancellor, and during his honorable career as judge down to 1806 when he died. About the details of his practice we know very little, but he was one of the leading lights of the colonial courts before which he practiced. A few and only a few of his arguments have been handed down, and these in the reports which Jefferson collected.

We wish there was more about the details of the practice of the brilliant men of those days. Law was in those innocent times a most attractive profession. Personality and oratorical ability counted for much; more, no doubt, than they do in this day of legal specialization and large office practice. Startling things were always happening. Stirring appeals and massive logic were nothing unusual when Wythe and Pendleton, John and Peyton Randolph hurled their thunderbolts at one another, or in that day a little later when Patrick Henry and John Marshall, John Wickham and Daniel Call matched their noble abilities and characters as well.

The great rival of Wythe was Edmund Pendleton, the distinguished patriot and statesman of national fame. And this rivalry, begun in practice at the colonial bar, continued with no little ill-feeling when they had come to the highest judicial offices in the new state. In the opening of a case, in the concise statement of the facts, in the sturdy delivery of legal learning and argument before the court, Wythe was a master. But in fluency of language, in control over the feelings of a jury, in ability to wrest a verdict, he was at a disadvantage in the contest with the alert, quick-witted Pendleton, and he felt it. On one occasion after receiving discomfiture at the hands of his wily opponent, in discouragement he declared that he was going to throw up the law, go home, take orders, and preach the gospel. A friend with more humor than Wythe possessed, playfully added, "Yes, and then Pendleton will go home, give up law, take orders, preach the gospel and beat you there."

Wythe's conception of legal ethics, as we have said, was exalted—but legal ethics is a most elusive subject and none but a Philadelphia lawyer is able to state in terms smooth enough for the public and safe enough for the lawyer the moral obligations of the profession. What cases the attorney should undertake, what are the legitimate methods of advancing his client's interest none but the client and the lawyer should, I suppose, say. But a far distant observer, cautiously expressing his views after slight experience might be pardoned for advancing the opinion that, of the two, lawyer and client, the client is likely to be the more unscrupulous. Has not Mr. Bradford in the *Atlantic* told us the story of the titantic south-

ern genius of ante-bellum days? Approaching Robert Toombs on the possibility of the collection of a claim, a would-be client received from the fierce old Georgian the answer, "you *can* collect this claim but you *should* not. This is a case where the law and justice are on different sides." And when the client insisted on proceeding to secure judgment from the court, Toombs shut him up with the thunderous: "Then hire somebody else to assist you in *your damned* rascality."

I think, however, Wythe is unique in the history of the legal profession in one respect: he took a perfect delight in receiving small fees. No one was allowed to overpay him—more than he thought he had earned he gave back. Did any other lawyer ever receive more than he thought he had earned—even Robert Toombs? Not a dirty coin, it is said, ever reached the bottom of the pockets of the Georgia lawyer, and I think it is true not one ever reached the bottom of the pocket of the Virginian, George Wythe. A case that seemed to him unjust he rejected, doubtful statements made to him by clients had to be repeated under oath. The learning and abilities of good old Chancellor Wythe, so far as he could help it, were never prostituted to gratify the passions of the greedy, never became the midnight tools of those who would undermine the temple of justice.

The beginning of Wythe's judicial experience was as one of the justices who held court, in the old Virginia way, in Elizabeth City County. And at least one case was decided by these justices that is of national importance. Everybody knows by heart the famous Parsons' Case argued in 1763 by Patrick Henry before the justices of Hanover County, but few know of the Parson's Case decided that same year in Elizabeth City County—the case of Warrington (the parson) vs. Jiggitts. The record reads quaintly:

"Wednesday the 2d of March 1763

Presdt George Wythe * * *

Warrington vs. Jiggitts—the matter of law arising on a specl verdt being this day argued It seems to the court that by virtue of the Act of the Assembly made etc. that the Law is for the Deft and Judgt for the Deft from wch Judgment the Plt prayed an appeal to the 19th day of the next General

Court upon his entering into Bond with security between this and the next court." There seems, however, to have been no Patrick Henry to give this Parson's Case the fame it deserves.

When the High Court of Chancery was created in 1777, of the three judges Wythe became one. The sessions were at Williamsburg, the jurisdiction all but unlimited in both original and appellate cases, the terms were two a year, the salary was £500. Eleven years later the judges were reduced to one, the terms were increased to four, the jurisdiction of the court extended over the whole state, Richmond was the seat of its sessions. George Wythe, sole chancellor, soon removed from Williamsburg to Richmond, occupying a residence on the corner of Fifth Street and Grace—a spot now marked in his honor. In 1802 three districts were created with superior courts of chancery in each, holding their sessions respectively at Richmond, Williamsburg, and Staunton. George Wythe remained the chancellor at Richmond. This was the arrangement until his death.

The reasons for the appointment of Wythe are given by Beverly Tucker, son of St. George Tucker, who was quoted at the beginning of this article, and like his father, "Professor of Law in the University of William and Mary." In a book published in 1846 on the "Principles of Pleading," he describes the intention of the fathers in 1777 when the higher courts were established in the state. "The difficulty," he says, "was to find the men fit to fill these important posts. *Integrity* and *talent* were abundant, but a *learned* lawyer was indeed a *rara avis*. What motive had the lawyers had to acquire learning? With the exception of some few who had studied the profession abroad, and had not been long enough in Virginia to lose the memory of what they knew, in the loose practice prevailing here, there was but one man in the state who had any claims to the character. I speak of the venerable Chancellor Wythe, a man who differed from his contemporaries in this, because in his ordinary motives and modes of action he differed altogether from other men. Without ambition, without avarice, taking no pleasure in society, he was by nature and habit addicted to solitude, and his active mind found its only enjoyment in profound research. The language of antiquity, the

exact sciences, and the law, were the three studies which alone could be pursued with a reasonable hope of arriving at that certainty, which his upright and truth loving mind contemplated as the only object worthy of his labors. To these he devoted himself and he became a profound lawyer for the same reason that he was a profound Greek scholar, astronomer and mathematician." If the founders of the courts were in search of learning, Professor Tucker is not wrong in thinking that they found it in Chancellor Wythe. Indeed his learning was so extensive and so lavishly spread upon the pages of his opinions that these opinions appear somewhat pedantic and cumbersome. Not only was legal lore exhausted when he spoke, but the "approved English poets and prose writers"—as he called them—and the more unfamiliar Latin and Greek authors, and even mathematical and natural sciences were quarries from which in concealed places he dug out his allusions and quotations. In the eight pages of one opinion with its footnotes, Bracton and Justinian, Juvenal's Satires, and Quintilian, Euclid, Archimedes and Hiero, hydrostatic experiments and Coke on Littleton, Tristram Shandy and Petronius, Halley and Price and Prometheus, Don Quixote and Swift's Tale of a Tub, Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and Turkish travellers, chase one another up and down to the bewilderment of all but the universal scholar. All contemporaries stood in awe of his erudition, and referred to him as *the famous judge*.

His imperviousness to every kind of influence and endeavor to avoid every appearance of evil may be illustrated by two stories told by those who knew him well. A well-to-do former resident of the West Indies, while a case of his was under consideration, sent to the judge's house a bottle of old arrack for the judge and an orange tree for Miss Nelson, his niece. Wythe promptly returned them with thanks, and sent back the message that he had long since given up old arrack and that Miss Nelson had no conservatory in which to plant the orange tree. On another occasion, Bushrod Washington, later Judge Washington of the United States Supreme Court, is said to have brought to Wythe a plea for an injunction to protect a client. The client was a General Blank, who owed money, but had received promise from his creditor that it would not

be collected until it suited the convenience of the General. As time elapsed the creditor's patience became exhausted, and he sued for recovery of the debt. General Blank then induced Mr. Washington to draw the papers asking Judge Wythe for an injunction staying judgment on the ground that it was still inconvenient to pay. Wythe calmly examined the papers, and then with a pleasant smile turned to Washington and said: "Do you think I ought to grant this injunction?" Blushing and embarrassed the nephew of Washington replied *no*, but his client had insisted upon it.

It would hardly be wise in a general article to enter into a detailed consideration of Wythe's decisions, and yet a treatment of the Judge's life that does not at least show the significance of one or two of his important opinions would be too superficial for a serious publication. Interest, however, is added to one of them by the fact that the vital question of jurisprudence involved in the case is one of the mooted questions of our day. We are discussing at length in books and current periodicals the relation of the court to legislative enactments—whether the practice of the courts in declaring null the acts of legislative bodies is historically sound and socially expedient. Whatever may be the social expediency of the doctrine and practice, historical scholars like Professor Beard and Professor McLaughlin have made it clear that John Marshall in 1803 when he handed down the first decision in *Marbury vs. Madison* declaring null a congressional statute, was not usurping the power; that the course of colonial thought, the position of colonial charters, the Revolutionary conception of the just limitations on English parliamentary authority, the decisions of the state courts after independence was secured, the views of prominent members of the Federal Convention of 1787—all led the way most naturally to the strong position which John Marshall was accused of seizing improperly. Someone with a background of historical knowledge and a broad view of jurisprudence should set forth the Virginia influence operating on the mind of Marshall, especially the views of Marshall's teacher, George Wythe. Not much has been said on this phase of Wythe's importance, and what is said is usually mixed with error and ignorance. It is not true that Wythe

was the first state judge to announce the supremacy of state courts over state statutes, but the essential fact is not whether he was first or second, but the vigor with which he announced his opinion, and the influence his views may have had on the mind of his pupil and colleague, the great chief justice, who carried the same conception of judicial supremacy over into the realm of the constitutional law of the nation which Wythe announced in the Virginia courts before which Marshall practiced. The Virginia case which I have in mind is one decided in 1782 by the Court of Appeals, of which Wythe as chancery judge was *ex officio* member, and over which Edmund Pendleton was presiding justice. It was the case of *Commonwealth vs. Caton*. The Attorney General of the state was endeavoring to secure the execution of a sentence of treason against Caton and others already convicted but pardoned by an alleged power of the House of Delegates. The issue was presented whether, even if the House in passing their resolution of pardon were within the meaning of the statute, it were not acting beyond its powers, whether the statute itself was not in violation of the constitution of the state, and whether under such circumstances the statute was not void. Pendleton, declaring that the matter was "a deep, important, and tremendous question" the decision of which involved awful consequences, evaded the issue. George Wythe never evaded an issue in his life. He boldly plunged forward in memorable words that cannot be omitted: "I approach the question which has been submitted to us; and although it was said the other day, by one of the judges, that, imitating that great and good man, Lord Hale, he would sooner quit the bench than determine it, I feel no alarm; but will meet the crisis as I ought; and, in the language of my oath of office will decide it, according to the best of my skill and judgment.

"I have heard of an English chancellor who said, and it was nobly said, that it was his duty to protect the rights of the subject against the encroachments of the crown; and that he would do it, at every hazard. But if it was his duty to protect a solitary individual against the rapacity of the sovereign, surely it is equally mine to protect one branch of the legislature, and, consequently, the whole community, against

the usurpations of the other and, whenever the proper occasion occurs, I shall feel the duty and fearlessly perform it. Whenever traitors shall be fairly convicted, by the verdict of their peers, before the competent tribunal, if one branch of the legislature, without the concurrence of the other, shall attempt to rescue the offenders from the sentence of the law, I shall not hesitate, sitting in this place, to say to the general court, *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*; and to the usurping branch of the legislature, you attempt worse than a vain thing; for, although you cannot succeed, you set an example which may convulse society to its center. Nay more, if the whole legislature, an event to be deprecated, should attempt to overleap its bounds, prescribed to them by the people, I, in administering the public justice of this tribunal will meet their united powers; and, pointing to the constitution, will say, to them, here is the limit of your authority; and hither, shall you go, but no further."

One other case I will just mention and then pass on. During and following the Revolutionary war, acts had been passed in the states attempting to confiscate debts owed by Americans to British creditors—creditors who often had been none too scrupulous themselves in dealings with colonial planters. The legislature of the state passed a statute allowing Virginia debtors owing money to British merchants to pay them by turning into the state treasury paper currency. The treaty of peace, however, in 1783, placed the government of the United States under pledge that no legal impediments would be placed on the collection of American debts due to British citizens. Despite the treaty, payments were withheld. In a case that came before Wythe, regardless of popular clamor, and of the alien character of the claimants, he stepped into the breach, upheld the validity of the treaty and ordered the payment of obligations. In a footnote to this decision added in the report published in 1795, he bitterly scores the idea that a judge should be susceptible of national prejudice, and lashes with the scorpions of his rhetoric attorneys who had advocated the doctrine of theft.

From this slight review of the Chancellor one would, no doubt, acknowledge that Wythe's reputation for boldness,

originality, learning, and integrity was well founded. If Marshall was correct in saying that an ignorant, corrupt, and dependent judiciary are the greatest curse that could afflict a people, we should be willing to contend that wise, righteous, and fearless judges, like Wythe, are the most treasured possessions of a free people.

If Wythe was a great statesman and a great judge, to me he is most attractive as a teacher and a man. He was possessed of all the gifts that should adorn the ideal instructor of youth who attempts that sacred office of standing before impressionable minds and characters. In this day, when the teacher's position, the college teacher's position, like that of the clergyman, is being robbed of some of its relative power by the absorption of our generation in the task of the changers of money—when, indeed, the very physical limitations imposed by too meagre financial resources on the teacher in a modern college make impossible to him the utilization of many privileges that adorn and develop the spirit and lend influence to character,—at such a time one re-reads for inspiration the story of a struggling college president like Robert E. Lee of Washington College, and the story of a distinguished statesman and jurist like Wythe, whose chief pleasure was the training of young men. Men like Wythe and Lee have lent a luster to the professor's labors which men like Henry Van Dyke and Woodrow Wilson have tried to keep bright.

Possessed he was of scholarship, of real ingenuity of method, of an inspiring personality, of sincere and solid worth, of a genuine love for his subject, for his profession, and, most important of all, of a deep affection for the young men who ate of the bread of life which he broke. They to him were not receptacles, not apparatus, not material for experimentation, not means of livelihood; they were living souls, they were generous hearted friends, they were companions journeying with him along the road to truth and manliness.

But would we have some facts, names, dates to which we can tie? When Jefferson entered William and Mary College in 1760 he found there as Professor of Mathematics, Dr. William Small, a friend of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. After teaching him for two years, Professor Small

placed his favorite pupil under the instruction of Wythe, then an eminent lawyer living in Williamsburg. Wythe became to Jefferson his faithful mentor and most affectionate friend and remained such till his death. When Jefferson became in 1779 a member of the Board of Visitors, he reorganized the college and made a distinguished place for his own teacher. In that year the grammar school was dropped, the divinity chairs abandoned, and professorships after the following order were created:

Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—James Madison.

Professor of Medicine and Anatomy—James McClurg.

Professor of Modern Languages—Charles Bellini.

Professor of Moral Philosophy, the law of nature and of the nations and the fine arts—Robt. Andrews.

Professor of Law and Police—George Wythe.

The professorship of law here created and filled by Wythe was, as we have said above, the first in America and the second in the English-speaking world. The professors received each eight hogsheads of tobacco yearly salary, and the students paid 1,000 lbs. of tobacco for the privilege of attending the lectures of two professors, 1,500 to attend any three. It is not without interest that as early as this, old William and Mary, as influential in days gone by as any institution of learning in the country, educator of Presidents of the United States, Governors of Virginia, Justices of the Supreme Courts of the country and the Old Dominion, Senators, Congressmen and other public men without number, boasted of a scientific laboratory, of the honor system in deportment, and of the elective system of study. Thomas Jefferson was the connecting link between William and Mary College and the University of Virginia.

In his instruction in the law, George Wythe used several methods that are worthy of mention—one was the lecture method. His lecture notes had been preserved as late as 1810. Since then they have disappeared and are probably hid away in an old dust-covered box or barrel in somebody's garret or cellar. Not the least attractive features of his instruction were the expedients used by him to bring out the student's thought

and expression. Both the moot court and the moot legislature were used by him, the latter for the purpose of encouraging his students to inform themselves on the questions of the day in Virginia. Would it not be worth while to describe these institutions as they were viewed by a participator in them? Fortunately, one, John Brown, student of William and Mary in 1780, wrote instructive letters from college to his friends, and, fortunately also, these letters are at our hand: "I still continue," he says, "to enjoy my usual state of Health and endeavor to improve by the Advantages of my situation; which of late have been greatly augmented; for Mr. Wythe ever attentive to the improvement of his Pupils, founded two Enstitutions for that purpose, the first is a Moot Court, held monthly or oftener in the place formerly occupied by the Gen'l Court in the Capitol. Mr. Wythe and the other professors sit as Judges, our Audience consists of the most respectable of the Citizens, before whom we plead Causes given out by Mr. Wythe lawyer like I assure you. He has formed us into a Legislative Body, consisting of about 40 members. Mr. Wythe is speaker to the House, and takes all possible pains to instruct us in the Rules of Parliament. We meet every Saturday & take under consideration those Bills drawn up by the Com^{tee} appointed to revise the laws, the [which] we debate and Alter [I will not say amend] with the greatest freedom. I take an active part in both these Institutions & hope thereby to rub off that natural Bashfulness which at present is extremely prejudicial to me. These Exercises serve not only as the best amusement after severe studies, but are very useful & attended with many important advantages."

Would it not be most entertaining and helpful for a modern professor to have a glimpse of the letters that go back home?

If the test of the teacher is the ability and character of the students he turns out into the world and the respect which they retain for him in the more mature years when values in college life are revealed, Wythe must have been one of the greatest of instructors. One of his pupils, as we have seen, became Chief Justice of the United States and followed out the teachings of his preceptor in his own interpretations of the

law. Two others, James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson, became President, and another was Henry Clay. The relations between Jefferson and his teacher were a testimony to the greatness of both men. 'All the tenderness of a tender nature went out from the great Democrat to the mentor of his youth. Letters passed from the distinguished pupil to the old professor that read almost like love letters of affinities. As Vice-President, Jefferson wished the advice of the older man, more than that of any other, in the preparation of the famous "Manual of Parliamentary Law" of which science Wythe had had opportunity to become a master. The Sage of Monticello never failed to speak to others of the character and ability of the professor and the Chancellor. He counted it the highest blessing his nephew could receive to study under the leadership of the same noble spirit who had led him. To him Wythe was "one of the greatest men of his age," the leader of the bar, of spotless virtue. Whoever paid another such homage as this: "I know that, to you, a consciousness of doing good is a luxury ineffable. You have enjoyed it already beyond all human measure." And when Wythe died, he left to his dear and life-long friend, Thomas Jefferson, the best testimony of his love—his library, his mathematical apparatus, his silver cups, and his gold-headed cane.

In his latter days in Richmond we can picture to ourselves an old man of four score years, bald except for the hair rolled up behind his head, of medium height, bowing in men of business and bowing them out without a word, distributing charity through his clerical friends, abstemious in eating and drinking, loving his bath, going himself to his favorite bakery, reading dry papers of the law with minute conscientiousness—reading them even on that premature bed of death, to which he was doomed by the poisonous hand of a grand-nephew,*—breathing out words of charity and faith.

On the day of the funeral, the 10th of June, 1806, there followed the remains, clergymen, physicians, city councillors, the governor, besides relatives and friends, and a numerous company of citizens, more numerous than would have attended, say those who were present, the body of any other Virginian

* It should be said that the grand-nephew was not judicially convicted.

of the time. The funeral oration was delivered in eloquent terms by a pupil whom Wythe had cared for in a peculiarly intimate manner, William Munford, member of the Governor's Council.

And Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, wrote to William DuVal of Richmond, neighbor and executor of Wythe, the following letter hitherto unpublished:

WASHINGTON June 14, 06.

SIR

Your letters of the 4th & 8th inst. have been duly received, the last announcing the death of the venerable Mr. Wythe, than whom a purer character has never lived—his advanced years had left us little hope of retaining him much longer, and had his end been brought on by the ordinary decays of time & nature, altho' always a subject of regret, it would not have been aggravated by the horror of his falling by the hand of a parricide—such an instance of depravity has been hitherto known to us only in the fables of the poets—I thank you for the attention you have been so kind as to shew in communicating to me the incidents of a case so interesting to my affections. he was my antient master, my earliest & best friend; and to him I am indebted for first impressions which have had the most salutary influence on the course of my life. I had reserved with fondness, for the day of my retirement, the hope of inducing him to pass much of his time with me. it would have been a great pleasure to recollect with him first opinions on the new state of things which arose soon after my acquaintance with him; to pass in review the long period which has elapsed since that time, and to see how far those opinions had been affected by experience & reflection, or confirmed and acted on with self-approbation. but this may yet be the enjoiment of another state of being.

You seem to suppose mr Wythe had inclosed to me a copy of his will, but this was not the case. I hope he had time to alter it's dispositions as to him who has brought it prematurely into force. Accept my salutations & assurances of esteem and respect.

TH: JEFFERSON.

Mr. Duvall.

Arthur Christopher Benson: Essayist

MAY TOMLINSON

There has perhaps never been a more ardent student of life than Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. Ruskin, turned political economist, agonized over the evil and ugliness of the world; William Morris, become socialist, threw all his energy of body and mind into the cause of social reform; poets like Browning and Whitman have surveyed comprehensively the field of life; philosophers have proffered their guesses at the riddle of existence; Mark Twain and other humorists have found amusement in the idiosyncrasies of man and the incongruities of life; Carlyle, a profounder humorist, with amazing powers of apprehension and gift of picturesque speech, has flashed upon the page of history vivid word-pictures of scenes both tragic and humorous; yet none of these have looked out upon the world with quite the eyes of our essayist, none have tasted the "wholesome savours of life" with more enjoyment. Without being either poet (he himself disclaims the title), painter, socialist, moralist, philosopher, or humorist, he possesses one quality common to all of these observers, a lively interest in life itself.

While Mr. Benson has made no attempt to formulate a specific philosophy of life, he has speculated upon many problems and arrived at certain conclusions. His impulse has been to get behind things, to weigh their values, to mistrust the conventional view of life, to judge for himself what things are most worth while, what tastes are to be indulged, what things one can safely set one's affections upon, and where happiness lies. He has endeavored in more than one of his books to depict a certain kind of tranquil life, a life of reflection rather than action, of contemplation rather than business. His aim has been to show how it is possible for people living quiet and humdrum lives, without any opportunities of gratifying ambition or for taking a leading part on the stage of the world, to make the most of simple conditions, and to live lives of dignity and joy. His belief is that what is commonly called success has an insidious power of poisoning the clear springs of life. He be-

believes with all his heart that happiness depends upon strenuous energy; but he thinks that this energy ought to be expended upon work, and everyday life, and relations with others, and the accessible pleasures of literature and art. The gospel that he detests is the gospel of success, the teaching that everyone ought to be discontented with his setting, that a man ought to "get to the front, clear a space round him, eat, drink, make love, cry, strive, and fight." This he thinks, is a detestable ideal, because it is the gospel of tyranny rather than the gospel of equality.

What he desires to encourage is "a very different kind of individualism, the individualism of the man who realizes that the hope of the race depends upon the quality of life, upon the number of people who live quiet, active, gentle, kindly, faithful lives, enjoying their work, and turning for recreation to the nobler and simpler sources of pleasure—the love of nature, poetry, literature, and art."

Mr. Benson is quite sure that the real pleasures of the world are those which cannot be bought for money, and which are wholly independent of success. He sees no reason why the kind of zest that children exhibit in their play, the faculty of extracting an extraordinary amount of pleasure out of the simplest materials, should not be imported into later life. He perceives that people who practice self-restraint, who are temperate and quiet, do retain a gracious kind of contentment in all that they do, or say, or think, to extreme old age; he perceives that it is the jaded weariness of over-strained lives that needs the stimulus of excitement to carry them along from hour to hour.

Mr. Benson feels that by being allowed to live, for however short a time, we have been allowed to take part in a very beautiful and wonderful thing; that the "loveliness of earth; its colours, its lights, its scents, its savours, the pleasures of activity and health, the sharp joys of love and friendship, are really very great and marvellous experiences;" he perceives that even our sorrows and failures often bring "something great to our view, something which we feel that we have learned and apprehended, something which we would not have missed, and which we cannot do without."

Mr. Benson is inclined to question the popular belief in the virtue of effectiveness. "We tend to believe," he says, "that a man is lost unless he is overwhelmed with occupation, unless, like a juggler, he is keeping a dozen balls in the air at once. Such a gymnastic teaches a man alertness, agility, effectiveness. But it has got to be proved that a man was sent into the world to be effective, and it is not even certain that a man has fulfilled the highest law of his being if he has made a large fortune in business." He believes that the only effectiveness that is worth anything is unintentional effectiveness. There is far more justification in the gospel, he asserts, for a life of kindly and simple leisure than there is for what may be called a busy and successful career. "God's concern with each of us is direct and individual; the influences and personalities he brings us in contact with are all of his designing; and we may be sure of this, that God will make us just as effective as he intends, and that we are often more effective in silence and dejection than we are in activity and courage."

The following excerpt presents a fairly good epitome of Mr. Benson's theory of life:

* * * I have practiced activity, I have mixed much with my fellows; I have taught, worked, organized, directed; I have watched men and boys; I have found infinite food for mirth, for interest, and even for grief. But I have grown to feel that the ambitions which we preach and the successes for which we prepare are very often nothing but a missing of the simple road, a troubled wandering among thorny by-paths and dark mountains. I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bitter taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are the unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of dreariness; that pleasure exists not in virtue of material conditions, but in the joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting place; that congenial labor is the secret of happiness; and many other things which seem, as I write them down, to be dull and trite commonplaces, but are for me the bright jewels which I have found beside the way.

On the subject of education Mr. Benson has very definite opinions. His present position as a university don and his past experience as a schoolmaster qualify him to speak with authority. He attacks the accepted theory of mental disci-

pline; he regrets that the cultivation of the artistic sensibility should be so altogether neglected; he feels it a shame that men and women should be allowed to grow up with fine emotions atrophied. "Our education tends neither to make men and women efficient for the simple duties of life, nor to arouse the gentler energies of the spirit." He looks back upon his own school-days and reflects "how small a part any fanciful or beautiful or leisurely interpretation ever played in our mental exercises; the first and last condition of any fine sort of labour—that it should be enjoyed—was put resolutely out of sight." He admits that there must be labour, "effective, vigorous, brisk labour, overcoming difficulties, mastering uncongenial details; but the end should be enjoyment; and it should be made clear that the greater the mastery, the richer the enjoyment; and that if one cannot enjoy a thing without mastering it, neither can one ever really master it without enjoying it." Mr. Benson repudiates the prevailing notion that education ought to make men dissatisfied and teach them to desire to improve their position. "It is a pestilent heresy," he declares. "It ought to teach men to be satisfied with simple conditions, and to improve themselves rather than their position—the end of it ought to be to produce content."

The danger of saying over again what one has said before, a danger into which the author who produces a long series of books is likely to fall, Mr. Benson has not altogether escaped. The fact that he repeats himself is patent to whomever reads his books, whether one takes them as they come from the press, volume after volume, with the short intervals between, or goes rapidly through the entire list in one continuous, eager, and intense perusal. Though in his latest work, *Where No Fear Was*,*—which contains some fresh and vigorous criticism,—Mr. Benson follows a new line of thought, even here the old ideas crop out again. Some of Mr. Benson's warmest admirers—people who read with deep interest everything that he puts forth, and who would read with pleasure, so great is their delight in his pure and beautiful style, whatever he might say—have expressed the wish that he would lay down his pen. To desist from the practice of writing would be a real

* This essay was written before the publication of *Escape and Other Essays*.

and great deprivation to one who enjoys the shaping of sentences so intensely. Perhaps Mr. Benson has some hobby the pursuit of which might serve as a substitute. A hobby is sometimes a happy possession. Meanwhile, we do not forget that Mr. Benson has said, "To forbid myself to write would be to exercise the strongest self-denial of which I am capable."

It is to be expected that Mr. Benson's views along certain lines should be other than those commonly accepted. So it is not surprising to find him holding rather unusual ideas on the subject, for instance, of personal criticism, and diverging decidedly from those who disapprove of the discussion of other personalities. To him, of all the shifting pageant of life, by far the most interesting and exquisite part is our relations with the other souls who are bound on the same pilgrimage. "One desires ardently to know what other people feel about it all, what their motives are, what are the data on which they form their opinions—so that to cut off the discussion of other personalities, on ethical grounds, is like any other stiff and Puritanical attempt to limit interests, to circumscribe experience, to maim life. The criticism, then, or the discussion of other people is not so much a *cause* of interest in life, as a *sign* of it; it is no more to be suppressed by codes and edicts than any other form of temperamental activity. It is no more necessary to justify the habit than it is necessary to give good reasons for eating or for breathing; the only thing that is advisable to do is to lay down certain rules about it, and prescribe certain methods for practicing it."

Again, Mr. Benson's keenness of vision testifies to his interest in life and his understanding of human motives. Every display of true insight gives occasion for gratitude, for it is by such depiction that those of us who are less astute are led to a fuller knowledge of the spirit of man; by such means we are shown the rightness or the wrongness of our own observations, and encouraged to make excursions on our own part. Some of us can even discover an acquaintance in Mr. Benson's egotist, whose true inwardness comes out with such amazing clearness in the reproduction.

Those for whom Mr. Benson's words have a very great charm are grateful for the personal revelations which his

books afford, for the intimate, everyday knowledge of him, and the friendly, confidential attitude which he assumes. Theirs is not a vulgar curiosity; it is a real and kindly interest, the interest that one feels in a friend who has been transferred to a new environment and to whom one looks eagerly for some description of the unfamiliar surroundings, some programme of the daily doings, some account of the new experiences, so that one can give the right setting to one's mental picture of the absent friend, and follow him in imagination through the different hours of the day. Mr. Benson's unknown friends are interested in his smallest doings, they welcome any hint as to his manner of living, any chance expression of personal likes and dislikes. It is of interest to them that he feels the languor of spring, and that to him autumn is the sweetest season of the year, and that he enjoys the prospect of long fire-lit evenings; they like to know that he loves his own fireside, his own arm-chair, his own books, his own way; that he feels it his duty to be civil to callers to whom he has nothing to say; that he prefers to breakfast alone. They read with interest—perhaps with sympathy—such personal bits as these: "The summer has come, and with it I enter into purgatory; I am poured out like water, and my heart is like melting wax; I have neither courage nor kindness, except in the early morning or the late evening. I cannot work and I cannot be lazy. The only consolation I have—and I wish it were a more sustaining one—is that most people like hot weather better."—"I love to spend a large part of the day alone; I think that a perfect day consists in a solitary breakfast and a solitary morning, in a single companion for luncheon and exercise; again some solitary hours; but then I love to dine in company, and, if possible, to spend the rest of the evening with two or three congenial persons. But, more and more, as life goes on, do I find the mixed company tiresome, and the tête-à-tête delightful."—"There is another thing that has grown upon me, my dislike of mere chatting . . . there is nothing that induces more rapid and more desperate physical fatigue than to sit still and pump up talk for an hour." These unknown friends are glad to be shown the scene in which Mr. Benson lives and works: "I found myself at once at home in my

small and beautiful college, rich with all kinds of ancient and venerable traditions, in buildings of humble and subtle grace. The little dark-roofed chapel, where I have a stall of my own; the galleried hall, with its armorial glass; the low book-lined library; the panelled combination-room, with its dim portraits of old worthies; how sweet a setting for a quiet life! Then, too, I have my own spacious rooms, with a peaceful outlook into a big close, half orchard, half garden, with bird-haunted thickets and immemorial trees, bounded by a slow river." These friends are grateful, too, for occasional glimpses of the encircling outside world in which he moves, that pastoral Cambridge landscape, "with its long lines of wold, its white-walled, straw-thatched villages, embowered in orchards and elms, its slow willow-bound streams, its level fenland with the far-seen cloud-banks looming over head."

Mr. Benson tells us that he is not a humourist, loving beauty better than laughter. That is well. But our essayist is by no means without a sense of humour. Indeed, it is a very rich vein of humour that one finds running through his work; it is humour of a very delicate and exquisite quality, showing sometimes a tinge of gentle irony, as when we are told of the aristocratic guests who come to luncheon self-invited, or when we read, in that altogether pleasant chapter on *Sociability*, of his garden-party experience. There is a deliciously humorous passage in Mr. Benson's charming essay on *Growing Older*. He is speaking of that quality which is productive of such an extraordinary amount of pain among the youth, the quality of self-consciousness:

How often was one's peace of mind ruined by *gaucherie*, by shyness, by the painful consciousness of having nothing to say, and the still more painful consciousness of having said the wrong thing in the wrong way! Of course, it was all painfully exaggerated. If one went into chapel, for instance, with a straw hat, which one had forgotten to remove, over a surplice, one had the feeling for several days that it was written in letters of fire on every wall. I was myself an ardent conversationalist in early years, and, with the charming omniscience of youth, fancied that my opinion was far better worth having than the opinions of dons encrusted with pedantry and prejudice. But if I found myself in the society of these petrified persons, by the time that I had composed a suitable remark, the slender open-

ing had already closed, and my contribution was either not uttered at all, or hopelessly belated in its appearance. Or some deep generalization drawn from the dark back-ground of my vast experience would be produced, and either ruthlessly ignored or contemptuously corrected by some unsympathetic elder of unyielding voice and formed opinions. And then there was the crushing sense, at the conclusion of one of these interviews, of having been put down as a tiresome and heavy young man.

Here is an amusing incident. One can see his smile of enjoyment at the joke on himself :

Again on another occasion I had to pay a visit of business to a remote house in the country. A good-natured friend descanted upon the excitement it would be to the household to entertain a living author, and how eagerly my utterances would be listened to. I was received not only without respect, but with obvious boredom. In the course of the afternoon, I discovered that I was supposed to be a solicitor's clerk, and when a little later it transpired what my real occupations were, I was not displeased to find that no member of the party had ever heard of my existence, or was aware that I had ever published a book, and when I was questioned as to what I had written no one had ever come across anything that I had printed, until at last I soared into some transient distinction by the discovery that my brother was the author of *Dodo*.

There is another quality quite as essential to the word-artist as the quality of humour, and that is tenderness. It is indeed a happy offset to the element of humour. Austerity has sometimes been softened by an admixture of tenderness. *The Divine Comedy*, stripped of its interwoven fibre of tenderness, would be a fabric frightful and inhuman. Happily, Mr. Benson is in no danger of being ridiculous, nor is he in the least austere, nor is the frequent manifestation of tender feeling in his books either unbecoming or ineffective. His discernment of pathos and beauty in the life of an unregarded elderly lady, and his recognition of the worth and beauty of humble, loving service, revealed in his tribute to the old family nurse, would be sufficient evidence of a deeply tender heart, even were there no further proof of that rare fineness that springs from delicacy of sensibility.

Mr. Benson's style is conversational, as befits his form of composition, the familiar essay. It is ideal conversation, of

course, such talk as one seldom hears, but partaking nevertheless of the nature of man's talk to man, the pleasant, easy, graceful, intimate converse of the well-bred, cultivated, genial man of the world, a man of sympathetic temper and poetical feeling, and charmingly practiced in the art of perfectly frank and sincere expression. The following bit from the essay on *Growing Older* affords a good example of Mr. Benson's conversational manner. He is speaking of the gains that make up for the loss of youthful prowess:

Instead of desiring to make conquests, I am glad enough to be tolerated. I dare, too, to say what I think, not alert for any symptoms of contradiction, but fully aware that my own point of view is but one of many, and quite prepared to revise it. In the old days I demanded agreement; I am now amused by divergence. In the old days I desired to convince; I am now only too thankful to be convinced of error and ignorance. I no longer shrink from saying that I know nothing of a subject; in the old days I used to make pretence of omniscience, and had to submit irritably to being tamely unmasked. It seems to me that I must have been an unpleasant young man enough, but I humbly hope I was not so disagreeable as might appear.

A further illustration is needed to convey an adequate idea of the transfiguring effect of Mr. Benson's style. I have selected a passage from the *Upton Letters*. The writer is telling how one day, in a moment of anxiety and vexation, a message was flashed straight from the mind of God into his own unquiet heart. "It was one of those cool, fresh, dark, November days, not so much gloomy as half-lit and colourless." He bicycled off alone in the afternoon, "feeling very sore and miserable in spirit." Turning from the highway and following a road across the fields, he came upon an old house that had "failed of its purpose, lost its ancient lords, sunk into calm decay." He was shown about by the friendly occupant, a farmer:

Once more we went out on the little terrace and looked around; the night began to fall, and lights began to twinkle in the house, while the fire glowed and darted in the hall.

But what I cannot, I am afraid, impart to you is the strange tranquillity that came softly down into my mind; everything took its part in this atmosphere of peace. The overgrown terrace, the mellow brick-

work, the bare trees, the tall house, the gentle kindliness of my host. And then I seemed so far away from the world; there was nothing in sight but the fallows and the woods, rounded with mist; it seemed at once the only place in the world, and yet out of it. The old house stood patiently waiting, serving its quiet ends, growing in beauty every year, seemingly so unconscious of its grace and charm, and yet, as it were, glad to be loved. It seemed to give me just the calm, the tenderness, I wanted; to assure me that, whatever pain and humiliation there were in the world, there was a strong and loving Heart behind. My host said good-bye to me very kindly, begging me to come again and bring any one to see the old place. "We are very lonely here, and it does us good to see a stranger."

I rode away, and stopped at a corner, where a last view of the house was possible; it stood regarding me, it seemed, mournfully, and yet with a solemn welcome from its dark windows. And here was another beautiful vignette; close to me, by a hedge, stood an old labourer, a fork in one hand, the other shading his eyes, watching with simple intentness a flight of wild-duck that was passing overhead, dipping to some sequestered pool.

I rode away with a quiet hopefulness in my heart. I seemed like a dusty and weary wayfarer, who has flung off his heated garments and plunged into the clear waters of comfort, to have drawn near to the heart of the world; to have had a sight, in the midst of things mutable and disquieting, of things august and everlasting.

I am well aware that I ought to contrive to say something more vividly and metaphorically descriptive, more rapturously eulogistic, of Mr. Benson's incomparable style, the charm of which I feel so poignantly, so deliciously, so gratefully. He has himself said that the perfection of lucid writing which one sees in books such as Newman's *Apologia*, or Ruskin's *Præterita*, resembles a crystal stream which flows limpidly over its pebbly bed. The figure is effective and illustrates well his own style; but I am reminded of a Bach composition, a gavotte or bourree. I find the same perfection of phrasing, the same compact neatness, the same smooth, natural sequence, the same freedom in restriction; I have the same sense, too, not only of fusion but of the significance and contributing force of the separate words or notes that make up the melody, just as when one sits under a grape-vine arbor, and a sudden shower comes up, one hears at once the patter of each separate rain-drop and the soft suffusive rush of sound.

A stylist who never fails in courtesy and delicacy of feel-

ing, who is never contemptuous and intolerant, whose work breathes an atmosphere of refinement and breeding, displaying, moreover, breadth of vision and sound judgment, keenness of insight and ready sympathy, is peculiarly fitted for the task of gathering up the secrets of existence, and speaking them frankly, ardently, and melodiously. If he has failed, as he believes, to impress his views upon the world, he has certainly cheered and refreshed many a weary heart, helped to reconcile to hard and hampering conditions many a fellow-mortal, made glad many a beauty-loving soul, guided perhaps more than one irresolute mind along the road to intellectual independence, and conferred upon countless beings the pleasure of seeing their own thoughts and feelings expressed in well-rounded periods and flowing phrases. It is possible that his words may act as a leaven upon the thought of the time and effect a change in the general attitude of mind, bringing about an increase of right-mindedness, a growing inclination to find happiness in the simpler joys of life, and the spread of a more universal tone of contentment. After all, the primary function of the essayist is to give pleasure, to stir the emotions, to quicken an interest in the things of the spirit, and here, I believe, Mr. Benson has not failed in his mission. There can be no question as to the permanence of work which displays so many fine qualities of mind and heart. Already our essayist has won a place among the "masters of melodious style."

The Louisiana Police Jury

MILLEDDGE L. BONHAM, JR.
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It is a matter of common knowledge that the term "parish" is used in Louisiana to denote the same unit of local government called "county" in the common-law states. Perhaps it is not so widely known that the body variously known in other states as "county court," "board of supervisors," "county commissioners," etc., is called the *police jury* in Louisiana.¹ The origin of the term is obscure, but apparently it first appeared under the French or the Spanish régime.

"For a brief period the political subdivisions were called counties. . . . The legislative council . . . in 1804 passed 'an act for dividing the territory of Orleans into counties.' . . . In 1807 the subdivisions of 1804 were abolished as units of local government, and the territory was re-divided into nineteen parishes, so called because their boundaries were based in many instances upon the earlier divisions for ecclesiastical administration. The county, however, still survived for a number of years, but not as an institution of local government. The twelve counties of 1804 are several times enumerated in the first state constitution, adopted in 1812. This instrument arranged the state senatorial districts by groups of counties [and] apportioned membership in the lower house of the general assembly by counties. . . . In subsequent legislation, parishes and counties were both referred to, but the latter indicated only electoral districts and not centers of local administration."²

The constitutions and the statutes of Louisiana both seem to assume that the police jury is an existing institution, whose nature and purpose are so well understood as not to require definition. The Act of Congress of 1804, organizing the lower portion of the Louisiana purchase as the "territory of Orleans," declared that all laws then in force and not contrary to the act should remain in force until altered or repealed by the

¹ Scroggs, "Parish Government in Louisiana," in *Annals*, XLVII, 39-47; Morris, *Studies in the Civil Government of Louisiana*, 15-16.

² Scroggs, *ut supra*, 39-40. Cf. also Moreau-Lislet, *General Digest of the Acts of the Legislature of Louisiana, 1804-1827*, I, 630 for the statute of May, 1805.

territorial legislature.³ Likewise, the constitution of 1812 re-enacted this provision, but did not mention police juries. Nor is there any direct reference to be found in the constitutions of 1845, 1852, 1861, 1864, and 1868;⁴ though by implication, police jurors are included in the provisions concerning "parochial and municipal officers elected by the people." In passing, it may be noted that the constitution of 1845 refers only to *parishes*, omitting *counties* entirely; that of 1861 was adopted by the "Secession Convention" which merely revised that of 1852 by substituting "Confederate States" for "United States," etc.; that of 1868 was the first to contain a bill of rights.

Article 248 of the instrument of 1879 contains the first constitutional reference to a police jury, that I find, viz., "The police juries of the several parishes and the constituted authorities of all incorporated municipalities of the State shall alone have the power of regulating the slaughtering of cattle and other livestock within their respective limits, etc." From this time on the references are more frequent. Three are found in the constitution of 1898, one article of which re-enacts the provision just cited, another authorizes the governor to remove, on recommendation of the police jury, a parish officer charged with collecting or keeping public funds, if in arrears; the third authorizes the police jury to form road districts, levy the necessary taxes, supervise the construction and repair of roads, bridges, etc. The constitution of 1913 is simply a revision of that of 1898, incorporating the amendments adopted in the interim, together with provision for refunding the state debt, and a few minor changes. Nine references to the police jury are found, similar to those cited above. Next year, the legislature proposed seventeen amendments, of which fourteen were adopted. One of these amended Article 281, with reference to the power of the police jury to create drainage districts, levy the necessary taxes, and appoint the needful officials to perform the work.⁵

From the foregoing, it may be seen that though Louisiana

³ Thorpe, *Constitutions and Charters*, III, 1368.

⁴ All of the constitutions cited herein, from 1812 to 1898 inclusive, are to be found in Thorpe, *op. cit.*, III, 1380 *et seq.* The constitution of 1913 was published by the secretary of state in November, 1913.

⁵ Baton Rouge *State-Times*, Oct. 5, 1914.

has had more constitutions than any other state—nine with numerous amendments—in all of this mass of organic legislation, extending over more than a century, there are only about a dozen references to the police jury. When we turn to the field of statutory law, we have abundant allusions, though with the same implication of referring to a fact of common knowledge. An act of March 25, 1813, is the first that I find. This authorizes the parish judges and justices of the peace to divide the parishes into "wards" for the election of police jurors. The men elected, together with the justices of the peace are to constitute the police jury, over which the parish judge shall preside.⁶ Justices of the peace are deprived of their *ex officio* membership by a statute of 1824.⁷ The statutes defining, altering and increasing the powers and duties of the police jury, regulating the election, term and salary of jurors, are multitudinous and multifarious, from that time to this.⁸

The qualifications of a police juror are those of an elector, with the additional requirement that he or his wife must own property in the parish to the value of \$250. As at present constituted, the police jury consists of one juror from each ward (township) of the parish, with an additional juror for every additional 5,000 inhabitants. Thus the parish of East Baton Rouge has ten wards, of which Wards One and Two constitute the city of Baton Rouge. Ward One has three police jurors, Ward Two has two, and the eight rural wards have one each, making a total of thirteen. The police jury chooses one of its number president, and in his absence a president *pro tempore*. It also elects a secretary, who is not a member, and chooses the parish treasurer. The term of office of a juror is four years, the election being at the same time (April) as that for other state and local officials.

Among the most important powers and duties of the police jury may be mentioned the supervision, construction and repair of public buildings, bridges, drains, levees (dikes), roads, etc.; the regulation of cattle roaming at large; the pres-

⁶ Moreau-Lislet, *General Digest of the Acts of the Legislature of Louisiana, 1804-1827*, II, 239 *et seq.* This work will be cited below as "Lislet's Digest."

⁷ *Ibid.*, 249.

⁸ Wolff, *Constitution and Revised Laws of Louisiana, passim*, (cited below as "Wolff's Digest"), Lislet's Digest, II, *passim*.

ervation of game, fish, etc.;⁹ the establishment and control of toll bridges, ferries, etc.; the promotion of sheep culture; the licensing and regulation of saloons, taverns, and other places usually included under the police power; the protection of humans and animals against disease;¹⁰ the working or hiring out of prisoners in the parish jail; the prevention of vagrancy; the appointment of beneficiary cadets to the state university; the establishment of election precincts and polling places; the selling and granting of franchises on the public roads for the construction of railways, etc.; the appointment of road overseers, (called "syndics" in some places); the leasing of school lands on which a levee is needed; the enactment of ordinances not in conflict with the state and national constitutions and statutes. One rather peculiar power is that conferred by Act 37 of 1908, which authorizes the police jury to prohibit the killing of alligators.¹¹

Of course these powers necessitate the right to levy taxes, which the police jury may do, provided the total for state and local purposes does not exceed ten mills on the dollar. If more should be needed for local use, the police jury may order a referendum on the question, in the part or parts of the parish to be affected. Women owning taxable property may vote in such an election. The police jury must publish a budget at least thirty days before the meeting at which the tax rate and expenditures for the ensuing year are to be fixed. Appropriations may not be in excess of the estimated revenue of a given year, but the police jury may issue interest-bearing certificates to pay for public improvements, the cost of which is to be borne by the revenues of succeeding years. No debt may be contracted by the police jury, unless the same ordinance makes provision for the payment of the interest and principal thereof, and the said ordinance remains in force until the debt is satisfied.¹² The police jury must select a "parish printer" and an "official journal" in which the proceedings of the meetings of the jury are published. Usually a newspaper discharges both functions.

⁹ So far as not in conflict with the regulations of the State Conservation Commission.

¹⁰ In accordance with the provisions of the State Board of Health and the State Live Stock Sanitary Commission.

¹¹ *Wolff's Digest*, III, 612.

¹² *Ibid.*, II, 1117, 1123.

Police jurors are paid a per diem of \$3 for not more than twenty-five days a year, six of which may be spent in inspecting roads, levees, etc. Mileage is allowed, at the rate of ten cents per mile, but may be drawn only once each way for a given session of the jury, even if that session should extend over more than one day.¹³

As may be supposed, the duties and powers of the police jury have often been a matter of judicial inquiry. A few typical cases are given. An ordinance of the police jury of Natchitoches parish forbidding the holding of "collations," was pronounced invalid by the Supreme Court, since no such power had been conferred by statute. The court, as no evidence to the contrary was submitted, assumed that the word *collation* was used in the accepted sense.¹⁴ Though the police jury may regulate the sale of liquor and may order a referendum on the question of prohibition, the court decided in 1906 that it cannot establish prohibition by ordinance.¹⁵ The board of health of Jefferson parish, in October, 1904, forbade the use of sardines, shrimp-shell powder, etc., as fertilizers. A few weeks later, the police jury forbade their use between February 15 and November 1 of any year. The Supreme Court annulled this ordinance, on the ground that the police jury had no power to revoke or alter a regulation of the parish board of health, in whom the constitution and laws vest the power to define and abate nuisances dangerous to the public health.¹⁶ This decision is the more interesting in view of the fact that Act 192 of 1898, as amended by Act 150 of 1902, confers on the police jury the right to appoint the parish board of health, consisting of one practicing physician and two members of the police jury.¹⁷ It was determined, in 1905, by the police jury of Iberville parish to build a new courthouse at the parish seat, (Plaquemine), since the old one was situated too close to a caving river bank. Suit was brought to prevent this removal. The lower court dismissed the suit, and on appeal was upheld by the Supreme Court which ruled that "Whether a police jury

¹³ *Wolff's Digest*, III, 607.

¹⁴ *State vs. Denoist*, 115 Louisiana Reports, 940, (or 40 Southern Reporter, 365.)

¹⁵ *State ex rel. Lisso vs. the Police Jury of Red River Parish*, 116 La. Reports, 717, (41 Sou. Rep., 85).

¹⁶ *Naccari vs. Rappelet*, 119 La. 272 (44 Sou. Rep., 13).

¹⁷ *Wolff's Digest*, II, 1443 *et seq.*

in undertaking to build a courthouse on a new site is acting wisely presents nothing on which the Supreme Court can act, as the discretion vested in the police jury is not a subject of judicial control."¹⁸ Yet four months later the court held that this same police jury had no authority to sell or exchange the old site and building to acquire a new site, unless permission had been explicitly granted by an act of the legislature or by a referendum.¹⁹

The latest phase of police jury history is Act 190 of 1914, which authorizes the holding of an election, on petition of fifteen per cent of the registered voters, to decide whether to substitute a commission for the police jury. The said commission is to consist of three members, a commissioner of finance, a commissioner of public affairs and a commissioner of public improvements. So far only one election has been held under this act, in the parish of East Baton Rouge, in December, 1915. The vote was in favor of continuing the police jury, though the city of Baton Rouge has the commission form of government.

¹⁸ *Depuy vs. the Police of the Parish of Iberville*, (November, 1905), 115 La., 579, (39 Sou. Rep., 627.)

¹⁹ *Same vs. Same*, (March, 1906), 116 La., 783, (41 Sou. Rep., 91).

The Distemper of Modern Art and its Remedy

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What is Art? A yawning question, I fear. And yet one which everybody who attempts any critical estimate is bound to ask himself and in a way to answer. For without some basic conception of the nature and function of art, criticism is but drifting on the wind. Sooner or later all arguments on literature, music, painting, and sculpture strip themselves of their independence and become merged in the general being of art. But to reduce one's scattered canons of appraisal to an all-embracing formula,—there's the rub. Would that we had framed for us the final definitions of things, definitions that stood in their own right, free from comparison, and knowable in themselves. Estheticians and philosophers from Plato down to Croce have thought they had discovered this universal solvent. But such hopes prove to be fallacies which, like perpetual motion and the philosopher's stone, must be consigned to the Limbo of expectations "defeated and o'erthrown." And where the learned have come to grief I shall not essay to spread my wings. At the same time, however, in bringing an indictment against individualism and anarchy rampant in modern art, I do so from the fulness of conviction that art bears a definite relationship to our lives, that it has something to do with giving meaning to our experience, that it serves as a release for the impulse toward spiritual freedom. I can go farther. I believe with Bacon that poetry "serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation." I believe with Wordsworth that poetry is "the finer breath and spirit of knowledge." I believe with Shelley that "a poet participates in the eternal, the infinite, and the one." And with Arnold that as life is in a preponderating degree moral, poetry, being a criticism of life, is inseparably linked with morality. Furthermore I hold such a creed to be valid because it has met with the acceptance of the many, the final arbiter of immortality, who have willed that only those works survive which "redeem from decay the visitations of divinity in man."

Swearing allegiance to such articles of faith how can I or any other believer in the classics look on without protest at the widespread rebellion of individualism against the social constraint? In all forms of art we see men denying their function as mediators between the waiting multitudes and the eternal verities. Everywhere are they determined to express themselves as individuals with all the variations, peculiarities, and accidents that mark them off from their fellow-men. Or puffed up with pride in their work as a pure expression of self they refuse to beseech the pity or laughter of the crowd. To combine the completest personality with the communal soul, to speak not only for the highly gifted but also for the whole mass of humanity,—as the immortals have done,—that to them would be as unintelligible as the writing on the wall.

The most striking utterances of this outbreak that I have met are found in such manifestoes as, "If I am satisfied with my work the public need not be concerned," or "It takes another me to understand me." Such farrago need not be taken seriously were it not really significant of an anarchism that is running wild in art, debauching talents to the service of the ephemeral and the artificial and perverting the values and wasting the spiritual energies of people who have no rule of their own. And bolstering up this modern revel in the ugly, the defective, the pathological, and the bizarre is an elaborate expenditure of rhetoric, termed "Dynamics of Futurism," or "Imagists' Creed," even more misleading to those feverish with desire to be up with the latest. But in both the art and the written word one looks in vain for sense; both are as futile as an infant's clutching at the moon.

Whence comes this passion to be original at any price? Of several sources that may be urged, the most influential I shall hold back for the present. In part it may be identified with a healthy, normal spirit of revolt against the submergence of individuality in the machine. And again it is at one with a needless fear of the accepted, the traditional, the conventional,—a word as hateful to the iconoclast ear as cuckoo was fabled to be to the married. Yet is there any attitude more conventional than that of trying to be unconventional? To all such, whether post-impressionist, futurist, cubist, realist, romanti-

cist, we may apply the words that Scherer used of Flaubert: "You fancy that you give a proof of strength in braving the conventions of life and the decencies of language, and you only prove your own impotence. You flatter yourself that in this way you are raised above the bourgeois, and you do not see that nothing is more bourgeois than this kind of cynicism." Horace long ago had a word too to say to this tribe. He pointed out that the daring license accorded generally to painters and poets did not justify their mating the savage with the tame, their coupling serpents with birds or lambs with tigers. And if a painter chose to set a human head on the neck and shoulders of a horse, to clothe the limbs of animals with features from all the birds, and to make a beautiful woman end in a black fish's tail, he pertinently asked: "When you were admitted to view the picture, my good friends, would you refrain from laughing?" Herein Horace was guided, not by *a priori* rule, but by the common sense of humanity at large, which naturally insists that its experiences with life be allowed to count for something in its estimates and to appear free from distortion.

It seems then that individuality, intoxicated with its release from the control of tradition, has lost all sense of bounds. Like one long tied down it rises up and stretches its limbs in all directions, eager to test and realize its new-found liberty. Grown bolder it imagines that it can turn its back on man in the mass, and now speak in a mode intelligible only to itself. Hence the passion to find an idiom never before used and hereafter to be entirely its own, and growing out of this a belief in its ability to voice the unutterable and to fix in a precision of line and phrase the minutest shade of variation. As guilty here I would mention especially that exotic school of artists who flourished in the 'nineties just past, namely, Oscar Wilde and his like. I would not exempt the great Pater himself much of whose work is refined out of all virility. Needless to say, musicians have not come out unscathed. Grieg, for instance, refused to be anything but Norwegian. MacDowell perversely absented himself from concerts lest his own style become affected by what he heard. And Debussy, who expatiates in the great void where harmony and law have no dwelling, has

acknowledged that he has nothing more original to communicate. All have illustrated what is no new thing,—that natures which feed only on themselves instead of on the experiences of mankind are bound to starve, to cease growing, to become sterile.

Equally indicative of mental exhaustion and distemper is that indiscriminate sense of values which leads to proclaiming any whimsy, mutation of thought, or blush of feeling as soundings from the soul's immensity. True there are thoughts that wander darkling in the mind and feelings that grope about in the consciousness like "the long arms of waves in wild sea caves;" but to set these up as the measure of man's mind is to confuse vagueness with depth and to license the fatal habit of luxuriating in the uncharted sea of impressionism. Impressionism and suggestion—what words to conjure with! What sins they have to answer for in the shape of art that is spineless for want of ideas, formless for want of an ability to draw, slovenly for want of patience to undergo the long years of hard apprenticeship, and dilettante for want of an acquaintance with what is solid and fundamental.

What a far cry to the essential qualities of classic art,—clarity, definitiveness, beauty, strength, and balance. Rarely do we meet in modern works the needful combination to arrest more than a passing interest. Much of the poetry of the Celtic Revivalists, for instance, is exquisitely polished and refined. It bears evidence of a most painstaking search for the right word and the proper consonance. But it shows a manifest disproportion between the finish of execution and the theme on which it is expended. It forgets and perhaps despises the common ground of our intercourse, namely, those elementary passions and sympathies that make gregarious life tolerable. By opening the door to the spaces of the Other-world, which it peoples with sentient beings, it furnishes a means of escape to those weary of this world. But mysticism and beauty are feeble straws for drowning men to grasp. Men seeking for the comfort and strength that lie in love will turn to Wordsworth in preference to Yeats or A. E. Again we have schools of dramatists and novelists who are mainly concerned with dissecting a tiny portion of life, going

with infinitesimal detail into motives and dialogue, shredding them down to the last fibre, and trusting to their skill in subtle expression and mere compositions to offset the poverty of their offering to our culture. To them the tragedy of a soul despoiled of its beauty is but a thing to toy with. Where the best instincts of man demand sympathy and mercy, they reply with scorn and mockery. Where they think they are strong they are but brutal; where passionate, but animal. True there are realists and realists. Patrick MacGill and John Masefield, for instance, speak for those who have no voice of their own; they leave us with a feeling for the universality of human aspirations. But Atzibashev and D'Annunzio are like a breath from some foul, fetid house of lust. Or again the drama, in mistaking its function for that of science, presents the pathological symptoms of being morally irresponsible or sets itself to expose the ulcers of society, not realizing that man is more universally interested in the normal. Comedy has discovered that its mission is to be a social corrective. Whom shall we thank for this—Ibsen or Molière? At any rate such a discovery is costing it heavily, for the more completely it realizes such a function the less does its circle have in common with the circle of Art. The function of Art, let me repeat, is to subdue mental disturbance, to purge the emotional life of its worries, and to supply the deficiencies of life with lasting compensations of beauty.

The very words these days are hard pushed to do all that is required of them, to stand the shock and strain, the weird and violent combinations affected by modernists in their attempts to express the ultimate. Languor and sleep must distill from the very dots and crosses of the letters. "Steel, pride, fever, and speed" must clash and hurtle among the symbols like demons of red, galvanic energy. "Silky murmur of African seas," "ventriloquist soliloquies of the gurgling waters of the quays," "the sad towns crucified on the great crossed arms of the white road," "the drunken fulness of streaming stars in the great bed of heaven," "the dusky corpulence of mountains,"—here is but a meagre offering from the fruits of modern decadents. With what a cooling sense of ease from fever and fret one turns from the untrimmed, tropical luxuri-

ance of these phrases to the artistic restraint so sure of itself,
that has carved out lines like

“silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon;

or

“like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.”

In the one we have individualism gone mad in its rage to outdo a rival in bombarding the stars; in the other a sense of social constraint which remembers that the way to men's hearts runs over the road of the familiar, the universal, and the beautiful.

It has been urged in defense of such men that self-expression is the aim of life. Hence any check upon the absolute freedom of the individual would be fatal to the integrity of this self-expression. This might hold good if anarchy and not a sympathetic sociality, if war among the species and not mutual aid, were the determining forces in our progress and the props of our social structure. As a matter of fact, we cannot dissociate our selfhood in its content and function from the social consciousness from which in its main aspects it is socially derived. For it is the social environment and not the biological individuality that is responsible for the particular ideas a man holds, for the particular people and things he knows, for his way of doing things and the kind of things he likes to do, and for the moral code governing his actions. All these things are his because he lives in society. Even his native endowments, his potential faculties, those gifts and capacities which he regards as particularly his own, come to him from converging lines of ancestors, and depend for proper fruition upon the interplay of circumstances generated by group life. He really owns nothing but his will; until this is born he as a moral being has no history. But this history is likewise one of a will adjusting itself to the social pressure, and not that of a will eating its heart out in solitude. All of this means that a man can not get away from his world, for he is his world. Accordingly all attempts at the expression of pure, unbridled individualism are doomed to failure.

Now I am ready to submit my final analysis of this diseased condition of modern art and to indicate the remedy to be applied to effect a restoration to health. It is in part due to causes already mentioned, in part to a misconception of the function of the arts, in part to insanity and warped imaginations; and above all to an ignorance of social psychology and of social evolution as forces in art and life. The best corrective therefore to a bias toward social and artistic aberrations is a study of the science of the social life. What both artists and public need is to drink of the wells that reach deep down into folk life,—folk tales, folk songs, ballads, and epics. Let a man first become thoroughly at home in folk literature. Next let him turn from a study of folk ways to a study of society as it passed from the gens to the larger units of the tribe, the nation, and the state. He will then become so imbued with the fact of social relationship as it constantly modifies modes of existence and expression that he can never think of, much less desire, being severed from his sense of social obligation. What I propose to do then is to renew for the moment our contact with the past and see how our days are bound up with those of other times, and to observe the nature of the communal elements underlying art and life as they appear in folk tale, ballad, and epic. The qualities generally acknowledged to be most constant in all great art are objectivity, form, beauty, range, and universality. If we perceive then that these qualities are likewise present, though with varying degrees, in all early expression, we may reasonably infer that the most abiding factor in art is the presence and the sympathy of man. And so long as man is a social animal this force is bound to outlast all others. As symbolizing the value of communal contact one may recall the myth of Antaeus, who in his struggle with Heracles renewed his strength whenever he touched Mother Earth, and succumbed to strangulation only when unable to regain his footing. So art, when too far removed from the things of earth earthy, from naked, simple humanity, gets strangled in the grip of artificiality, fad, and diseased imagination. To preserve its universal appeal art needs to know and represent humanity which has its roots in fundamental ex-

periences and passions. And it is the truly lived, the truly experienced that makes up the culture of the folk.

Who are the folk and what makes up their culture? Likewise Matthew Arnold asked:

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine unworn by the plow?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roamed on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?

Wherever we begin in the evolution of folk culture, we must, in considering the folk in their relation to art and social living, take them posterior to the time when they were "apes with foreheads villainous low." Again in a general discussion of communal facts we need not be particular to this tribe or that, but may use terms widely and abstractly. We must understand, however, as Herder pointed out, that the folk do not consist of the rabble on the street "they never sing." We may define them as an aggregate of people bound together by a community of interest and kinship, fairly homogeneous in every way, marked by a fairly constant level of culture, and accustomed to think *en masse*.

As is well known, the individual in a savage tribe counts for little as far as his single acts and utterances go. His singing and dancing done socially, however, are rich in the potentiality of a "soul congregationalized." Whatever the occasion, whether enacting a hunt that is to take place or representing the expedition, it is the emotional intensity of the whole group that gives the performance its potency as sympathetic magic or dramatic relief. Furthermore a single tribesman may not eat with impunity the flesh of his totem; but no such tabu restricts the whole tribe or group when they go about it as a public sacrificial meal. For thus they signify that they are renewing their oneness with their god or totem, and are thereby re-establishing themselves in his good graces with the end of increasing their strength. This highly emotional tension it is, felt socially, and not a differentiating intellectuality, that is the source of art and religion. Even after

religion had worked itself loose from socialized feeling into a cult external to the group, it still, in primitive stages of society, based itself on the solidarity of the god with his tribe and addressed itself to kindred and friendly beings. Then too it was felt as a whole. Private practices of magical rites designed to benefit the individual alone were offenses against morals and the state. And when institutionalizing religions, city-states like Rome, for example, banished all such from the public sanction.

The predominance of social consent appears inevitable when it is realized how uniform were the conceptions which the folk held of the universe and of their relations to the out-lying world. At some stage or other men everywhere lived in the midst of ritual and ceremony having to do with magic. They regarded the realms of the dead and the living as accessible each to the other, and the visitations of the departed as matters of no unusual concern, for which no special setting and atmosphere were needful. They held that life animated all objects; that stones, trees, and running brooks were more than the inspirations of sermons,—they were gifted with tongues that could speak of themselves. St. Francis could preach to the birds and Coleridge greet an ass as his brother. But the mystical love of the one and the overflowing sentiment of the other are in no wise parallel to the primitive man's belief in his oneness with the cow, the sheep, the horse, the camel, and the wild things of the forest and field. Their loves and hates and fears were largely played on by sympathetic magic and the evil eye. A man wasting away under some mysterious disease knew that no remedies would avail against the fatal suggestion of a wax image of himself slowly melting down in an enemy's house. Daily life on the whole, was hedged in by tabus, which from their number and their rigidity made the existence of the savage anything but the care-free, happy, emancipated mode of living fondly imagined by romancing sentimentalists like Rousseau and Chateaubriand.

This same feeling of solidarity which determined the reaction of man upon man and upon his surroundings, his customs and beliefs, his laws of hospitality, blood-feud, and adoption, also determined the communal character of his art. Artistic

designs of today, because of the development of rationality, are notoriously complex, multifarious, and unstable. But the farther back toward savagery we go the more insistent we find the fundamental quality of rhythmic recurrence, whether in pattern, song, dance, or music, and the more binding the force of common emotion. The human activities springing to life out of such an emotionalized consciousness evolve into order only under the shaping hand of rhythm, the earliest, the most elemental, and the longest-lived of artistic impulses. To things at rest it gives symmetry; to things in motion it gives measure. In other words it calls out form,—Serene Form, as Schiller terms it, the tamer of the wildness of life. In harmony with it women full their cloth, sailors pull at the ropes, mowers cradle the grain, and workmen swing their sledges. By thus inducing men to labor in unison it reduces the waste of energy and secures effectiveness in effort. Through its play upon the emotions men also find common ground. Who has not felt the compelling power of stirring band music to make him fall into step, to shake the years off the shoulder, and to bend the reason beneath the sway of feeling? How much more the regular beat of the war drum dominates the emotional life of the Zulu or the Bushman, and sets him to dancing for hours with his fellows. As one comes to appreciate thoroughly the fact of rhythmic recurrence in the artistic life of early man, he finds that one question at least falls away from him, namely, whether expression in prose may be called poetry; for no one thing is brought to light more clearly, in the study of poetic origins, than the insistent domination of rhythm in all artistically controlled emotion.

So, as we see, the individual in primitive life weighed light in comparison with the social organization. The modern poet, however, assumes that his lyrical utterances are as subjective to us as they are to him. Consequently he feels licensed to voyage to the ends of the earth in his search for unique expression. But the folk consciousness could never conceive of a single poet's proving adequate to the depth and breadth of life, and interpreting in terms of a single will the impulses and reflections of the universe. No, primitive art never served as a vehicle for solitary and intellectual thought, nor knew such con-

ditions as public and entertainer. Rather it may be said that the public was also the entertainer. It could not well be otherwise with artistic expression held to be an integral part of public life and one of the most prominent features of social tradition. And making for the same end were the universal practice of improvising, the inevitable association of song with the dance, and the predominance of choral singing.

Such were the forces operating in the art and life of early man. How then did these mold the products themselves? How did they shape the folktale? It is evident that the outdoor life, with its frequent festal gatherings, its communal ways of thinking and of expressing emotion, left no room for what was freakish or bizarre, sickly or morbid. Together with an imperfectly developed rationality, it accounts for the total absence of introspection and subtle analysis of feeling. It accounts also for the habit of running fancy into fact, of basing the sensible world upon the analogy of the will. And created by this last factor is a marvellous assemblage of beings possessed of a personal, self-externalizing energy,—fairies of all descriptions, malignant witches, hags and giants with one pool-like eye, spectres that dissolve and reassemble themselves, needles that stitch of their own accord, eggs that dance, apples that colloque on human affairs, pebbles that outstrip the wind in flight,—in short a vast anthropomorphic world disconcerting and misleading to the modern reader, to whom it is all nonsense. Yet behind all this supernaturalism the careful reader will discern the human element of a people confronting an antagonizing world which it had to baffle or be crushed by. That is, we have in folktales primitive man's representation of the cosmos, in the form either of his struggle with Nature, his warfare with his imagination, or his attempt to bring out of the chaos lying between his self and his non-self an intelligible order. Such literature then, far from being merely food for infants and idle fancies of primitive dreamers, represents the best surviving rudimental thought of mankind, the earliest trials at thinking, and the first attempts to grasp truth apart from the troubled concrete of passing experience. Because they embody thus man's total reaction on his inner and outer worlds I would have them enter into the culture of

the modern artist. From them he will learn that the things which have counted for most in artistic representation have been the large and general aspects of human activities.

From them he will learn something also about form. Now it is true that the range of expression is limited by the all-compelling force of tradition. Action, which always submerges character, tends to run in channels that are hewn deep in convention. The hero of the folktale who sets out to accomplish a task is assured of success by the very fact that he makes the attempt; he may blunder hopelessly, he may lash about like a porpoise in a herring net, yet he cannot fail to win to his goal. Apparently he has no say-so in the matter. The narrative style falls into sets of formulas that can easily be classified. Given a certain group of incidents and characters and a certain end to be attained, the reader or listener can outline the story for himself. And doubtless part of the pleasure lies in finding one's expectations fulfilled. But of action there is a God's plenty. And it never fails to run without faltering to a predestined end. How objective and clear-cut are the schemes of such tales is attested by the success of Meredith in his "Shaving of Shagpat," whose brilliancy of invention and decoration would tax Scheherezade at her happiest to equal.

Just as indelibly stamped with the objectivity of communal life is the ballad, but less confined to pattern and more susceptible to conscious manipulation. By its use of reticence and allusion it is more provocative of the imagination than is the folktale, and by its metrical structure, which is wedded to singing, it is elected to the number of the immortals in art. The popular liking for action, still living among the unspoiled, dispenses with any needless introduction. Usually nothing more than a suggestion of the place and the actors suffices. In place of the familiar "Once upon a time," we may have

Young Johnstone and the young Colonel
Sat drinking at the wine;
O gin ye wad marry my sister,
It's I wad marry thine.'

And in contrast with the expected close, "They were married

and lived happily ever afterward," we may find ourselves in the ballad a spectator at a tragedy, whose consequences never call forth any comment, though suffused with moving suggestion:

He hadna weel been out o' the stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four and twenty broad arrows
Were thrilling in his heart.

The greatness of Greek tragedy in part grows out of its habit of looking over the face of the earth to see who else has suffered or rejoiced, thus exalting and ennobling our capacity for suffering. The ballad, however, makes no such effort to incorporate all victims of misfortune in a guild of glorious dead.

The ballad holds its own by means of the elemental pathos with which it colors its story, and by means of its interest in men and their passions as revealed in action. It deals with life in terms of things that count,—the tragedies that spring from treachery, from misplaced affections, from love lawful or illicit, from valor and loyalty victorious or defeated. And this is represented directly. Of Nature as a symbol of human life there is never a hint; in comment, analysis, reflection, in a reduction of a world of experience to the nutshell of a phrase, communal utterance has no part. Incapable of abstraction it sticks to the concrete. But its concrete is not that so highly prized today for the opportunities afforded the realist and the phrase-hunter. Nor has it that effective quality, common in poetry now, of abstract thought, of general truth visualized by the powerful suggestion which makes a part stand for the whole. Such concreteness as this intimates that the present totality of things is but the shadow of some deeper reality beyond the compass of sense and the power of thought. Modern art could scarcely go further in its utilizing the concrete to express the universal than is done in a poem by Padraig Colum which tells of a world of unsatisfied longing wrapped up in a poor Irish woman's passion for the homely garniture of existence:

O, to have a little house,
 To own the hearth and stool and all,
 The heaped up sods upon the fire,
 The pile of turf again' the wall.

To have a clock with weights and chains
 And pendulum swinging up and down,
 A dresser filled with shining delph,
 Speckled and white and blue and brown.

I could be busy all the day
 Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
 And fixing on their shelf again
 My white and blue and speckled store.

I could be quiet there at night
 Beside the fire and by myself,
 Sure of a bed and loath to leave
 The ticking clock and shining delph.

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark
 And roads where there's never a house or bush,
 And tired I am of bog and wood
 And the crying wind and lonesome hush.

And I am praying to God on high,
 And I am praying Him night and day
 For a little house—a house of my own
 Out of the wind's and rain's way.

The shining delph and clock with weights and chain is one kind of concreteness. The fatal penknife of the ballad, the talking parrot of May Colvin's, the kerchief binding Clerk Colvil's head is another kind. In fact, these two expressions are at poles' ends from each other. In the one the things are symbols, in the other only material objects, which function as they do in daily life.

The diction is likewise that which served the everyday needs of the people. Wholly objective and flooded with daylight, it is yet full of pathos,—the pathos of the long ago,—and has managed to evoke a charm that is well-nigh unattainable by modern imitators. Moderns may well envy the air of inevitability worn by its words, which seem as if fitted into place by the countless repetitions and the weight of years. They

may well envy the lilt and spring which have been kicked into its verse by the dancing feet of many generations. But the ballad makers, in their turn, knew nothing of the word artistry so highly valued today, and would have been unable, even if they had thought to try, to capture *la nuance*, to float in a delicate filigree of words a film of thought or feeling just trembling into outline, as so often seems to satisfy the artistic impulse of a Maeterlinck in poetry and a Ravel in music. Nor were they capable of such subtle music as steals out to meet one in such a poem, say, as Keat's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." To see how the more conscious artist has been at work one needs but notice, in the latter instance, the use of metaphor—"lily on thy brow,"—the desolation of mind repeated in a sympathetic desolation of nature, the air of mistiness and obscurity enveloping the scene, and the suggestion of an eternal round of unsatisfied longing called up by bringing the situation in the last stanza back to that of the first:—

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

One will not go to the ballads then for finish of workmanship and luxury of emotion and suggestion, but rather for largeness of treatment, such as leans on social sympathy and clan feeling rather than on individual, rational appreciation. To perceive what they have done for Scott, the last of the genuine minstrels, read the last stanza of "The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee":

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelstone's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee,—

and feel how the swing and the choral spirit of the song press you to share in the emotion and action, to claim to be part-owner and creator. Feel too the breath of men united under a common stress, sharing in all of good and evil that life had to offer, and oblivious of distinctions between man and man.

The strength that lies in such poetry rests on the communal elements manifested in the inevitableness of utterance and in the insistence upon the scene as a whole, as well as in the way it sings or chants itself. Who knows but that the dim primitive consciousness of the mass is awakened in us and set running again, like channels long dry suddenly filled to flowing because rain has fallen at their fountains. This objectivity and impersonality in Scott's make-up will keep him alive in the hearts of men and women as long as they are blessed with the faculty of becoming as children again. Controlling and informing the whole of Scott's work is this largeness of view and sense of group; at the same time, I admit, there is lacking intensity,—intensity of emotion, of passion, and of imagination, such as vitalize eternally all works of the first order. Intensity of emotion and passion, on the other hand, Burns had, but not largeness and detachment. However much his genius was fired by old songs and choruses, one feels, far more than in the case of Scott, the presence of the individual at work apart from his fellows and the play of trained capacity upon the intellect and feeling. In such a poem as his "Killiecrankie," with its Thackerayan indifference to the glamor of war, does not the pleasure spring from its saucy satire, its unexpectedness, its conceits,—

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O,—

all indicative of an artistic brain resolving to depart from the conventional and to do what no other has done? Does not the poem speak of a mind revolving upon phrases in a search for the most telling? And does it not delight the intellect by flashing before it the new and unforeseen, by directing the perceptions to relationships hitherto unnoticed? Both poems here cited have rhythm and chorus, which go back to the social consent; while in Scott the hearty grip of general emotion leads back to the sense of group, in Burns the keen thinking and satirical view lead away from the crowd to the individual.

The noblest product of the communal genius is the epic.

While it depends fundamentally on the most characteristic and permanent elements of communal appeal,—objectivity and social sympathy,—it passes far beyond the mark set by the ballad into a fairly complete representation of life. With a new accentuation on character, the stress still falls on action, as if after all character, in its complex of will power, emotion, and thought, justified its existence only by precipitating itself into deed. In its largeness, comprehensiveness, and majesty, one perceives the gaze of an “eye that hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality,” and has found life eminently worth living. Its vast outlook does not permit of too close an introspection of the particular; its appeal is still of the mass. But it gains immensely by leaguings itself with reflection. What a magnificent summing up of men’s activities the “Nibelungenlied” makes for us in its closing lines,—

The king’s high feast had ended now in woe,
As joy doth ever end at the last,

and how superbly Beowulf’s generalization complements his deeds.

Fate aids the doomed man, if his courage holds out. Likewise in the “Iliad” and the “Song of Roland” we find reflection; but we look in vain for any assertion of the individual’s freedom from traditional modes of expression. Even his commentaries on passion, deed, and people come to us only by way of his characters, and his outlook upon life we must gather from his general disposition of the story. What he was himself we know least of all, for he left neither name nor record behind him. Nor are we much better off with respect to other manuscripts of the Middle Ages, the majority of which are unsigned. It is evident that the public of those days were never favored with the gracious confidence of how an author came to write his first book; for one thing they were not curious over such minutiae, and for another the book itself counted for more than the confession and the analysis, since by it rather than by the author the measure of the poetic guild was taken.

Thus I have tried to show that art in its early expression, and this includes some of its greatest utterances, has never

swerved from the direction given it by its initial impulses,—man's creative faculty and the constraining social environment. I have tried to show that this art was most satisfying to human needs because it dealt largely and generously with the whole of human activities. And I see no reason for doubting the continuity and indestructibility of the originating impulses and their attendant effects. The musicians, poets, painters, and sculptors that have stood the judgment of time have never failed to demonstrate that art exists for the sake of life. They have never failed to realize that, if our experiences are not to leave us unmoved, the sum of the things that find a place in the mind of man, our feelings and aspirations, our good deeds and our crimes, must all be brought into contact with our senses. This contact furthermore has ever been accompanied with pleasure, as if conditioned by the belief that the more profound the inner truth of their content the more imperative that works of art excel in beauty of expression. Such art is a lineal descendent of the art of the folk. And this art can be created anew only when rooted in universal human sympathy, such as arising in the communal soul, has, while it allowed personality to emerge, still maintained the fact of the social integrity. There need be no fear that the well of primal sympathies will run dry, for in the words of Chaucer,

Infinite be the sorwes and the teeres
Of olde folk and folk of younge yeeres.

And to this well I would bring all Post Impressionists, Futurists, Cubists, Orphists, and Imagists, all Matisse's, Picassos, Marinettas, Schnitzlers, and Schönberg's, that they might at its stirrings be healed as were the diseased at the Pool of Siloam.

Francis Grierson—Mystic

CARL HOLLIDAY
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To believe that inspiration transcends logic, that faith is greater than fact, that intuition is often more trustworthy than reason—this is an unusual attitude of mind in this boastfully scientific era. For some months there has been in the United States an English-American or American-English who holds, in spite of a boyhood spent in the so-called “practical” middle west, just such views. Francis Grierson, whom Maeterlinck has called my “fraternal spirit”—do you know of him? He roamed the prairies of Illinois when the great gray city by the inland sea was but a scrawny village in the wilderness, and today his genius is recognized throughout Europe and scarcely known in the land of his boyhood. In France, where they make rather sharp distinctions between genius and talent, the cultured have been enthusiastic about him since the days of the last Empire, and well they may; for hear his story:

Born in Cheshire, England, in 1848 he came with his parents to Illinois when he was one year old, and spent his boyhood in a log house on the unbroken plains. At twenty-one he was playing before the nobility of Europe—and had never taken a piano lesson in his life! A few years later he was writing books in English and French that have won the praise of the Academicians and disturbed the equilibrium of cock-sure philosophers.

Grierson is a “mystic”—an awful thing to call a man in this land of slaves to the great God Commonsense. He believed in and preached the power of intuition or inspiration before Bergson was heard of as its eloquent advocate. By inspiration or intuition or what you will, this man from the Illinois wilderness became so marvelous a musician that in 1869 the most famous salons of Europe opened their doors to him, and nobility sat entranced by his wonderful improvisations. Who was his teacher? He had none. He played because his “inner promptings” told him he could. When he arrived in America last fall, the matter-of-fact may have come

to doubt, but certainly remained to praise. Samuel Orth has declared it "just as mysterious now as it was in the beginning of Grierson's career when he held all intellectual Paris under the charm." America, which prides itself upon its huge "facts" laughed at Bernard Shaw for replying to a question about his methods and principles of composition: "I am not governed by principles; I am inspired." But one of the "facts" of literary history of today is that Bernard Shaw is affecting the readers of the world far and beyond any possibility of the "fact"-ious writers of America. Just so with Grierson. Europe has admitted that in his case inspiration is a reality.

America has a blind faith in methods. The public schools are method-ridden; the people put up with more display of musical technique and artistic method—and put up more for it—than any other nation on earth. From birth to death we are taught that intuition or "inner light" is a plain fake, and that perspiration is far more important than inspiration. Every once in a while some seer must come along to keep men from petrifying in their materialism and faith in the earthy. Rousseau did it when France was spiritually almost a corpse; the Wesleys did it when England's soul had dried up with ecclesiastical system; Emerson did it when America in its zeal to conquer a continent was forgetting "sweetness and light." Today Maeterlinck, Bergson, and Grierson, and a few other souls are waging the same battle against slavish trust in man-made theories and rules. Of them all perhaps Grierson is the most outspoken. "We must forget the thing called technique and the limitations of science." A rather startling statement to throw into our land of method-teaching pedagogues and limit-placing scientists. Somehow, though, when we come to consider it, most of the geniuses have been men who did things the learned said couldn't be done, or have done things in a way that the savants had declared the wrong way. Blessed are the unconventional; for they are either geniuses or fools,—both very necessary to the progress of man. Well may disgusted genius say with old Omar:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about, but evermore
 Came out by the same door where in I went."

As mentioned above, after Francis Grierson had gained the admiration of Europe as a musician he next astonished England and France by writing books in both languages in a style frequently declared as limpid as that of Walter Pater. He had not studied rhetoric in a university, for the simple reason that there was no university in Illinois when he lived in the prairie log-house. Neither was there a French grammar in the cabin; indeed such a volume would have been considered a "suspicious character" in that section. When he entered Paris in those brilliant days when Dumas, the elder, Paul Verlaine, Flaubert, Auber, and a score of other immortals were gaining fame by following the promptings of their soul, he calmly followed his own "promptings"—a ridiculous thing to do, according to our practical American commonsense—and while playing these geniuses into raptures, mastered the French language to such a degree that his books, "*La Revolte Idealiste*," and "*La Vie et les Hommes*," with their delicate, incisive composition, astounded French litterateurs.

In 1889 came his first book in English, "*Modern Mysticism*," a direct blow at materialistic philosophy. It stood unflinchingly for a lot of things that worshippers of the concrete giggle over—intuition, inspiration, imagination, genius, faith, the power of the spiritual. Grierson had done the seemingly impossible in music by what was admitted to be inspiration, and he therefore spoke boldly as one with authority. Then followed "*The Celtic Temperament*," "*The Valley of Shadows*," "*Parisian Portraits*," "*The Humor of the Underman*," and more recently "*The Invincible Alliance*." Of these the volume that will prove most interesting to thinkers in philosophy is, of course, "*Modern Mysticism*"; to the American in general "*The Invincible Alliance*," and to the citizen of the middle west in particular, "*The Valley of Shadows*." "*The Invincible Alliance*" is a remarkable and practically unanswerable argument for an alliance of all the Anglo-Saxon nations of the world—Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India. With a startling sweep of vision the book shows the land hunger of Germany, Russia's longing gaze eastward, the constant menace of famine in England, the sudden awakening of the Yellow Race. Note this picturesque and significant description from the book:

"The steamer was the largest plying between the ports of San Francisco and Sydney, carrying hundreds of Chinese enroute for Honolulu. A huge hole in the middle of the steamer permitted one to contemplate the wonderful scene. The weather was very warm, and down below, so far that it looked like another world, hundreds of limp and listless Chinese fanned their feverish faces with great colored fans, and from the bunks, which rose tier upon tier, hung the legs and arms of the half-stified horde, as in a picture out of Dante's *Inferno*. Most of them were reclining, while some sat cross-legged on the floor.

"As I stood there faint waves of wierd Chinese music were wafted up with whiffs of sandalwood, odors that became lost in the stronger scent of tobacco smoke on deck. Then with the setting sun came a scene of transcendent magic. A voice rose from somewhere below; it may have been a chant of jubilant prophecy, or it may have been a song of encouragement and hope, accompanied by Chinese fiddles, the rasping tones subdued and modified to a sort of uncanny wail by the partitions separating the invisible musicians from the deck; and as the song continued the colors in the sky slowly spread out into thousands of small cloudlets, filling the western heavens with a blaze of molten gold; the sun sank below the waters, the moon rose in the east, the ship glided on, the voice came and went, as if in keeping with the long monotonous roll of the ocean, and it seemed as if I were sailing the Pacific with a band of Argonauts from the Celestial Empire in search of a new Golden Fleece in the vast untrammelled spaces of worlds yet to be conquered. I had caught a glimpse of the Chinese avant-guards. I had seen the first off-shoots of a people endowed with a patience, an endurance, and a sobriety unknown to any of the nations of the West."

The book is a prophecy of an internationalism destined to come—a confederation far greater than that dreamed of in the Holy Roman Empire. It is a volume that every thinking American should ponder over.

"The Valley of Shadows" is a vivid portrayal of Illinois in the Lincoln-Douglas days, so vivid indeed that, as Owen Seaman has declared, "there are chapters which haunt one after-

wards like remembered music." The first and second chapters, "The Meeting House" and "The Load-Bearer," are perfect cameos of description, while the insight at all times into the psychic conditions that brought forth from the wilderness such a master-leader as Lincoln makes the book a genuine contribution to American social and intellectual history. Of the pioneers who founded Illinois he says: "In the tribulations that followed [the landing at Plymouth Rock], the successive generations were stripped of the superfluities of life. One by one vanities and illusions fell from the fighters like shattered muskets and tattered garments. Each generation, stripped of the tinsel, became acquainted with the folly of complaints and the futility of protests. Little by little the pioneers began to understand, and in the last generation of all there resulted a knowledge too deep for discussion and a wisdom too great for idle misgivings." As we read, we suddenly understand why out of the illimitable solitude of these prairies, and from no other section should come a man to bear the sorrow of the nation, and to crush slavery forever. It is a book imbued with a sort of philosophy of history. Strange that the readers of the middle west know so little of it and its author. Is that vast section in need of another spiritual awakening?

Twenty-two years have passed since Grierson was last in America. Before me lie letters from him showing how he marvels at the rush and push and materialistic progress of this nation. Sometimes there is a wee hint between the lines that perhaps this dreadful hurry is not absolutely necessary—that possibly we might survive without it. He has lived life deeply and fully—and calmly, which is more than most Americans are doing, and now at the age of sixty-seven he seems to find no reason for regretting the mental and spiritual attitude which has kept him young. Mayhap, as he goes from city to city and is heard as both musician and philosopher, and proves that the "inner light" may guide and strengthen the soul without turmoil and strife, we too may gain something of his calm and confidence, and learn how

"with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

BOOK REVIEWS

ELIZABETHAN TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN. By Mary Augusta Scott. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—lxxxi+558 pp. \$1.75 net.

This large volume by one who has long been recognized as an authority on the Italian Renaissance in England will be welcomed by students of Elizabethan literature. The book is one of a collection of studies published by alumnae of Vassar College in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the institution, but it is in no sense a production got up rapidly for the occasion. Instead, it represents a vast amount of labor that has extended over a considerable number of years, for, as a matter of fact, the bulk of the subject matter appeared in four studies published in *Publications of the Modern Language Association* between 1895 and 1899. This material, says the author in her entertaining preface, has been undergoing revision from the time of its first appearance and now appears "revised up to date."

Generally speaking, Professor Scott's volume is an elaborate bibliography preceded by a brief but interesting account of the Italian Renaissance in England, and followed by a full index of forty pages. In the body of the book 466 titles—"394 Elizabethan Translations from the Italian, together with 72 Italian and Latin Publications"—are numbered consecutively and classified, according to subject, into twelve groups. This formidable list includes translations of works by "practically every notable Italian author of the Renaissance, on all sorts of subjects"; and one who examines the vast amount of material brought together by Professor Scott realizes, as never before, the truth of her remark that of the foreign influences which contributed to Elizabethan thought "unquestionably the Italian was the strongest, the keenest, and the most far-reaching."

Perhaps it should be pointed out here, however, that the expression "Elizabethan Translations from the Italian," as used in the quotation above, by no means indicates that all the productions discussed are based directly upon Italian originals, for in reality a considerable number of the English translations

can be traced to French or Spanish intermediaries. Nor must the expression be taken to mean that all the translations listed came entirely from Italian sources, since various works are included which contain only a comparatively small amount of material traceable to Italy.

In her bibliographical notes Professor Scott has accumulated a vast deal of valuable and out-of-the-way information. In addition to giving, wherever possible, the full titles of the first editions of translations and their originals, together with the titles of all subsequent editions known to her, she has in many cases discussed the exact relationship that exists between the English and Italian works. Frequently incorporated in the notes are summaries of rare productions, pertinent quotations from obscure volumes, biographical and historical information of one sort or another, and discussions of more or less recent indebtedness to Elizabethan translations and their sources.

Naturally in a work of the size and nature of *Elizabethan Translations from the Italian*, errors of detail can be found by one who assigns himself the task of detecting them, but the volume as a whole is obviously well done. In view of the tremendous knowledge of Elizabethan indebtedness to Italy revealed by Professor Scott in her book, students will await eagerly the promised publication of her researches on the Italinat English plays, a study which has long engaged her attention.

T. S. GRAVES.

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND MAJORITY RULE—A STUDY IN AMERICAN POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT. By Edward Elliott. Princeton University Press, 1916,—vii, 175 pp. \$1.25.

This little book is in the form of seven lectures on the development of American political institutions, or, to quote from its preface: "The purpose of this volume is to point out the fact that the people of the United States have been hindered in the attainment of democracy, or the rule of the majority, by the form of government through which they have been compelled to act." In the first chapter there is traced the development of our colonial system of government in the period of

the settlement of the North American continent similar in form to the English government. Some account is given of the political philosophy of the colonists. Then follows a study of conditions leading up to the adoption of the constitution and the subsequent fortunes of the parties. The author finds in the checks and balances of the constitution and the Jeffersonian régime a conscious effort of the democratic majority to make itself heard. He finds the cause of the decline of the Federal party in the fact that the Republican party absorbed all the tendencies of the former that were of a popular nature, discarding those that were not. Jackson as a popular idol found his most difficult task in combating Calhoun's new political philosophy which undertook to distinguish between a numerical majority and the interests of a smaller political unit, a theory whose settlement occurred a generation later with civil war. The efforts of the majority to secure control of the government during Southern Reconstruction took the form of universal citizenship and suffrage. But this failing, the majority in their efforts to rule have resorted to initiative, referendum, recall, commission government and the popular election of senators. There are included three other links in the chain of majority rule: the caucus, the nominating convention, the primary and the later importance of the political boss.

From his historical survey, the author makes two observations, to quote them in transposed order (p. 114): "The most discouraging fact revealed by that same study is the successive failure of each institution or arrangement to accomplish the result. The most encouraging fact . . . is the presence of a spirit which in spite of repeated defeats renews the battle for majority rule, for the practical control of the government by the people." The author is not dogmatic regarding remedies, but among possible improvements he mentions more responsible centralization of the state executive, unicameral legislatures, and representation without reference to residence of the representative.

The style is clear, the order of the materials is logical, the conclusions are sound, and the whole makes a pleasant evening's reading. A well selected bibliography of collateral reading, without critical comment, appears at the close, and a good

index makes easy the task of checking up the author's points. Just a few slips occur: "though" on p. 19 must have been intended to be "through"; and on p. 164 the author evidently meant to write "appointment" instead of "appoint."

H. M. HENRY.

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GERMANY MISJUDGED. AN APPEAL TO INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL IN THE INTEREST OF A LASTING PEACE. By Roland Hugins. Chicago and London: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1916,—111 pp. \$1.00 net.

Mr. Roland Hugins in his "Germany Misjudged" has attempted to analyze the international situation from the facts as he sees them, with the purpose of bringing about more sobriety of judgment among Americans. He believes there is great need of such a work, for he is convinced that at present the vision of America is clouded. In other words, he believes that Americans are misinformed and need a statement and an interpretation of the facts leading up to the war.

Now, every reader of this book must admit that the author has made out a strong case for the "other side,"—for "America is anti-German." In his chapters the Allies are hit hard and often, and Germany is, for the most part, whitewashed. Though Mr. Hugins claims not to be pro-German, the reader is soon forced to conclude that he is badly biased through sympathy. The book throughout lacks calm perspective and for that reason fails to make as strong an appeal as it might well make with the same amount of truth stated less passionately. Nevertheless, in view of the many books on the other side that claim all and allow nothing and that are widely accepted as trustworthy, even the fairminded neutral reader may well pardon Mr. Hugins for his fearless defense of Germany, though he cannot accept as true all his conclusions. Were the book written in a less polemic style, it would come nearer to accomplishing what its author hoped to accomplish through it. The reviewer very much hopes that the author will later make another statement of his views on these questions after the heat of discussion has given way to calm judgment; for the

book shows him to be a thinking man well informed regarding modern European conditions and events. Certainly there is sore need of an unbiased presentation of facts and a profounder interpretation of them than we yet possess.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE THEATRE. By one of the best known theatrical men in New York. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company, 1916, —111 pp. \$1.00 net.

Whether the author of "The Truth About the Theatre" is "one of the best known theatrical men in New York" or not, he certainly writes about his subject as if he knew it, and therefore convinces his reader that he actually does give the truth. Theatrical conditions, especially on Broadway, must indeed be deplorable if they are actually as he represents them. Stage life is stripped of its glamor, and the pitiful fate of the hundreds of failures far overshadows the glory of the few great successes. The book is, however, more than a warning to deluded young folk thirsting for fame and fortune and overestimating a talent that may have made them conspicuous in local competition; it shows clearly many of the defects both in play construction and play production, and offers sensible suggestions for improvement. It also discusses from the inside some of the present day producers of plays and gives interesting information on the whole subject of the American stage of today. Altogether the book is both interesting and well worth reading.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

WOODROW WILSON AS PRESIDENT. By Eugene Clyde Brooks. Chicago and New York: Row, Peterson and Company, 1916,—572 pp. \$1.60.

From any point of view, the administration of President Wilson merits especial note in the annals of the United States. Entering the White House after an opposing party with a singularly consistent attitude toward public questions had dominated the government for sixteen years, it was inevitable that he should lead his party in undertaking to effect changes in policy which it had long advocated. In carrying forward

this undertaking Mr. Wilson developed exceptional qualities of leadership, and his administration succeeded in formulating into statutes a much larger proportion of the proposals of his party than is ordinarily expected of an administration immediately after its accession to power. Coupled with these changes in domestic policy was the critical state of our relations with Mexico, which soon involved our relations with all of the Spanish-American countries and our attitude toward our time-honored policy, the Monroe Doctrine. With the Mexican question still in a serious stage and before the completion of the domestic program of the administration, the outbreak of the war obliged us to reconsider our former policy of aloofness from European diplomacy and to increase our preparations for defense both on land and sea beyond what was formerly thought sufficient. All of these happenings place the past three years among the most interesting to students of history in the period of our existence as a nation. Moreover, these events have followed each other in such rapid succession, and the settings of the stage have at times changed so suddenly that we are liable, while occupied with the matter which is uppermost in our attention at the moment, to lose the perspective and to forget the larger meaning of the accomplishments of the administration.

The manifest purpose of Professor Brooks in compiling this book, aside from the interest in the subject occasioned by the presidential campaign, was to recall to our attention the principal accomplishments of the President and to give us a better perspective than is obtained by merely reading the current newspaper and periodical press. He has culled from the speeches of Mr. Wilson the passages which are most pregnant with expressions of his views concerning the more important questions with which he has had to deal. These passages are made into a connected story by the lucid, explanatory narrative of Professor Brooks, with the result that the book has much of the literary charm and felicity of expression characteristic of the utterances of the President and yet has unity as an account of the events in which he has played a notable part.

The book is divided into two parts: the first deals with the policies of the administration relating to domestic questions

and to Mexico; the second relates to the European war and to questions which have grown out of it. At the end of the book is a short chapter on Wilson as a "man in action" and an appendix containing some miscellaneous selections from his speeches. The volume is in many ways much more useful than the usual campaign biography of a presidential candidate.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN IDEALISM. THE NEW YORK NATION, 1865-1915. Selections and Comments by Gustav Pollak. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915,—ix, 468 pp. \$2.50 net.

This volume commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the *New York Nation*, a journal that has always been marked by scholarship, literary distinction, and the championship of high ideals in public affairs. No publication has made a stronger appeal to the educated men of America. Its influence has been out of proportion to its circulation, for it has been widely read by teachers of youth and leaders of thought. Upon matters of scholarship and literary criticism, no verdict has been more eagerly awaited; in political affairs, no judgment has been more independent or leadership more trenchant. The fiftieth anniversary of such a paper is well worth celebrating. Long may it live and prosper!

Part I of the commemorative volume is in substance Mr. Pollak's article on "The *Nation* and its Contributors" which appeared in the semi-centennial number of the *Nation*, July 8, 1915. The essay is full of good things by and about the host of brilliant men who made the *Nation*. There are included some intimate glimpses of the *Nation* editorial office and much information about the conduct of the journal under the early editors, Mr. Godkin and Mr. Garrison.

In Part II are excerpts, covering the period from 1865 to 1915, from the *Nation's* weekly comments upon public affairs. Part III contains twenty-four representative essays from the *Nation* by such writers as Francis Parkman, T. R. Lounsbury, Simon Newcomb, A. V. Dicey, B. L. Gildersleeve, Carl Schurz, E. L. Godkin, James Bryce, William James, Paul Shorey, A. B. Noyes and Paul Elmer More. Many of the

essays are biographical sketches. Others are in the fields of literature, government, the drama and general scholarship. Papers that have an especially timely interest are Mr. Godkin's discussion of "Neutrals and Contraband" from the *Nation* of September 15, 1870, and an unsigned essay on "The Morality of Arms-Dealing," published January 26, 1871. The latter paper was a vigorous argument in favor of the right of American citizens to sell arms to France during the Franco-Prussian War. Altogether the volume is full of matter of permanent literary and historical interest. W. H. G.

FILIBUSTERS AND FINANCIERS: THE STORY OF WILLIAM WALKER AND HIS ASSOCIATES. By William O. Scroggs New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916,—ix, 408 pp. Price, \$2.50.

There is no phase of American history concerning which exist more popular misconceptions and less technical knowledge than the interests of the United States in Central America in the decade just preceding the Civil War. Professor Scroggs has made a distinct contribution both in respect to details and interpretation of Central American affairs during that period. His book is more than a biography, for William Walker as a personality was eclipsed by the episodes and forces among which he moved. He was a type of a "state of mind" that possessed thousands of his countrymen. An exaggerated individualism, a belief in manifest destiny, an unsocialized point of view toward international questions—such were the characteristics of Walker and the filibusters. "If such men chanced to direct their energies toward the American wilderness, they were called pioneers. If, on the other hand, they happened to direct their attention toward another nation, whose sovereignty was formally recognized by their own, they were called filibusters."

Perhaps the chief value of the book is that it refutes some prevalent conceptions of Walker's adventures. Among these is that of his relation to the pro-slavery interests in the United States. Professor Scroggs shows that, when Walker undertook his expedition to Lower California in 1854, he was not in sympathy with the Kansas-Nebraska Bill or the pro-slavery movement in the South, and that always among his associates were a number of men from the free states. Also, when he

undertook the reorganization of Nicaragua, his purpose was to establish a Central American empire and ultimately to free Cuba, not for the sake of annexation to the United States or to aid the cause of slavery. However, he believed the revival of slavery in Central America to be an economic necessity for the realization of his dream of a Central American empire. Later, when Walker wrote his "War in Nicaragua," his only hope of aid was from the South, and he consequently made a direct appeal to the southern pro-slavery interests.

Equally interesting is the author's conclusion that the Buchanan administration used stronger measures against filibustering than that of Pierce. Secretary Toucey held that American naval officers could hold up and prevent from landing illegal expeditions in Central American ports, a view which Marcy previously would not endorse. Moreover, President Buchanan assured the British Ambassador that, if the United States took foreign territory, it would be "vacant territory."

The downfall of Walker, however, began not with the policy of the government, but with the enmity of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, duped by Walker, cut off his supplies. One wonders if the stricter policy of the government thereafter was merely accidental. Undoubtedly this is only one of the many revelations yet to be made of the influence of fortune possessors on the career of fortune hunters in the countries to the south of us.

Personally Walker was an impractical enthusiast, a kind of militant Don Quixote. When most violent, he provokes mirth as much as condemnation. He was therefore unfitted by nature to realize his dream of a Central American empire. "With some fewer gifts of intellect," says Professor Scroggs, "but with a broader knowledge of human nature, and a more liberal endowment of common sense, he might have succeeded in putting an end to anarchy and founding a tropical empire on the ruins of unhappy experiments in democracy."

The author has used a large variety of sources, among them manuscripts in the archives of the Department of State. There is a sense of proportion in presentation of material, an insight for influences that lie below the surface of things, and a sense of humor that often gives spice to details in themselves rather revolting.

WILLIAM K. BOYD.

WITH THE TURKS IN PALESTINE. By Alexander Aaronsohn. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—xiv, 85 pp. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Aaronsohn, the author of this interesting narrative, was born in a Jewish village in Palestine where his parents were among the pioneers of the Zionist Movement. After spending his youth in Palestine, he came to America in 1910 to enter the service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Soon after reaching this country, he took out his first naturalization papers. In June, 1913, Mr. Aaronsohn returned to Palestine with the object of taking motion pictures and stereopticon views for use in a lecture tour for spreading the Zionist propaganda in the United States. While he was in Palestine the European War broke out, and he was impressed into service in the Turkish army. The author gives an account of unpleasant military experiences in which Jewish and Christian soldiers found themselves discriminated against by the Mohammedans. Purchasing discharge from the army, he returned to his native village. There he, with others, underwent tortures by the Turkish authorities who were determined to seize arms hidden for the defense of the village. Later he went to Jerusalem where he saw the preparations for the Suez campaign. Mr. Aaronsohn gives an account of the dissensions between Turkish and German officers after the failure of the campaign.

The author also deals with such interesting matters as a fight against the plague of locusts, the bombarding of a German consulate by the French fleet, the services of American cruisers in Mediterranean waters, the loss of American prestige through the employment of Germans as consuls, and the oppression of the people of Palestine by the Turks. Finally, as conditions became very dangerous, Mr. Aaronsohn and his sister purchased passports of a young couple belonging to a neutral nation, disguised themselves, and succeeded in escaping from Beirut on the United States cruiser *Des Moines*. This striking personal narrative furnishes a most valuable source of information regarding wartime conditions in the Turkish dominions. The volume contains many appropriate illustrations.

NOTES AND NEWS

With deep regret the QUARTERLY informs its readers of the death at Richmond, Virginia, on June 28, of Miss Kate Mason Rowland. The July QUARTERLY contained the last installment of the remarkable series of "Letters of a Virginia Cadet at West Point, 1859-1861," by Major Thomas Rowland, Confederate States Army. Miss Rowland edited these letters of her brother for the QUARTERLY and took a keen interest in their appearance and success. Shortly before she died, she wrote that she was eagerly awaiting the appearance of the July number. Unfortunately it was not sent out until after her death. Miss Rowland was a woman of unusual scholarship and literary ability and was the author and editor of many historical and biographical works, including especially the "Life and Writings of George Mason." During her long life she received many marks of honor and distinction, and she is mourned by a host of friends and readers in Virginia and other southern states.

A great deal of valuable information about the Negro in America is contained in "The Negro Year Book for 1916-1917." This annual encyclopaedia of the Negro is compiled by Monroe N. Work, who is in charge of the Division of Records and Research, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. It contains in succinct form a great mass of detailed information regarding the present condition and progress of the race. 470 pp. Price 35 cents postpaid. The Negro Year Book Company, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

The H. W. Wilson Company, White Plains, N. Y., has begun the publication of an "Agricultural Index" to be issued five times a year. This publication will provide an accurate ready-reference guide to the most valuable current literature in agriculture, horticulture, forestry and allied subjects. It will also index fully about fifty popular farm papers and scientific journals selected by the librarians in agricultural col-

leges. Each new number of the index will include all references in the earlier numbers of the year combined in one alphabet and brought up to date of issue. The final number of the year is to be bound for permanent reference.

Dr. George Milton Janes of the University of Washington, has published in the Johns Hopkins Studies a monograph on "The Control of Strikes in American Trade Unions." This monograph is a valuable addition to the many publications on trade union subjects prepared under the supervision of the Department of Economics at Hopkins.

"Letters from France" is a small volume by Jeanne le Guiner, a young Frenchwoman who, after teaching in the United States for five years, returned to France in the spring of 1914 to study at the Sorbonne. Soon after her return, war was declared. These letters were written to a friend in America and now appear in translation. They give intimate glimpses of the war as it affects a French family. One also learns from the little book something of the effect of war on educational institutions, of the work being done in the hospitals and charitable institutions, and, above all, of the brave and cheerful spirit of the French people in this time of trial. The Houghton Mifflin Company, \$1.00 net.

The United States Senate has printed as a public document an address by Hon. J. Crawford Biggs, President of the North Carolina Bar Association, on "The Power of the Judiciary over Legislation." This address was delivered at the convention held in Asheville on August 2, 1915. Judge Biggs makes an able argument in support of the power of the judiciary to declare void laws which are held to be contrary to the constitution. Much evidence is presented in favor of the view that the framers of the constitution intended to confer such power and that the action of the Philadelphia convention was so interpreted in North Carolina and other states.

A volume entitled, "A Little Treatise on Southern Civiliza-

tion," has been published by Miss Helen Gray. Miss Gray is interested in the founding of Southern Economic and Political Science Associations, patterned after the London School of Economics and Political Science. The book takes a very pessimistic view of the condition of the people of the southern states, asserting that probably no large body of people ever before lived under laws so antagonistic to their welfare. To overcome the obstacles that are retarding Southern civilization, this work advocates the study of Southern history from an economic and political viewpoint. There are many excellent suggestions of topics for investigation and discussion. Price 75 cents. Miss Helen Gray, "Gray Lodge," Claiborne, La., Covington P. O.

The October *Yale Review* gives the Presidential campaign the position at the head of the table of contents. Professor William Howard Taft contributes a far from flattering review of "The Democratic Record." On the other hand, in answer to the question "Wilson or Hughes?" Mr. Norman Hapgood says "Wilson" with considerable emphasis. The *Unpopular Review* does these things differently. Its October number opens with an article "The Devil and the Deep Sea." By the Devil it means "the corruption of the Republican party, including not only the pork barrel, but protectionism as a fixt principle, when at most it should be only an occasional expedient." By the Deep Sea is meant "the vast uncharted depths of Democratic ignorance and stupidity." On the whole, the *Unpopular Review* prefers the Devil. Both of these reviews furnish abundant and nourishing fare, but the *Unpopular* takes the blue ribbon for excellence in seasoning.

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